NOVEMBER, 1946

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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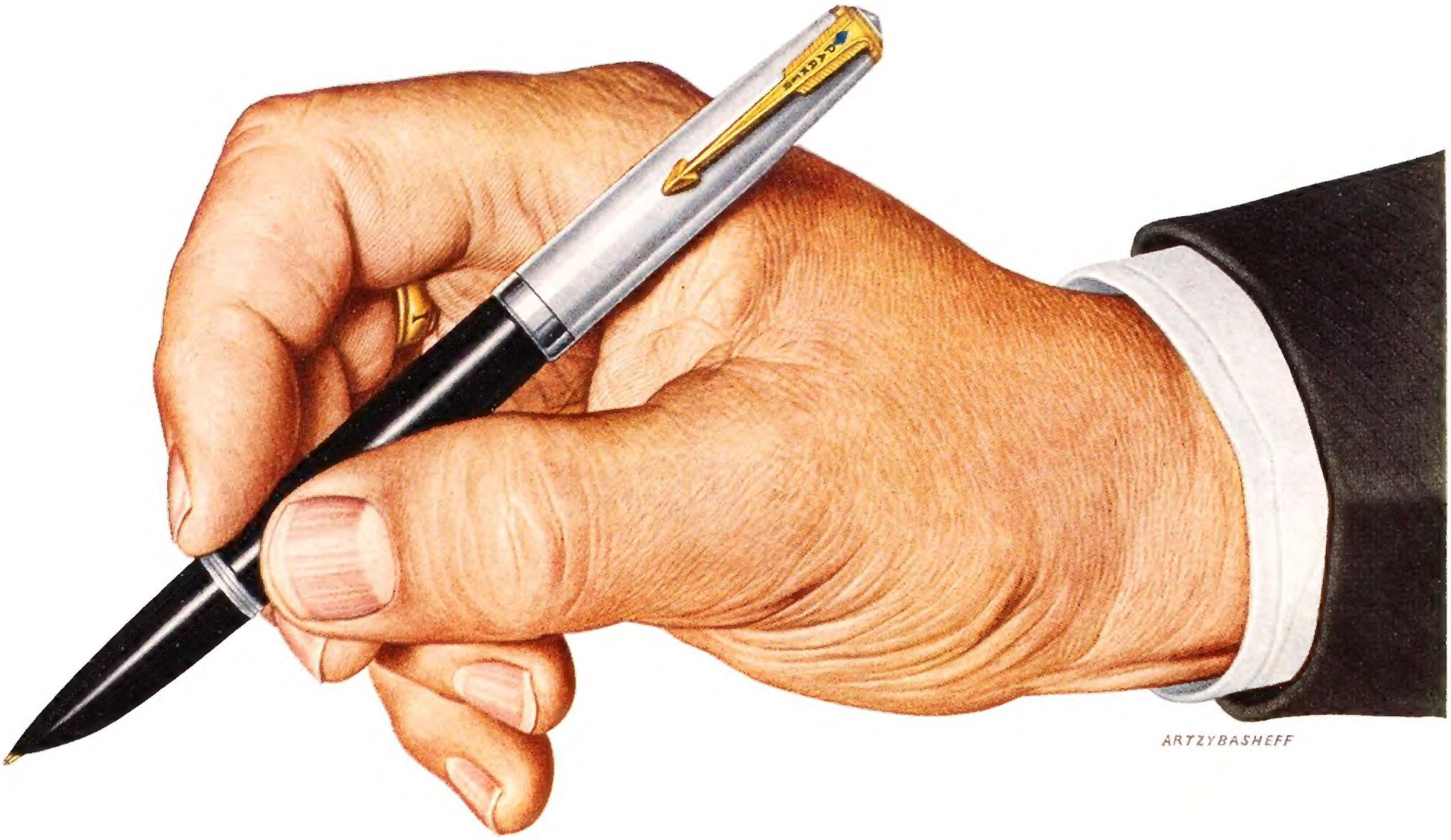

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in

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with

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HARRY DAVENPORT

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Screen play by LYNN ROOT and FRANK FENTON

RKO RADIO PICTURES

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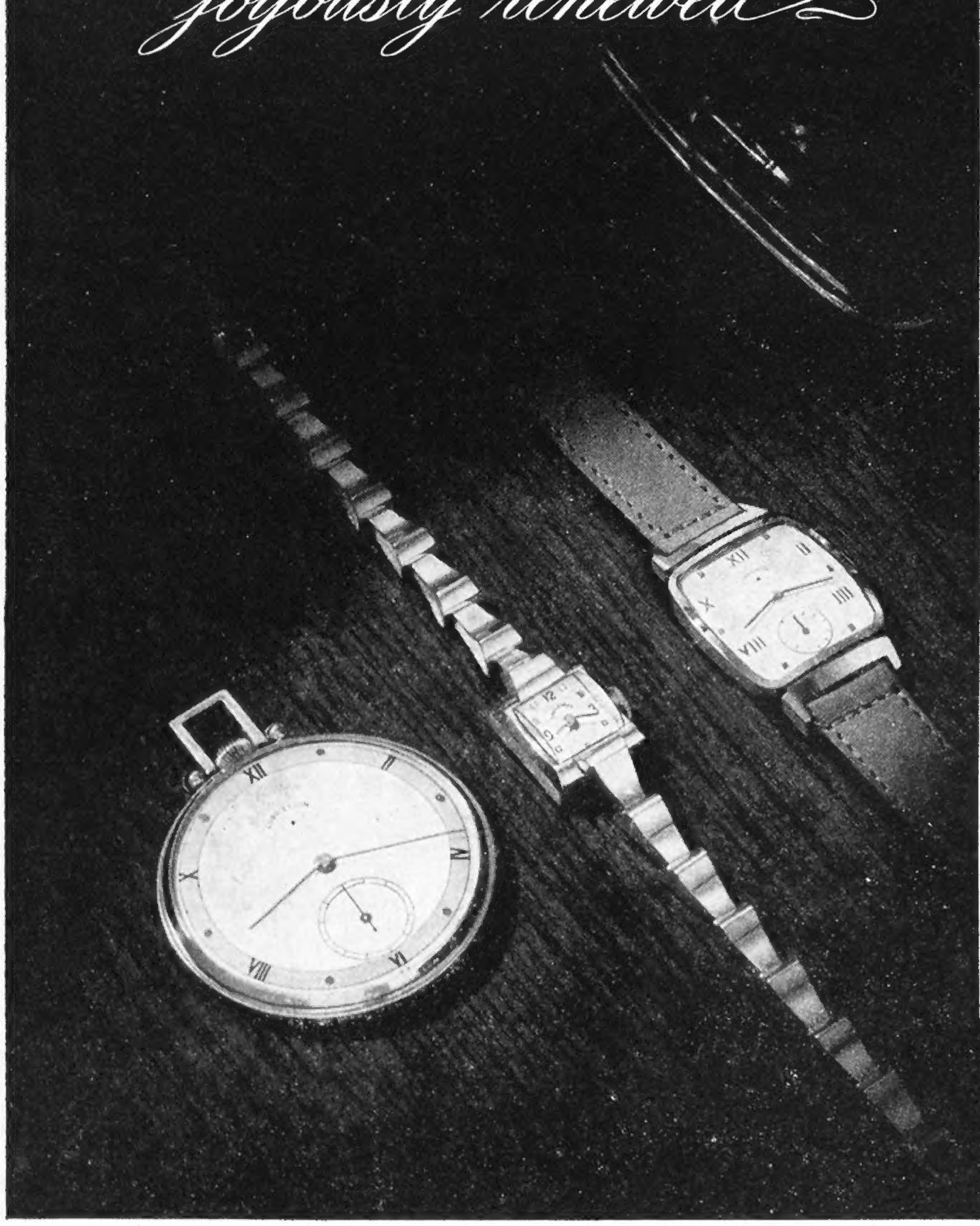

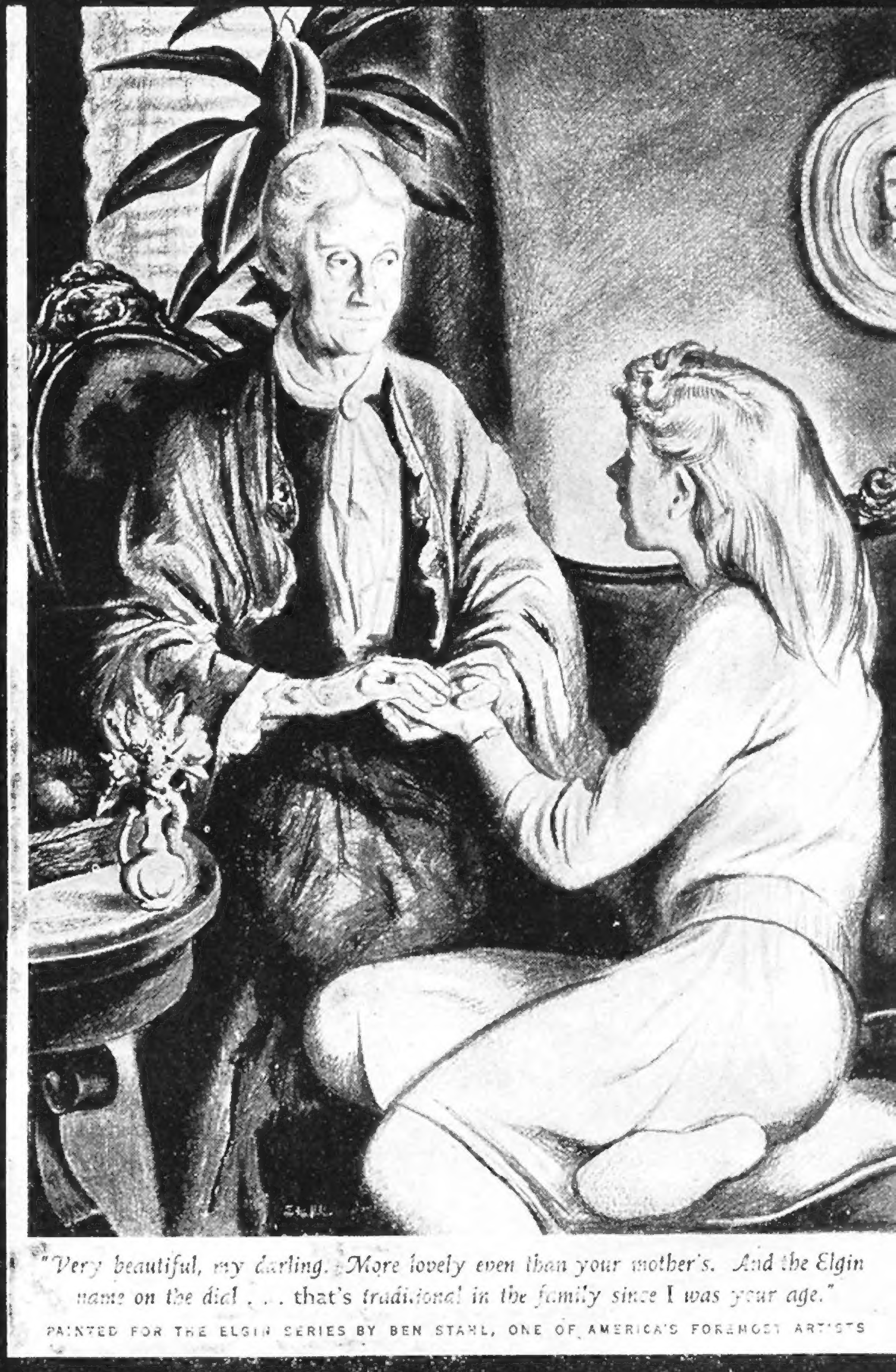

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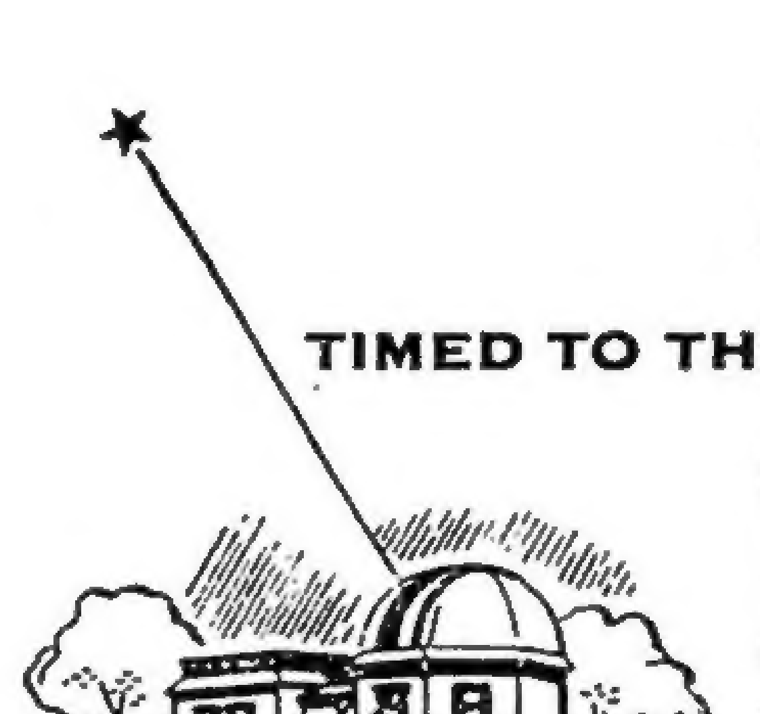
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ELGINS *Again!*

Noblesse oblige

One of those things you're always hearing about, but never getting very close to, happened to no less a person than our own artist, Fritz Willis, during his recent visit to New York.

Fritz and his drawing-board teammate, Joe De Mers, after being formally presented to Hollywood at an Esquire party in honor of the "debut" of their lovely Esquire Girls, were recently in New York to repeat the coming out party at 52nd Street's famous "21" Club.

Fritz tells us that as his cab drew up to "21" a young man smartly opened the door, smiled a welcome, and stood there expectantly as Fritz stepped out. Mr. Willis, no man to overlook small favors, slipped him a quarter and hurried in out of the drizzle of that evening.

Fritz squirms a little as he tells how the young man took the quarter, thanked him graciously, then got into the cab with a lady who had also been waiting near the marquee, and the two departing guests told the cabbie to take them to the Plaza.

That's one that Joe says he isn't going to let Fritz forget.

As for us, we won't forget the image of the talent gathered there that evening. Fritz Willis, Joe De Mers, Fred Smith and his talented wife, Sheilah Beckett (she did our December cover last year, you remember, and has already completed this year's), Thornton Utz, Ben-Hur Baz, Walter Klett, Al Moore, and many another painter whose name alone without the others spells artistic fame, were all discovering each other this time as people instead of merely names on a painting. The Easterners knew each other, but Willis and De Mers were more than a palette's width from their Hollywood studio, and the talk that went the rounds would have been worth a year's tuition for any art student, as the boys swapped ideas on how to draw the perfect Esquire Girl. Her creators, like her admirers, stretch from coast to coast.

—D. A. S.

P. S.—Fritz took another cab home, and hopefully opened the door as it pulled up. A man got out, but no quarter.

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T.M.REG.

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The Sound and the Fury

Latin looks at Esq.

I happen to have the honor of being, for many years, an all-issue reader of Esquire. I really regard it as the most perfect and honest magazine that ever appeared over this valley of tears. This is, however, the first time I ever wrote to a publisher (I'm quite a not-so-good letterer and I'm sure this is going to cause you quite a not-so-good impression. So you have my personal allowance to make this join the wastebasket any time you want.)

You see, among the things that have been monopolizing my attention lately, there's J. Frederick S.'s pictures. Maybe it's not for me to say, but Mr. Smith has shown up indeed an artist. His conception of theme, figure, his use—calm and classical—of colors and lights to describe the background—is something an artist should be proud of. His paintings are gladdening, artistically simple and, in fact, worth seeing. There's a great talent in this guy, quite a great talent. He surely deserves a big bouquet of roses.

I read in the August issue a story by Robert Key, entitled *Without Identity* which impressed me deeply. That's the one kind of story the world needs today, I guess. Makes people understand other people—and what we need nowadays is nothing but to understand every people.

L. D. Cozzella

P.S.—Do you have to keep on Moffitt-ing?

São Paulo, Brazil, South America

invitation to the waltz

My compliments to Virginia Mayo, the October American beauty who prefers her men "honest rather than handsome, sincere rather than smooth." I am her dream man, and hereby beg her to meet me on St. Agnes Eve, at the corner of Hollywood and Vine. It will be easy to recognize me as I am plain as a potato, and my eyes are like clear mountain brooks with truth lying at the bottom. If she cares to bring a chaperone, splendid! We can all take a trolley to my apartment (I am poor as well as honest) and listen to my Red Seal and Personality recordings. Perhaps she likes to waltz? I am more sincere than smooth, but am taking lessons.

Lincoln Kuntz

Los Angeles, Calif.

puzzlers' corner

(1)

A friend of mine bought Three Lots, one of them being a corner lot. These lots were all the same size, measuring fifty feet across the front and running back to the alley with a depth of one hundred and twenty feet. This gave him a plot of ground that had the measurements of one hundred and fifty feet by one hundred and twenty feet.

One spring he decided that he would let the lawn remain one hundred and fifty feet across the front and one hundred and fifty feet along the side street. Since he wanted this space for lawn and buildings, he decided that he would have a garden with the same dimensions, but how could he divide his property to allow this?

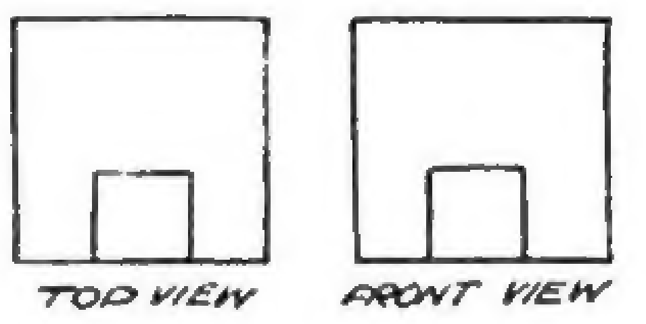
After consulting many engineers the division was made. The Engineer divided the property so that both lawn and garden had sides of one hundred and fifty feet and one hundred and twenty feet each.

Just how did the Engineer divide the property to meet my friend's requirements? Remember, watch the English language. It will trick you!

Robert Harp

Menard, Ill.

(2)



Here is a problem of my own with the answer. I'll bet not one in a thousand answers will be right.

What does the ¾ view look like?

Ben Spector

Bronx, New York

son-in-law talks back

I am sure the anonymous author of the piece about mothers-in-law is a tactful, unobtrusive person who would be an ornament to any household. However, my own mother-in-law is a bird of another feather, an incessant talker, and our self-constituted mentor and guide.

Some months ago I developed a mysterious pain in the back of my neck, and after vainly trying light treatment, vitamin pills, and countless other remedies, I was told by a psychiatrist that I wouldn't recover from this pain in the neck till I had rid our home of my mother-in-law. But the housing situation being what it is, we are still a trio firmly bound by the silver cord. Has your anonymous contributor any suggestions?

Sincerely yours,
Anonymous (naturally)

New York, N. Y.

battle of the muskies

Detroit fishermen are always amused by stories of Wisconsin muskie fishing such as appeared in the July issue of Esquire. One would think that nowhere in the world is there such muskie fishing as in Wisconsin.

But do the writers of these stories realize that in Lake St. Clair and the upper Detroit River, in fact off the city's famous Belle Isle park in the Detroit River with the city's downtown skyline etched against the horizon, muskies are caught daily during the season and nobody hereabouts gets even mildly exercised about it?

The largest muskie ever caught on hook and line was landed by Percy Haver of Detroit in Lake St. Clair on June 20, 1940. The champ weighed 62 lbs. 8 oz., was 56½ inches long and had a girth of 29¼ inches.

It is true that fishing for muskies here and in Wisconsin is entirely different. In Wisconsin trolling with a motorboat is not allowed and it is all done by casting while it is done exclusively by trolling here. But in Wisconsin they think nothing of using a pistol on a fish once he is near enough to the boat while that would not be tolerated here and any muskie fisherman will tell you that when you have him hooked you are a long way from having him in the boat.

We have talked to many fishermen who have fished for muskies both in Wisconsin and in Lake St. Clair and they all say there are more muskies here, and furthermore they claim our muskies are bigger and scrappier.

Victor C. Beresford
Editor and Publisher
Wayne County *Sportsman*

River Rouge, Mich.

file under "kind words"

As a lifelong (Esquire's life) reader and a onetime fiction contributor allow me to express my admiration for your September number.

It strikes me as a return to that high standard that was the order before the war. I know your war numbers were of necessity what they were; I only can say my interest lagged. In your recent issue I find all that once delighted me plus some added good things, like the opening department of trivia, *What in the World.*

It may interest you to know also that my wife's interest perked up. She had stopped reading Esquire during the war. She found many things, intelligent woman that she is, to amuse and instruct her.

Timothy G. Turner

Los Angeles, Calif.

more about Sugar Chile

I have read with keen interest your September article about Esky's interview with Frank I. "Sugar Chile" Robinson.

I would like to call your attention to the sentence which reads: "Either Louis Prima or Frankie Carle 'discovered' him; Esky found the record clouded on that point." There is no cloudiness as to the discovery of Sugar Chile. Since I am a cousin of Sugar Chile and the one who made possible all of his major auditions and secured his booking agent, I know the people responsible for his being discovered.

Sugar Chile was on an amateur program, almost two years ago, at the Downtown Theatre in Detroit, at which time Louis Prima's orchestra was engaged. The only result of that appearance was the fact that Sugar Chile won first prize on the amateur show. If nothing more had been done, Sugar Chile would still be just another little boy in Detroit, for it did not even arouse any publicity.

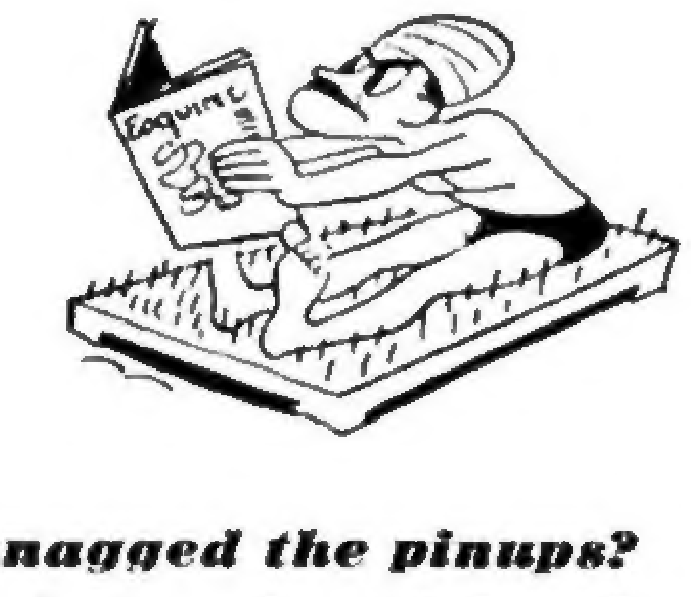
I am too grateful to Lionel Hampton, who gave Sugar Chile his first audition, and to Frankie Carle, for giving Sugar Chile a big send-off at the Michigan Theatre in Detroit and worldwide publicity as well, to give anyone else the credit of discovering him.

Moreover, Mr. Carle gave me some very helpful ideas in getting Sugar Chile started to success.

From the stage of the Michigan Theatre, by way of the Music Corporation of America, to Hollywood everything began to roll easily enough to run itself.

Agnes Marie Walker

Detroit, Mich.



who snagged the pinups?

This is to acknowledge the receipt of the first number of Esquire Magazine dated July, 1946, which was forwarded to me here in Simla from my permanent address in Ambala.

In fact, there was no need of writing this acknowledgement had it not been due to a certain reason which I wish to bring to your notice.

On going through the number received by me I find—much to my regret—certain pictures and pages torn clean out of the Esquire, and the missing pages are:

page 63 to 64 (both inclusive)
page 45 to 46 (both inclusive)

I am rather sorry that such a thing should happen in the first copy that you sent, which I have been eagerly waiting ever since my three year remittance through Messrs. Bhawnani & Sons, Connaught Place, New Delhi.

Sorry there is someone, somewhere playing this dirty game.

Kindly notify the registration cost on Esquire, as I would certainly like to get my copies like that to ensure definite delivery with all pages in.

s/Satindar Singh of Manauli

Erin Villa, Simla, India

donor wanted

A few weeks ago I was so lucky to get a copy of your magazine Esquire (Sept. 1945). I read and reread it and I must say it is the finest magazine I ever saw. Even before the war I have never seen such a paper in Holland. I've asked at various booksellers here but none could help me to other copies. If I could change my money here for dollars I could send you them for a subscription. But that is impossible and forbidden by our government.

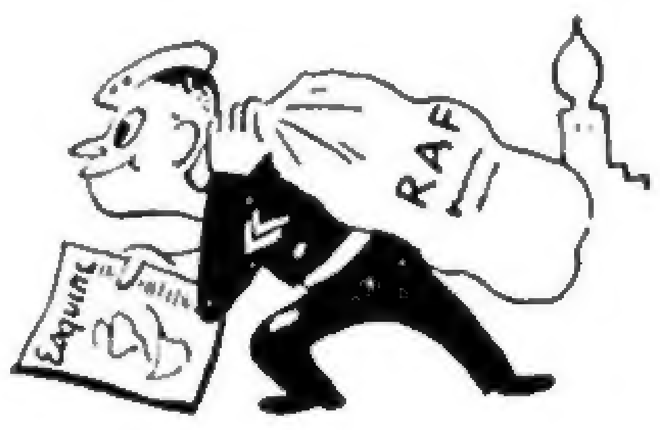
So I beg to ask you if among your readers there is somebody who, after reading his copy likes to send it to Holland. It would be shared and enjoyed by many friends.

I hope you may find a way to help me to a copy of your magazine and I sure hope we can buy them in Holland in the future too.

T. Rijken

Rysoord, Holland

Editor's Note: *Esky is delighted to pass on this request with the reminder that dispensing cheer in a country where smiles are rare is an act which "blesseth him that gives and him that takes."*



Scotch reviewer

Let me introduce myself: I'm just a member of the Royal Air Force who has an Esquire subscription to slide him up the social scale. During the next year I'll be checking out of India so I'll just have to take potluck with my Esquire reading. Karache seems to smuggle it through somehow.

Now, like every other reader, here are my views on your magazine. Of course I am a Britisher (Scottish), and most of my early years were spent with my nose in English publications alone. But, my views . . .

There is no journal in England which has a staff of critics so polished and "slick" as yours are. In Britain we tire easily of your American "slickness." But, I'll confess, I do like it.

I'm glad to see that Mr. Gerald Kersh gets an airing in your pages, too. He's made quite a name for himself in England, during the war, and it's good to know that our Western allies enjoy him too.

Congrats, again, to your pictorial section: those small photographs I mean. Your portrait of Gerald Kersh was what we English call "wizard." When it comes to women, I find your vital "statistics" most interesting.

If you want any more praise, I can truthfully say that the volume called *Bedside Esquire* is the best bedside book I know, and my copy is now in an advanced state of "re-readability." I've not heard of any companion volume being issued: how about that?

J. Dalgleish

India Command

Continued on page 10

BEGIN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO THE *Book-of-the-Month Club*
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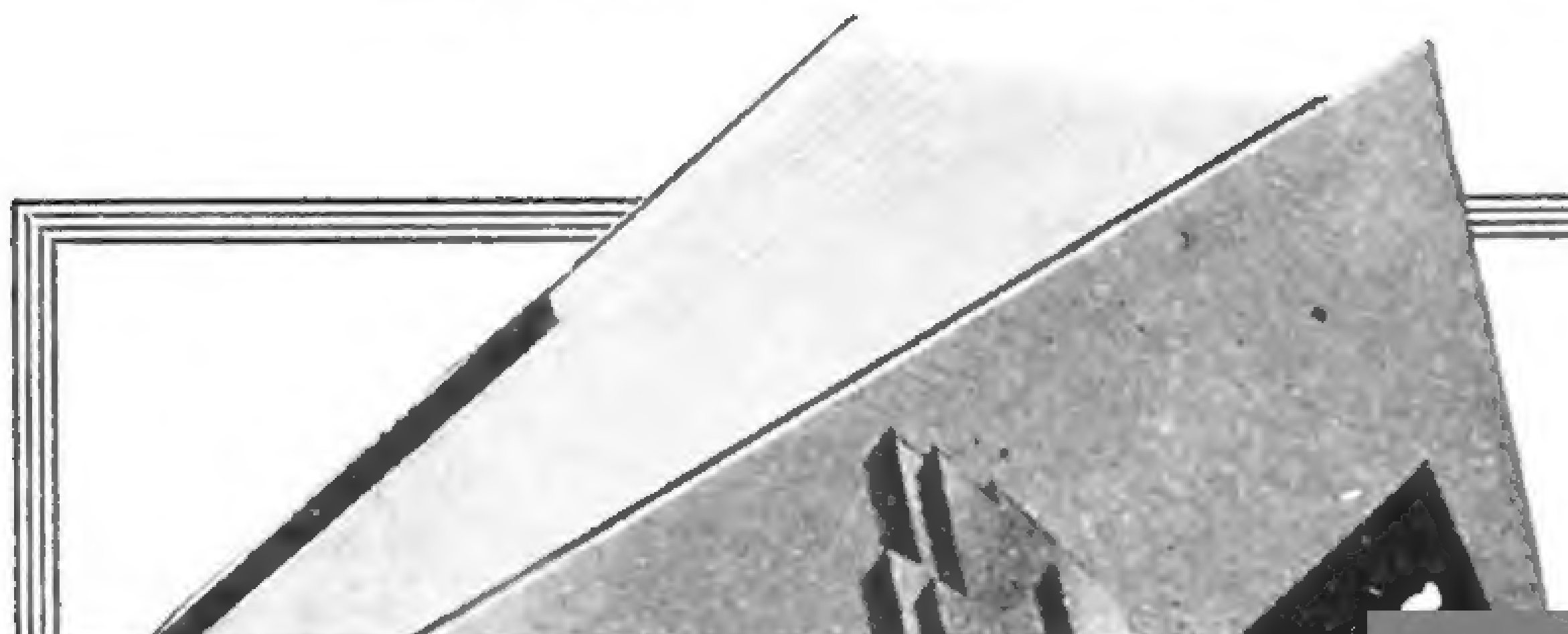

Frederic Wakeman's Brilliantly Satirical Novel
About Big-Time Radio Entertainment

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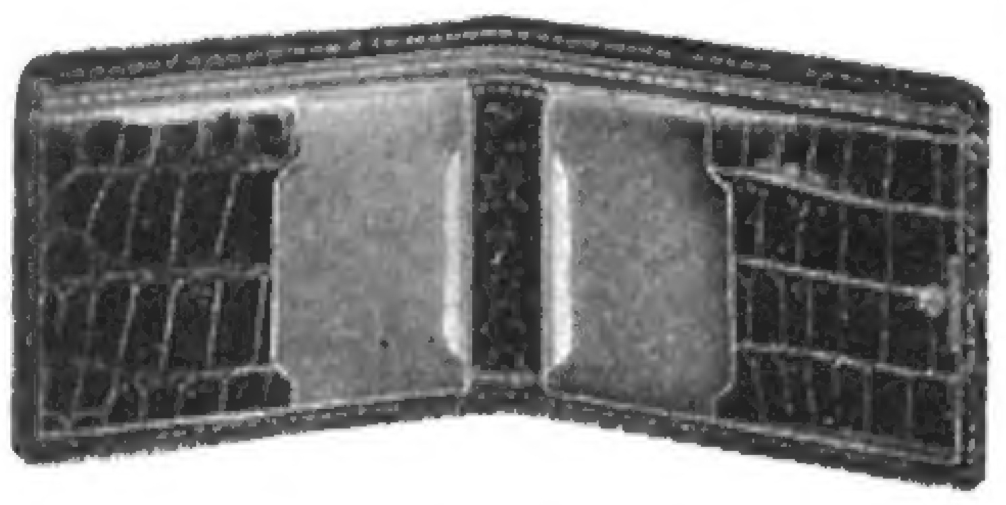

ELCO HIP POCKET WALLET
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it's 1000 to 1

THIS WILL END THE ANNOYANCE OF DANDRUFF

Yes, 999 out of every 1,000 get positive relief from dandruff, itching, scalp irritations with this world-famous British lotion. American price $1.95 [plus 39c excise tax] will be refunded if you are the 1-in-1,000 to whom it does not give satisfaction. Get a bottle today. Shipped prepaid upon receipt of remittance.

PAGE-BARKER DIST. of AMERICA
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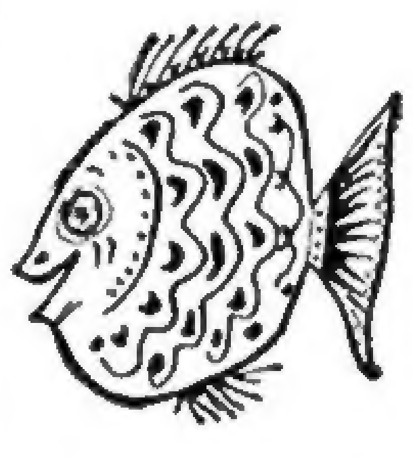
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
or Your Money Back
[Dealer Inquiries Invited]

Dr. Page-Barker's
British
Hair Lotion
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND

Talking Shop with Esquire

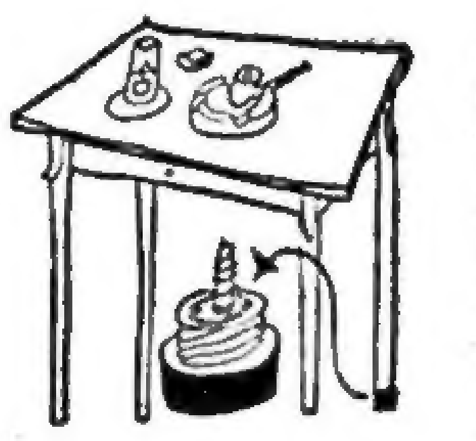
STRICTLY NON-G. I. Here it is fellows, by popular request . . . a shopping page just for Uncle Sam's Service Men. Every month you'll find here items current and choice . . . catering to the outer and inner man, gifts for those on the home front, various bits of advice and information. Write to us, tell us what you'd like to buy . . . what sort of dope you want to hear. RANGER, at your service.



SEA FOOD TREASURE CHEST. One of the best gifts you can give a pal these days is something in the food line. Try presenting some of your party-giving friends a handsome wooden chest full of tinned sea foods from the North Pacific. Nine tins of hors d'oeuvres-making delicacies. To wit: rare chinook salmon with that inimitable flavor, racy smoked salmon; kippered sturgeon or kippered cod, minced ocean clams (use 'em in chowder or mix with cream cheese for hors d'oeuvres). And those ocean crabs from off the Oregon coast. Only male crabs are taken and each must measure at least six inches across the back.

TRISCUIT TRAY. Easy for a bachelor to whip up when unexpected guests drop in for a cocktail. Mix up a few canape spreads (cheese and chives, mashed liverwurst, etc.). Serve with crisp *triscuits.*

AC AND DC! Suppose you have a phonograph made to operate on AC. Your new shack has DC current. What to do? Simply buy a vibrator invertor, designed to permit operation of alternating current phonographs with direct current. Unit measures 4½" x 4" x 2¼", and weighs only 14 oz., and can be easily installed under the turntable. You can also use it for electric razors and similar equipment incorporating the use of small synchronous motors with low wattage requirements.



FOR WOBBLING LEGS. Do uneven floors make your furniture legs wobble? You can now buy special casters that put furniture on the level. Made of plastic, they lock automatically and securely, permit fractional adjustments, while a slight downward pull unlocks them for re-adjustment to new positions. Easily attached with a screw driver.

Ranger

SERVICE MEN: THIS IS YOUR PAGE

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger. Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Chill Your Drink
Don't Dilute It

PLASTIC ICE-CUBES

"NICE-CUBES" are made of ice-like unbreakable plastic filled with distilled water — sealed in. Placed in refrigerator ice compartment, they quickly freeze solid. Drop them in your drink and watch it chill — and stay chilled! Use again and again — last FOREVER — tasteless, odorless. Rapidly ices beer, wine and soft drinks without dilution.

Set of 8 "NICE-CUBES" delivered for only $2.95

"NICE-CUBES"
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CARVING AID
by
Gerity

Distinctive Wedding Gift

Looking for a different and distinctive gift? Here is one people exclaim about... show with pride... use with appreciation. The Carving Aid is an outstanding example of fine plated ware and a worthy addition to the proudest silver service of any pattern. It is valued by both sides of the family for its beauty and for its usefulness in making carving the gracious ceremony it is intended to be. At jewelers and gift shops. In rich gift package.

GERITY-MICHIGAN DIE CASTING CO.
ADRIAN, MICHIGAN

Actual Size
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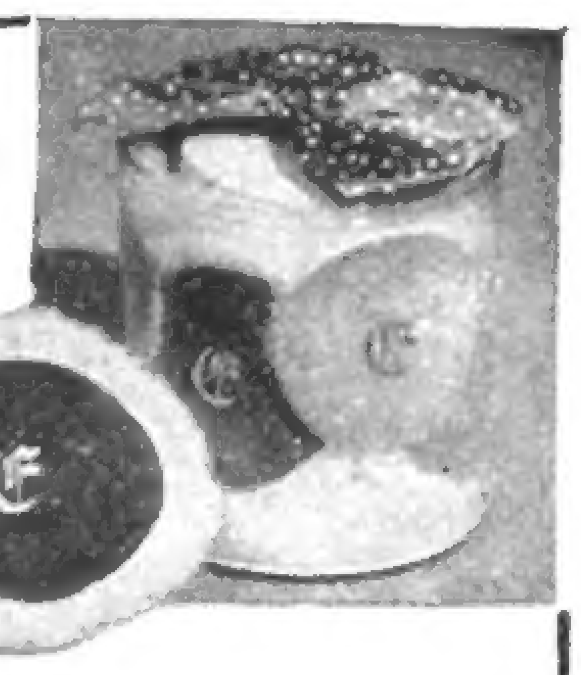
PERSONAL PUFFS
$3.50
postpaid



Here's a splendid gift for "HER" that's truly personal. It's a set of 12 Powder Puffs, made of fluffy baby lambskin; each puff personalized with monogram or FIRST NAME, in gold. Packed in clear, after-use plastic box.

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$8.75
DELIVERED IN U.S.A.
sink your toes into one of these soft, silky rugs of creamy
WHITE LAMBSKIN
AVERAGE SIZE 38"x24"
WASHABLE
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HUGH NEEDHAM
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12 DOZ. $3.00
9 DOZ. $2.50
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You can attach Cash's Names to anything with Cash's NO-SO Cement — 5c a tube

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PREFERRED THEM
IN THE SERVICE!

In civilian life, too, the preferred method of marking clothes and other belongings is with

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Economical, permanent, *positive identification* and protection for all your things. Insist on *Cash's* at your Dept. Store, or write us.

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Stay New Longer—Plastikards are fully guaranteed, always stay flat, never lose their snap.
Royal Flush in playing cards, Plastikards can't be topped. In distinctive colorful design.

Style 900—in Gay Lucite Box of Sparkling Transparency (above)	$10.00
Style 850—in DeLuxe Satin-lined Leatherette Hinged-top Box......	8.50
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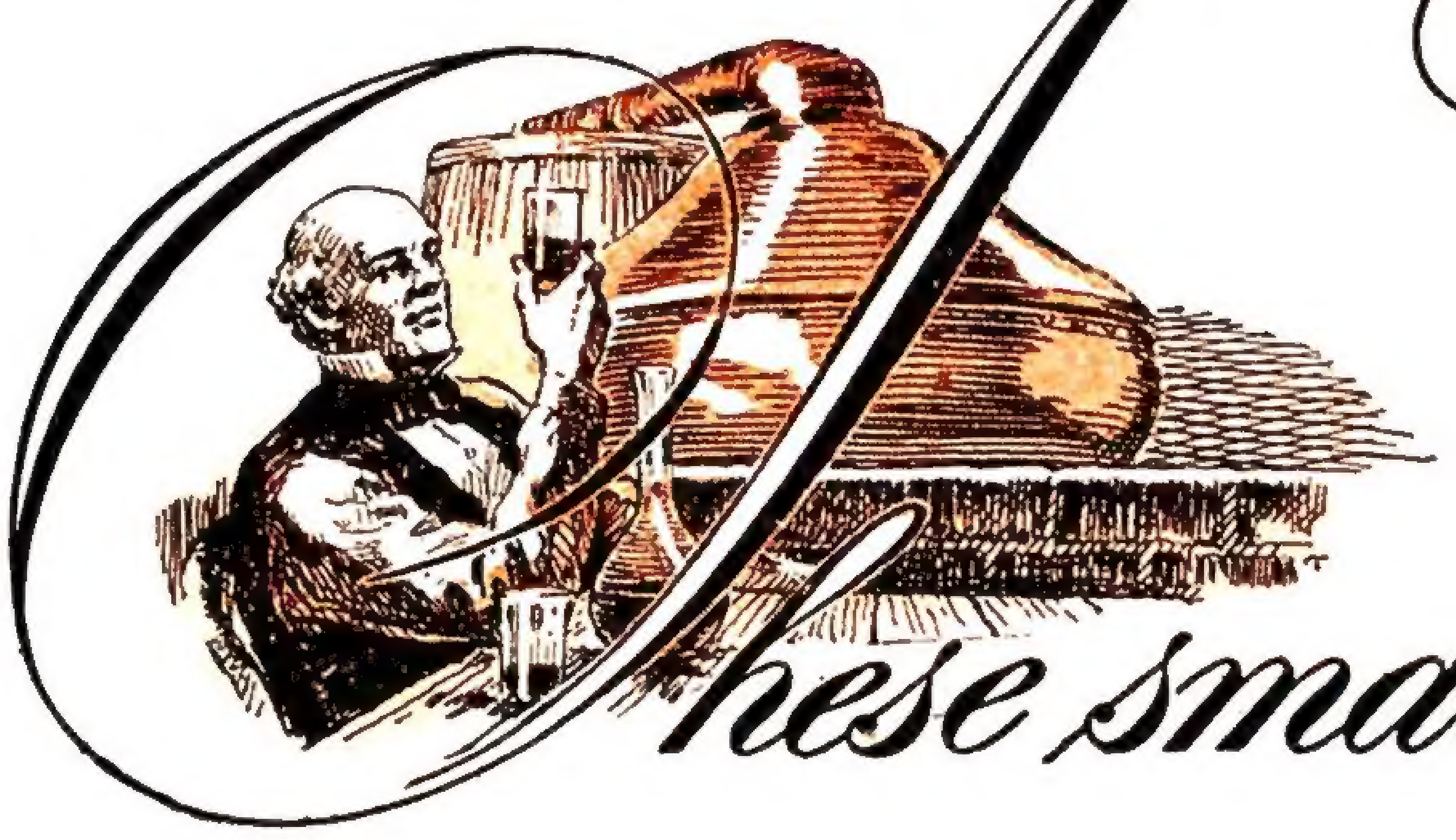
If your dealer can't supply them, send to

Miracle Manufacturing Company
36 South State Street, Chicago 3, Illinois
Enclosed find money order / check for..............sets of Plastikards. Style No.......................
Name.......................................
Street.......................................
City......................*Zone*...*State*.........



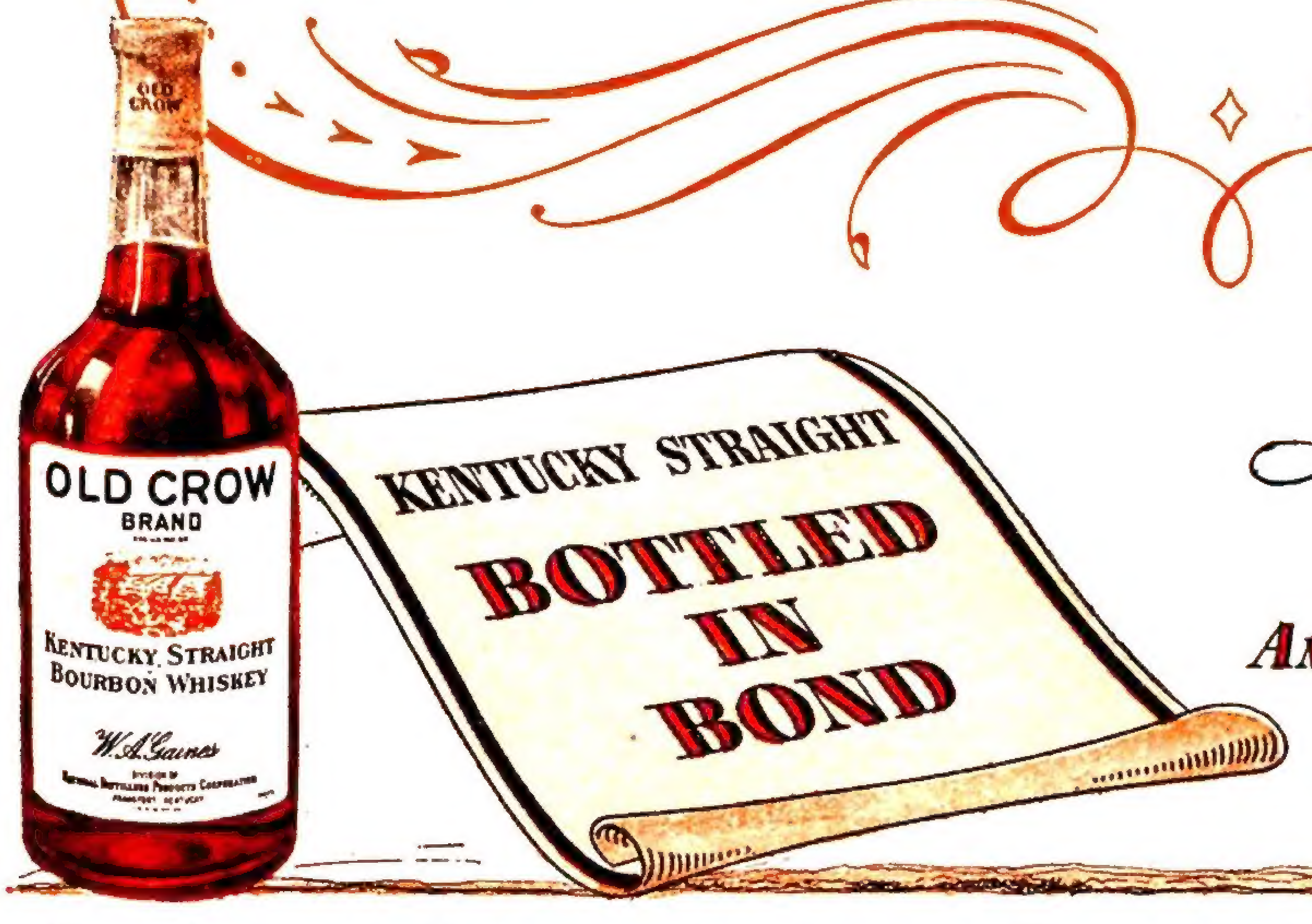
These small beginnings

LED TO THIS GREAT WHISKEY

Here, in a little log cabin distillery,
over a hundred years ago, James Crow perfected the whiskey
that was destined to win fame throughout the world.

Those in the know...ask for

OLD CROW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A Truly Great Name
AMONG
AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

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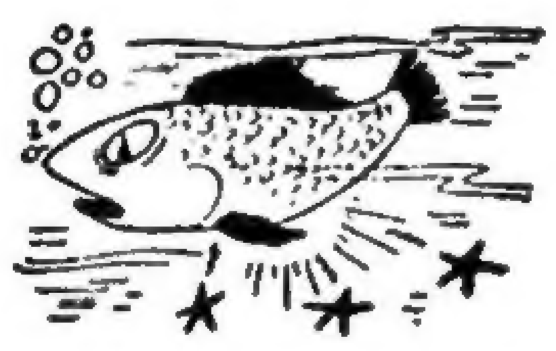
The Sound and the Fury

fisherman's forum attack

Last night a bunch of fishermen of long years standing were going over *The Fighting Muskie of Boulder* and Bert Claflin. We claim that no 40-pound muskie could get away with a 25-pound pike. They figure that the pike would be almost as long as the muskie. Not being a fisherman myself, I wouldn't know, but they all seemed to agree that Claflin is in error on this point.

J. Love

Boulder Junction, Wis.



author's rebuttal

I am pleased to learn that "experienced fishermen of long years standing" read my muskie story in the July number of Esquire and became sufficiently disturbed to write you about it.

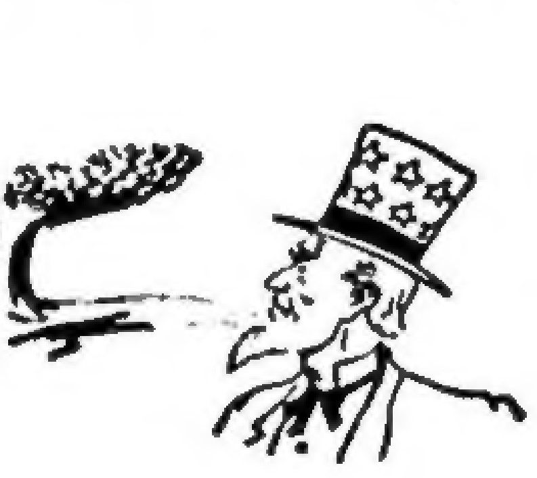
In rebuttal of their contentions, I have a statement from government experts at Washington to the effect that they have reliable data regarding a big fish swallowing another but a bit smaller, which could well have been an uncle or even a mother-in-law. In order to accomplish the act he took in all he could of his victim and retained it until the portion of the fish farthest down in his stomach was digested, which enabled the cannibal to gorge the balance.

The muskie has an abnormally large gullet. I know of one that swallowed a full-grown muskrat. Further, a muskie weighing twenty-five pounds will measure in length approximately 43 or 44 inches depending upon its sex. I have caught not a few big ones with stomachs full of other fish which, by all gastronomical laws, should have given them a bad attack of indigestion.

Perhaps running my rebuttal in your Sound and Fury section may bring forth more comments from real fishermen to show that I was right after all.

Bert Claflin

Green Bay, Wis.



postscript from Moffitt

The wanton murder of four Negroes in Monroe, Georgia, is a shock and a discouragement to all those who have been fighting for an unprejudiced attitude in literature concerning the South.

Such stupid and disgusting atrocities simply provide those who wish to exploit racial prejudice in this country with a convenient weapon for the furtherance of a class war. They tie the hands of those who would speak a good word for the decent white men and women in the South.

This outrage turns what was a minor police court case in Monroe into a general indictment of American democracy. The Monroe murderers have done more than kill two Negroes and their wives. They have killed the chances of their fellow white Southerners for getting a fair hearing before the world. This crime will not be forgotten for many years—and it shouldn't be.

I wish to make it absolutely clear that the remarks I made concerning inter-racial relationships in my review of *Anna and the King of Siam* (an article which was written two months before the Georgia crime) were in no way intended to condone such criminal deeds by white men.

I still believe, from personal observation, that most of the white people in the South are respectable human beings, and that, for Leftist political purposes, they have been subjected to two decades of ridicule and vituperation. But, as long as they permit race murderers to operate in their midst, they can expect no conscientious outsider to make further efforts to champion them.

Governor Gene Talmadge, when interviewed, called the case "regrettable." This is a mild reproof for the slaughter of four people (three of whom were not even accused of a crime). The governor also remarked that the "Negro has had white civilization forced upon him." This is more than irrelevant. The point is that these four Negroes had more than sixty white bullets forced upon them. That is the point the governor should be considering.

If Democracy takes a complacent attitude toward this outrage, then one of the gravest charges brought by Communism against Democracy will be proven true—and Democracy can count itself among the victims of this murder.

Sincerely,
Jack Moffitt

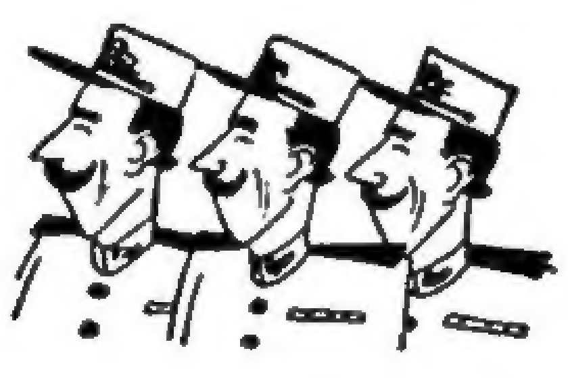
Hollywood, Calif.

ole king Goodman

This letter is in reply to Leonard Feather's April piece, *What's Happened to Benny Goodman?* From 1936 till '39 his band was tops and the cream of the crop was in the Goodman fold: James (who in my opinion was far superior then), Krupa, Berigan, Stacy, etc. All these have broken away and formed their own bands, and many other leaders have got on the Goodman-styled band wagon. By now big-band arranged powerhouse jazz is commonplace. My opinion is that Goodman should drop his big band entirely and concentrate on his small combo. There is something few others can copy. Herman's Chips, Krupa's trio and Shaw's Grammercy Five cannot reach Goodman's wonderfully inspired jazz. Out here in the wilds of China, among the Gyrenes who get their music via the Armed Forces Radio Network, Goodman, by virtue of his wonderful quintet discings, is still the King of Swing.

Sgt. Jeff Scott, USMC

Tientsin, China



Esquire as intermediary

(1)

Would it be possible to procure through the means of your magazine for three French underofficers in operations in Indo-China, three correspondents (American) preferably who speak French.

I await your answer with respect,

Sergeant Conery Andre

Corps Expéditionnaire
d'Extrême Orient

(2)

I am one of your many readers and it happens I have quite a number of your Esquire magazines on hand to send to some serviceman if he will kindly send me his address.

Margaret Lyons

Clifton, New Jersey

'like to take a walk?

In reading your April, 1946, issue of Esquire, I came upon an article written by Robert Foote, the subject being the Pacific Crest Trail. The article has aroused my curiosity as to the possibilities of amateur and inexperienced hikers like myself, hiking it along this trail.

Perchance you could give me information as to where I might obtain maps and information about the Pacific Crest Trail.

I would appreciate this very much, as I find hiking a fine pastime and would like to spend my vacation on this trail.

A. Skellery

Los Angeles, Calif.

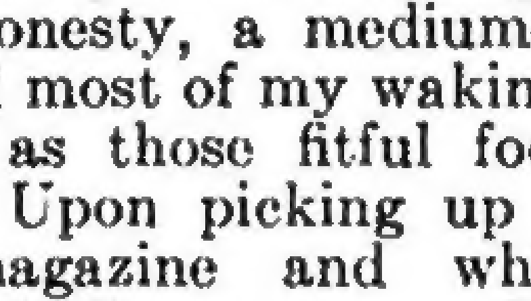
Editor's Note: *Readers seeking further information about the Pacific Crest Trail are invited to write to Robert Foote, care of Esquire. All queries will be gladly forwarded.*

beauty is truth

I've just finished reading your July issue and I feel impelled to write you in praise of J. Frederick Smith's work. I've felt this urge before, but before tonight I could do nothing more than praise his work in the most general way. I think I have hit on the one thing that makes his work the best of its kind. The point is that Mr. Smith's women look "possible." Heretofore, all of your artists have drawn women that never did and never could exist. That is not true of Mr. Smith's girls. True, they are the summation of all that is lovely and piquant in women, and yet they look as though, if the gods were good, one might meet them tomorrow. This "possibleness" is based, I think, on the feeling that one has met women *almost* as desirable as his.

Richard Sibley

State College, Penn.



a phantom of delight

Ever since being discharged from the Army last November I have been looking for a girl; one whom I had created from my imagination while languishing in durance vile in a P.O.W. camp in Germany for a period of fifteen months. Admittedly, I did not spend all my time thinking of her for, in all honesty, a medium-rare steak occupied most of my waking moments as well as those fitful food-haunted nights. Upon picking up a copy of your magazine and while leafing through it I came upon J. Frederick Smith's creation, the one which serves to illustrate Walter Benton's excellent *Notes for a Letter*, and there was the girl, even to the type of raiment I had clothed her in, in fancy's free and fulsome flights. (I use "fulsome" advisedly.)

Now what I want to know is: is there such a girl or did J. Frederick divine what was in my mind?

Sincerely,
Richard Perkins

Roxbury, Mass.

pre-atom peacemaker

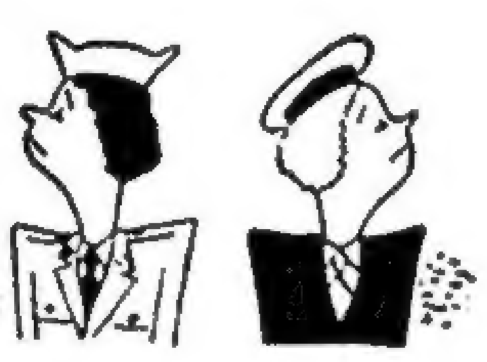
Undoubtedly this is the 999th letter you have by this time received from Colt packers who choked on the statement by Author Chas. Roth: ". . . .45 Caliber Colt Frontier Model Single Action Revolver."

Practically all of what Mr. Roth wrote in his article is very true but he went haywire on that reference which is like calling an old Tin Lizzie Model T a V-8 DeLuxe Station Wagon. The old .45 Caliber S. A. Colts Army Revolver was known as the "Peacemaker"; the .44 caliber Single Action Army Revolver was known and designated by Colt as the "Frontier Six Shooter."

The Peacemaker came first and stood first with nearly all early habitual six-gun packers. A demand soon prompted Colts to produce this model in .44 caliber (also known as .44-40) due to the horde of .44-40 users in the 73 model Winchester Rifle. The frontiersman who packed both rifle and revolver wanted them adapted to the same cartridge. In those early days one's life could be lost on account of bobbling with a .45 load and a .44 Arm or vicey versey.

Sincerely,
Don M. Mitchell

Taft, Oregon



riposte from a Wren

On reading a very much out of date issue of Esquire I came across a letter captioned *Home Thoughts from Abroad.*

This writer, Lt. McKee, states that "English girls could not hold a match, never mind a candle, to the American girls," and ends by saying, "as for those beautiful uniforms, enough said."

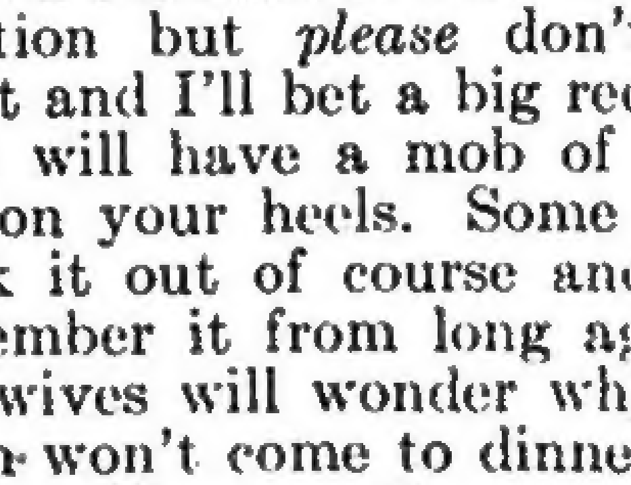
Well, I myself, am an ex-member of the W.R.N.S. Having served both here in the United Kingdom and in North Africa with the Royal Navy, I saw and met quite a lot of W.A.C.'s and let me say, that none of them were half as smart in their uniforms as our girls. Their hair was all over the place, their nails were painted, and their faces were a complete mess. Our girls achieved a much better effect, from a jar of vanishing cream, a dusting of face powder, and a *little* lipstick. England was in the war first and we over here have been on rations, etc., for years, while the Yanks never sacrificed a single thing.

I myself met a lot of Americans, and had a lot of admiration for them and on the other hand, I met a lot of them who were not nice to know, especially in N. Africa—that was the beginning of my dislike for them. All they ever thought of was, "wine, women and song." Further—if the British girls were not in the same street as the Yanks—why did so many of your colleagues marry them, Lt. McKee?

Thank God, I never married any of them—instead, I did marry one of the finest men in this world—a man in His Majesty's Royal Navy.

Mally E. Pugh

Lays, Ayrshire, Scotland



Davison's enigma

Above you will find an old puzzle which has always been one of my favorites and has won for me a flock of bets. The idea is to bisect each of the four sides of each rectangle only once with a continuous line. I enclose the solution but *please* don't publish it yet and I'll bet a big red apple that you will have a mob of raving maniacs on your heels. Some sharks will work it out of course and some will remember it from long ago, but a lot of wives will wonder why their little men won't come to dinner.

Expectantly,
C. W. Davison

Hollywood, Calif.

Continued on page 203

INFORMATION

How to meet a good friend

THE railway information booth is a traditional meeting place for friends. But it's much more likely that you'll be meeting *this* particular friend in your home, or at your favorite bar.

For what we're talking about is an Old Fashioned made with that matchless whiskey, Four Roses. And Four Roses, as everybody knows, makes the most magnificent Old Fashioned you've ever tasted. There's no other whiskey with quite the same distinctive flavor.

That's why you're in for something extra special every time you say, "Make mine with Four Roses!"

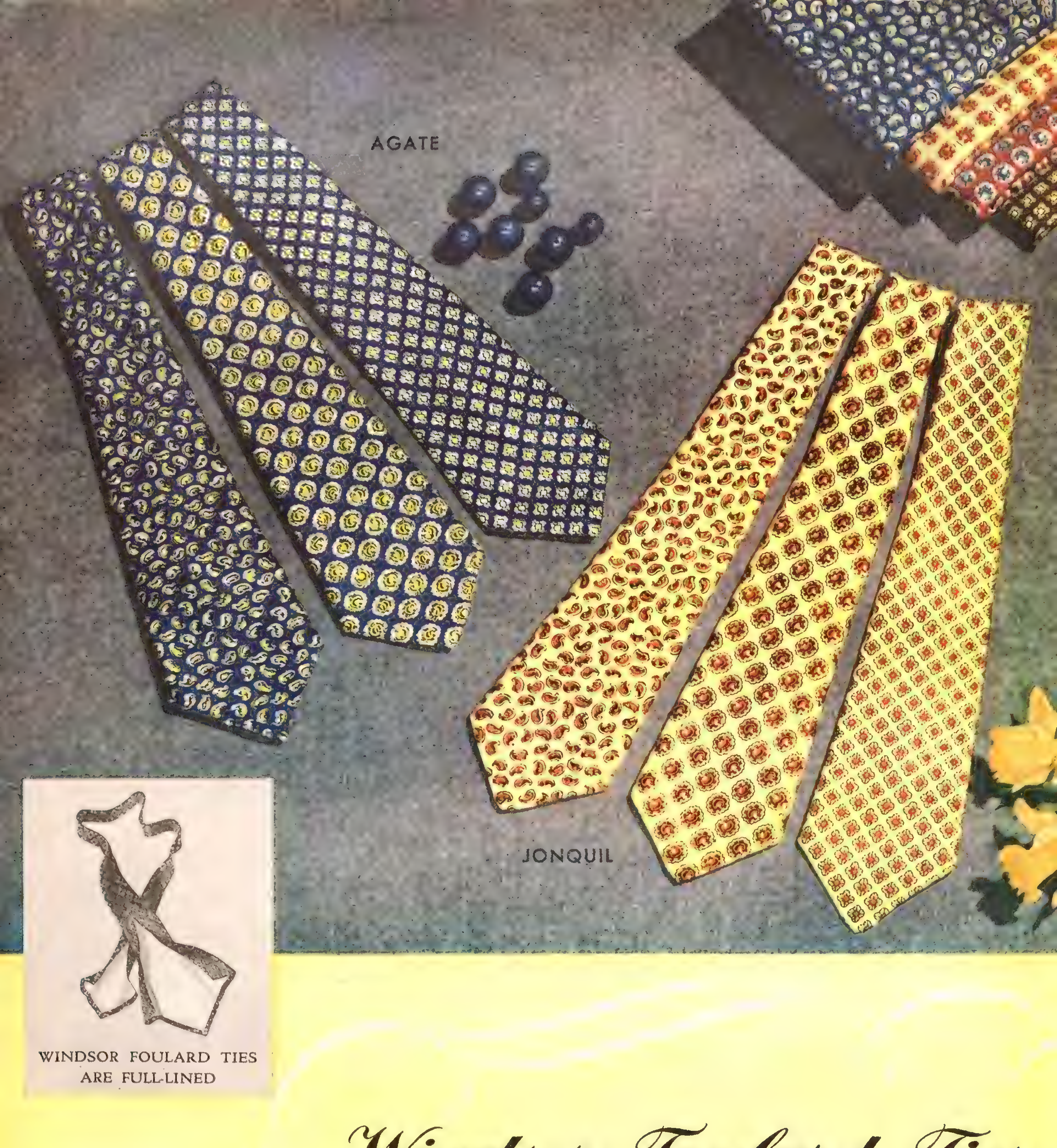
• • •

Four Roses is now a Blended Whiskey—a fine blend of 40% straight whiskies, 5 years or more old, and 60% grain neutral spirits. 95.5 proof.

FOUR ROSES

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York

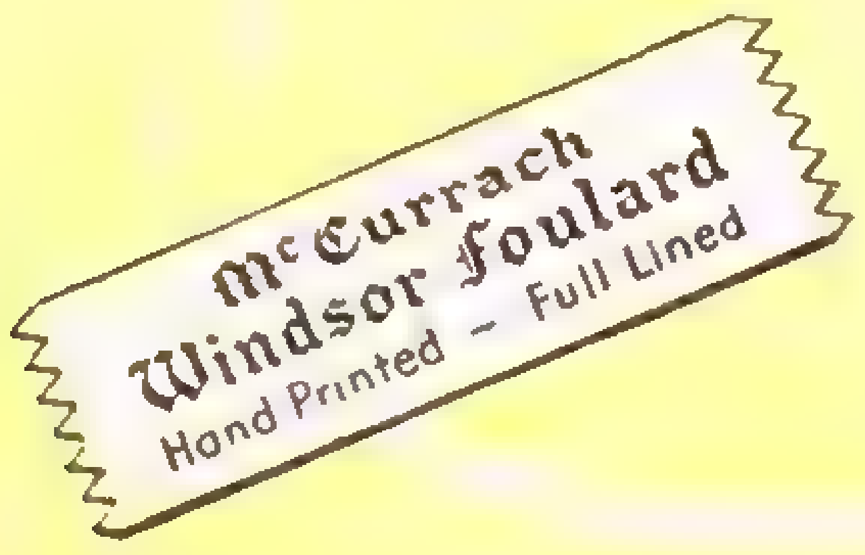

AGATE
JONQUIL

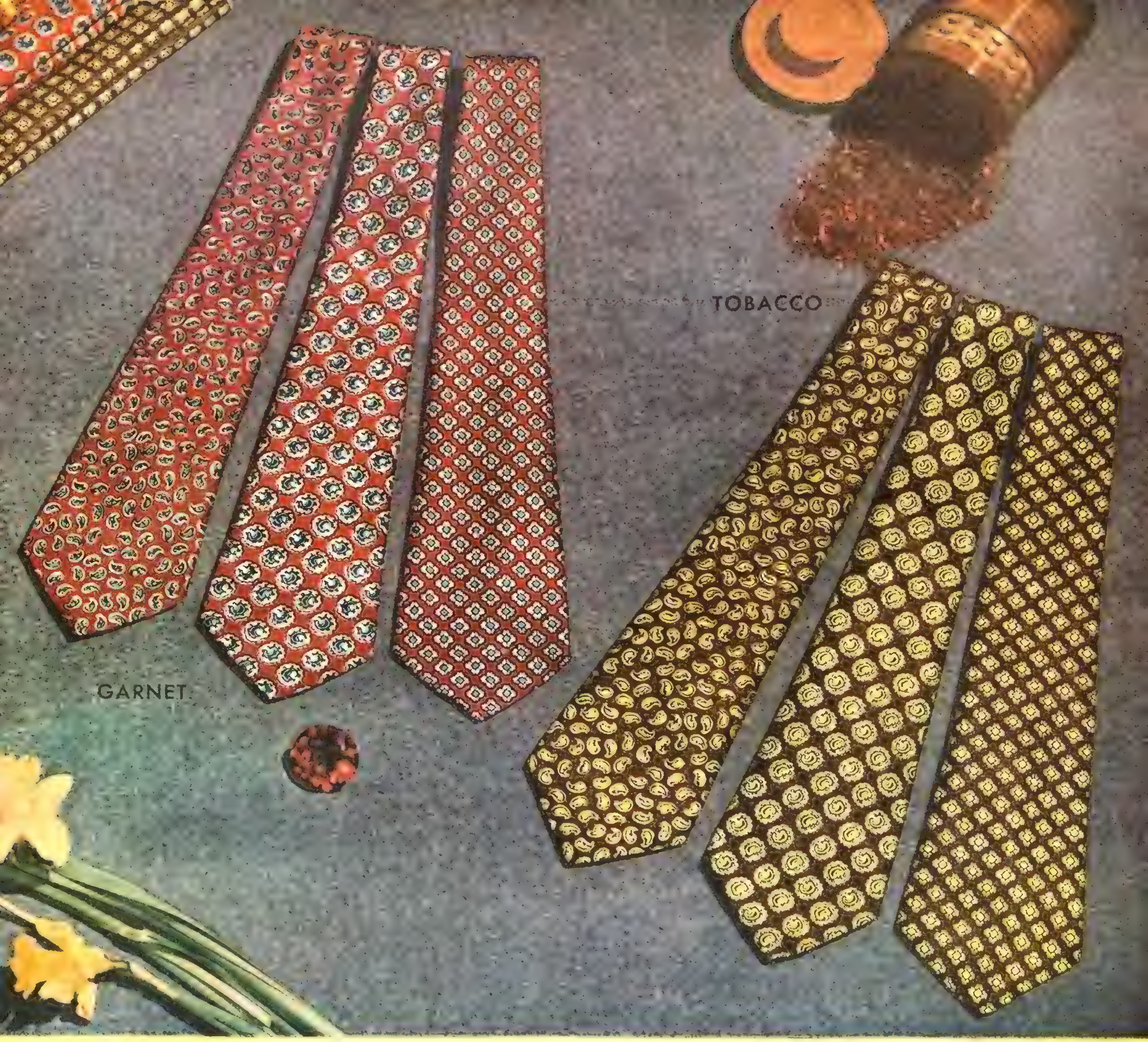
WINDSOR FOULARD TIES
ARE FULL-LINED

Windsor Foulard Ties

COLORED FROM LIFE AND HAND PRINTED

3.50


McCurrach
Windsor Foulard
Hand Printed – Full Lined



A group of special colorings created by McCurrach for Fall. They are bright and clear because they were printed by hand on Windsor Foulard, woven of fine Celanese rayon yarns by the famous Golden Shuttle Weavers. Ask to see the McCurrach label at better stores everywhere.

McCurrach

McCURRACH ORGANIZATION, INC., Dept. M . 411 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Write for full-color booklet, "Necktie Notes" How to tie Windsor, Bow and other tie knots.

Necktie Notes

When it's refreshment time, double your score with friends by serving California Sherry and sandwiches. As flavor-mates, they're a prize-winning team

Prime Ribs to set forks a-flying! You baste it with red table wine as it roasts, using about 2 spoonfuls of wine along with fat from the pan — about a cupful of wine in all. Then bring to table, with the roast, glasses of the same kind of wine (California Burgundy or Claret) and juicy good eating is yours. This delectable dish is one of many in our free recipe book

When it's time for friendship

Wine is what you need

Here are two mighty pleasant evenings. They can both happen at your house--without any bother, too. You go about them simply.

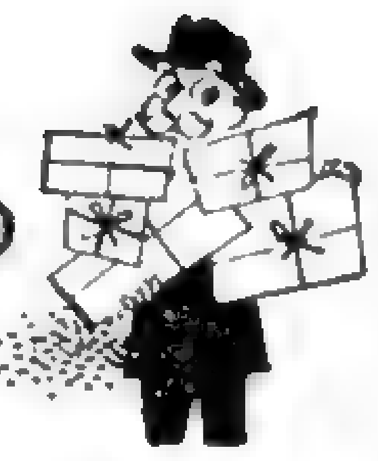
The first evening is just one where folks drop in for cards. But early in the game you bring out a bite of good food and glasses of gleaming California Sherry. It does things for friendship. It helps everybody to relax and enjoy himself.

On the other evening you've guests to dinner. The high point is a juicy roast of beef. As it's served you pour for everybody a glass of hearty red California Burgundy and you set to with tableware and taste buds on the wine and meat together. Just try it!

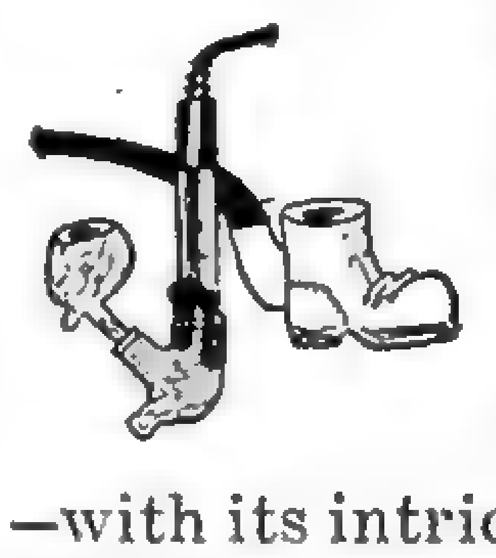
We wine growers have a free book of other wine and food combinations you'll enjoy equally well. To get it, write Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market Street, San Francisco 3.

NATIONAL WINE WEEK – October 12 to 19

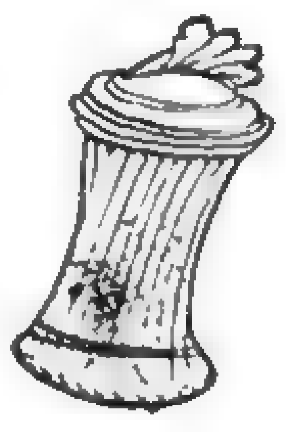
Talking Shop with Esquire



HOME HUMIDIFIER. Remember the days when your wife used to put pans of water about in the rooms to try to overcome the costly dryness of the air? Now you can buy a portable humidifier which eliminates use of a fan or other moving parts. Vapor produced by this humidifier permeates the air so completely throughout the home, that greater comfort is obtained at a lower temperature during the heating season. The portable unit is self-contained—simply fill with water, plug into any convenient outlet, turn on the switch. There's an automatic shut-off on the vaporizing unit when the water is all evaporated; a humidstat for automatically controlling humidity to suit individual needs; and an automatic water control to keep a supply of water in the evaporating tank at all times, regardless of the rate of evaporation.



PIPE CONNOISSEURS will be glad to know that Italian briar pipes are again available. Many chaps claim that Italian briar is tops for cool, sweet smoking. Back again is the famous Bauer pipe — that collector's delight —with its intricate long stem, eye catching, colorful cord and tassels. Back again are the boot pipes with bowls simulating well worn hobnail boots. And then there's the Cavalier pipe, constructed with a removable knob which allows harsh and bitter juices to be trapped and then emptied without ever entering the stem.



REDUCE FIRE AND SHOCK HAZARDS. After several years of research, a "safety" heater has been created, aimed at reducing household accidents. To attain low surface temperatures, the heater spreads its wattage to about 12 watts per square inch. The coils are mounted vertically in such a manner as to heat-temper about 30 cubic feet of air per minute. By mounting the coils in an upright position, the incoming cool floor air is progressively heated, and thus attains faster movement as it rises through the heater. Makers claim that this heater is the only electrical household appliance which may be accidentally connected to a 220 volt line without burning out. The heater weighs only 19 pounds, comes in mahogany or cream finish, and resembles a metal radiator cover on a reduced scale.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

$85.00
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14 kt. Yellow Gold, 17 jewels. Raised gilt figures on silver-centered dial.

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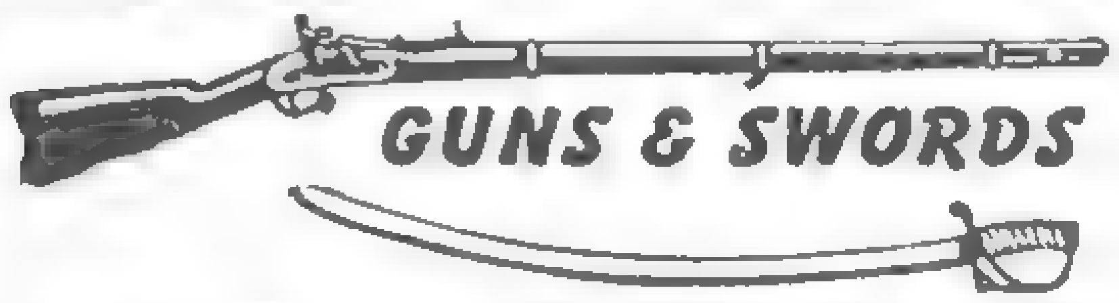
Lonville
WATCHES

HARRY RODMAN, Sole U. S. Agent,
580 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.



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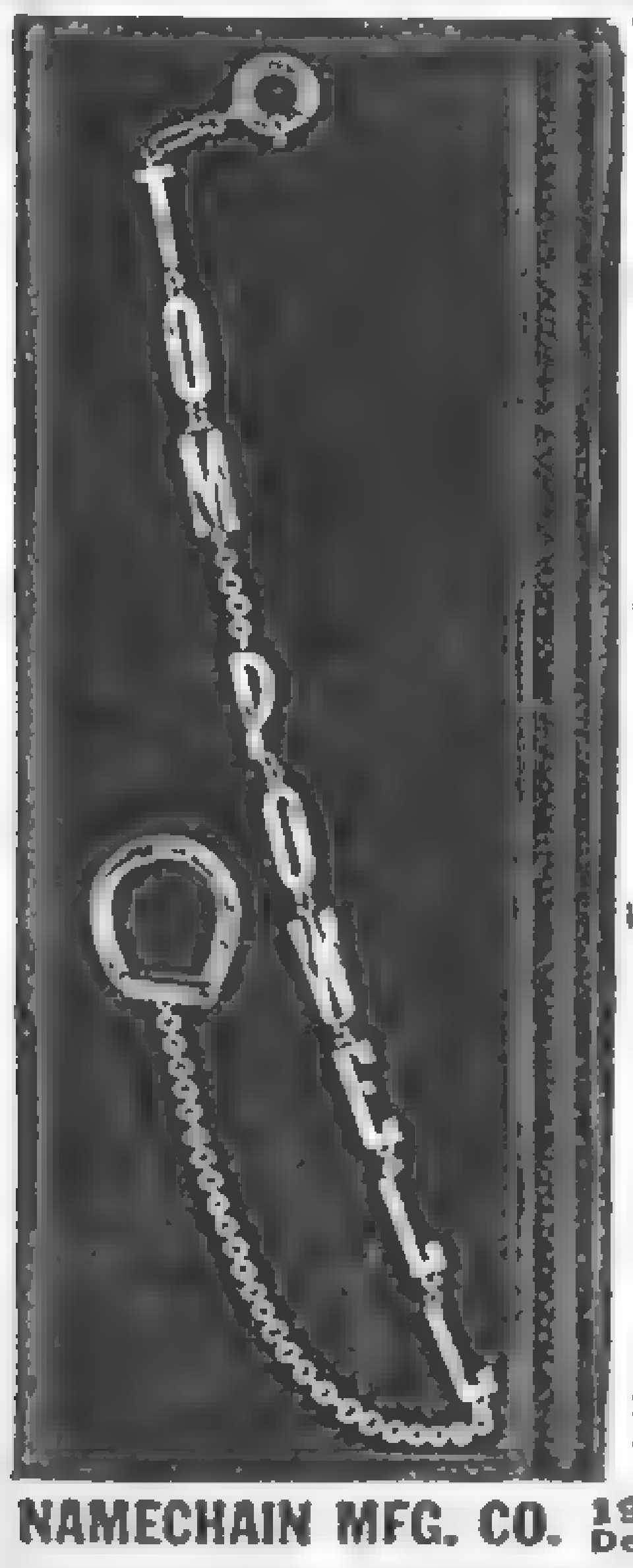

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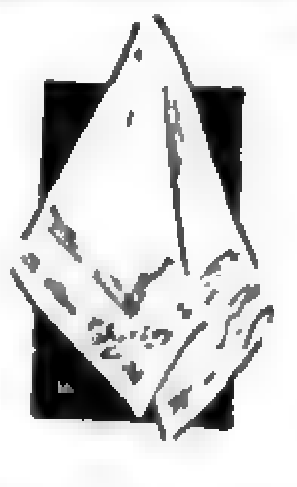

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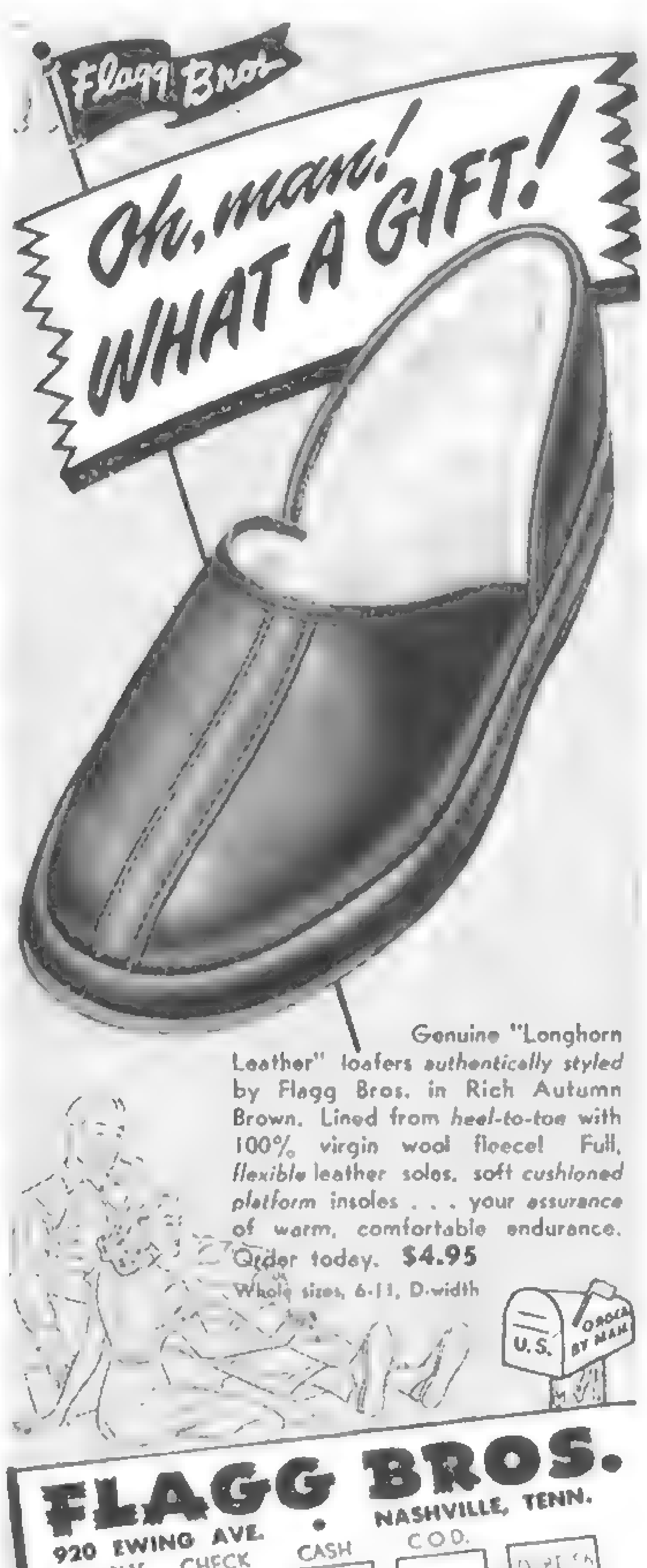

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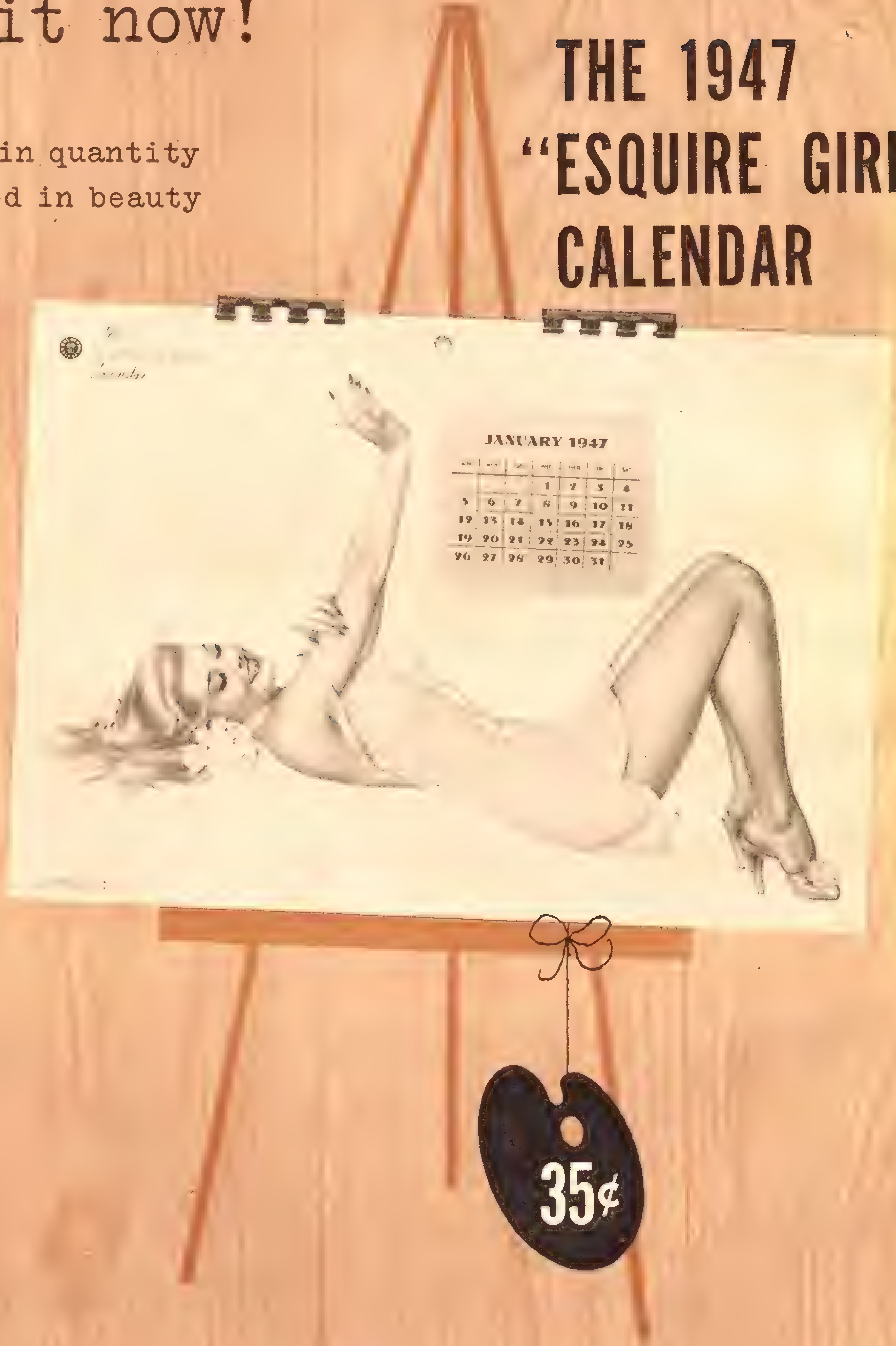

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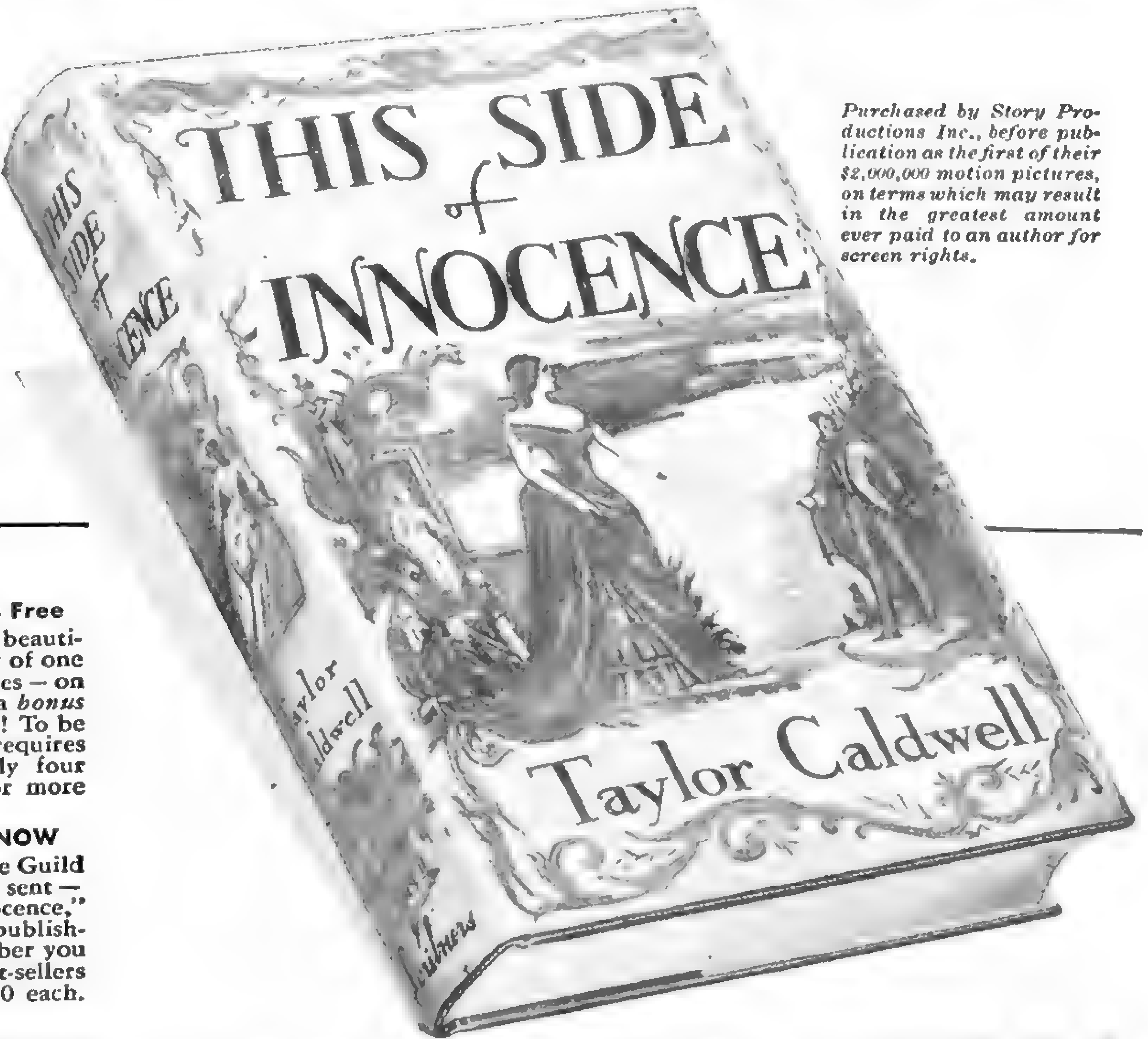

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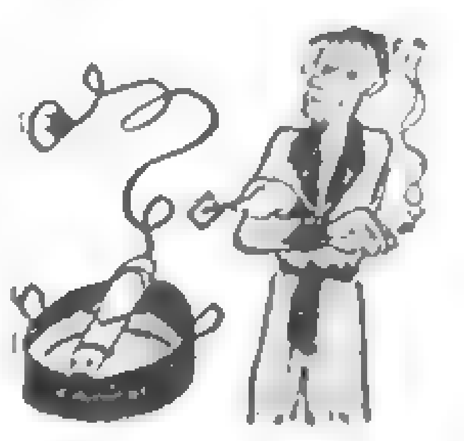

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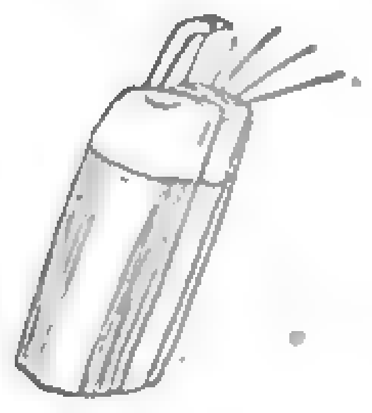

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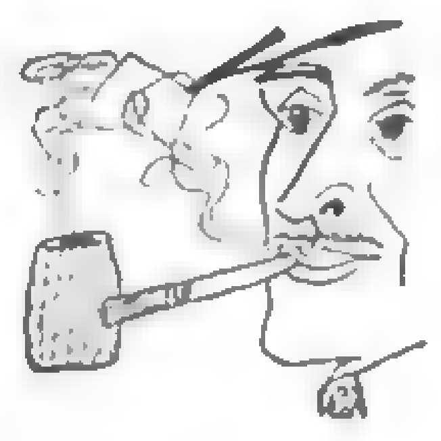

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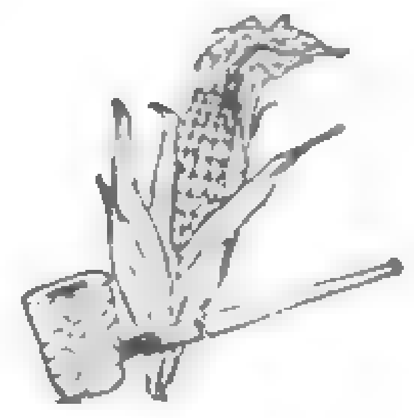

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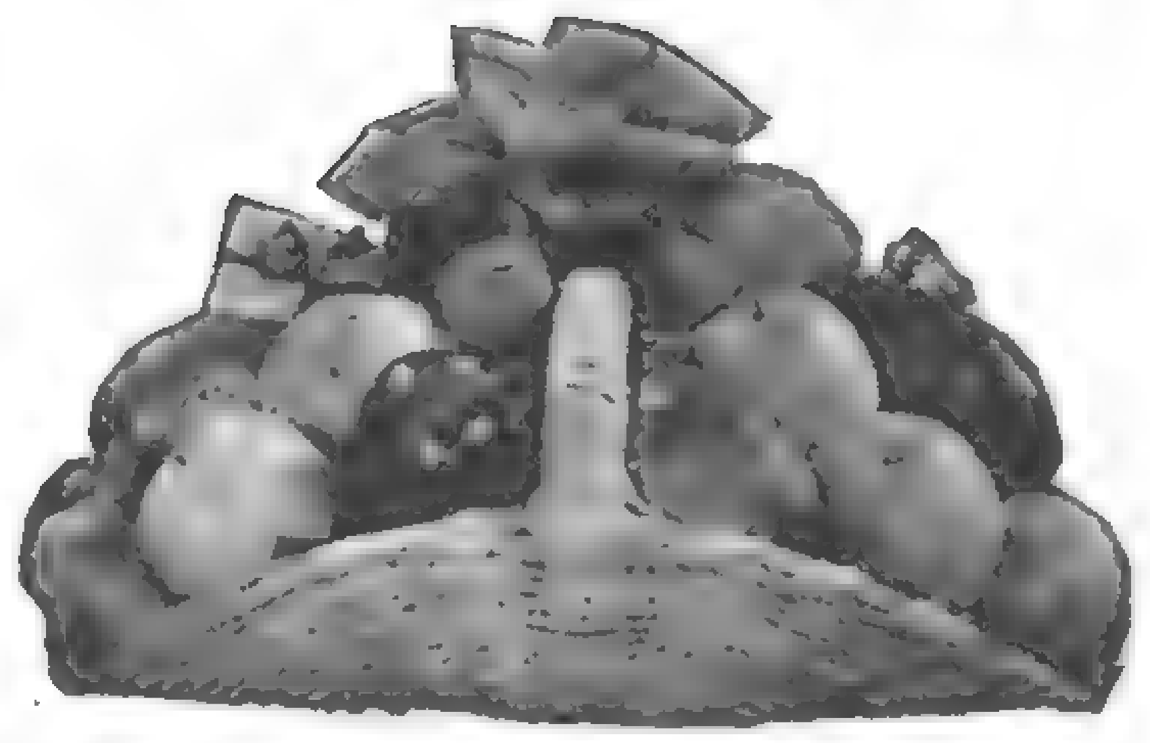

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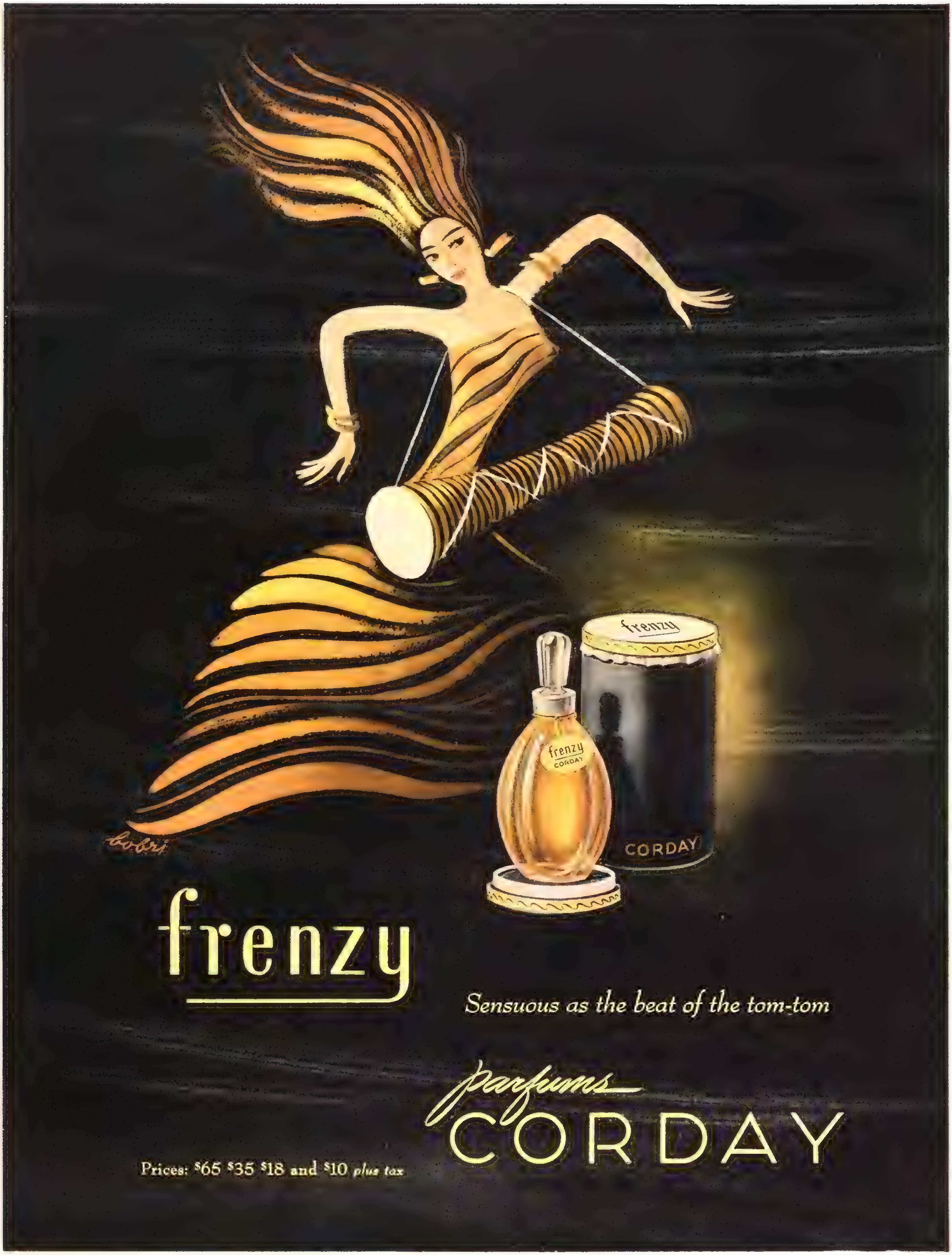
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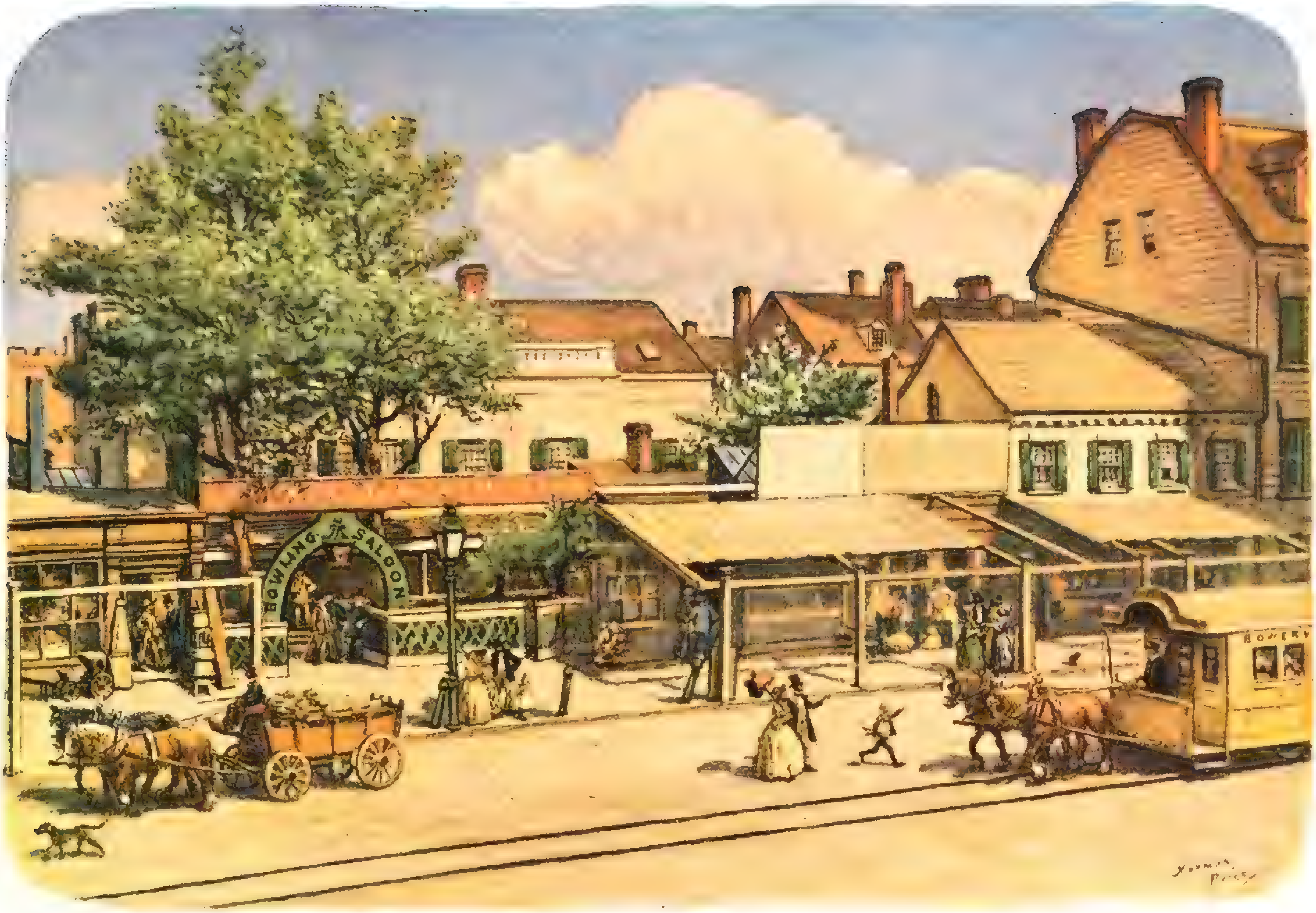

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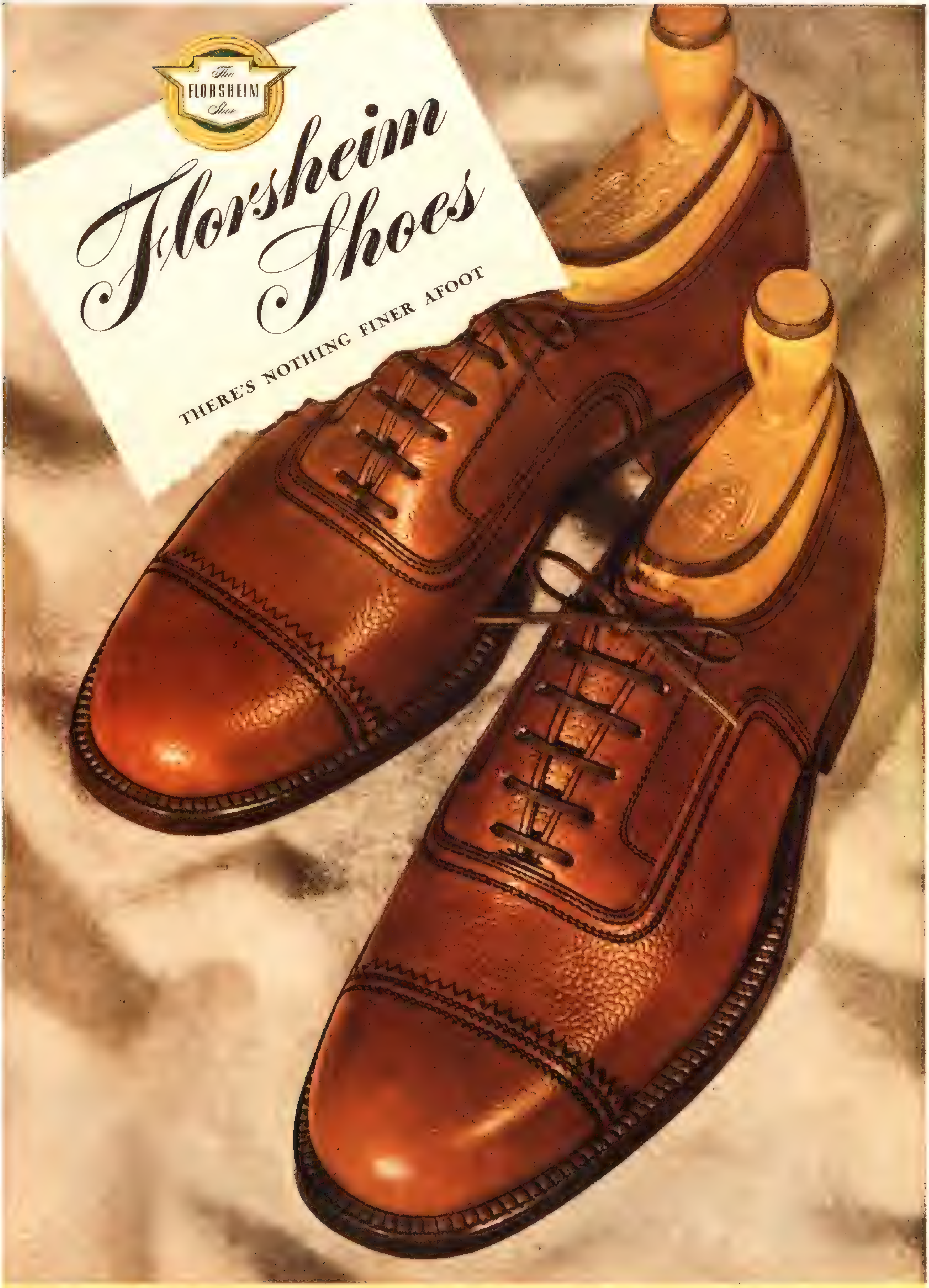
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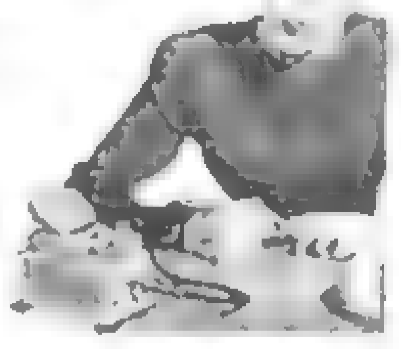

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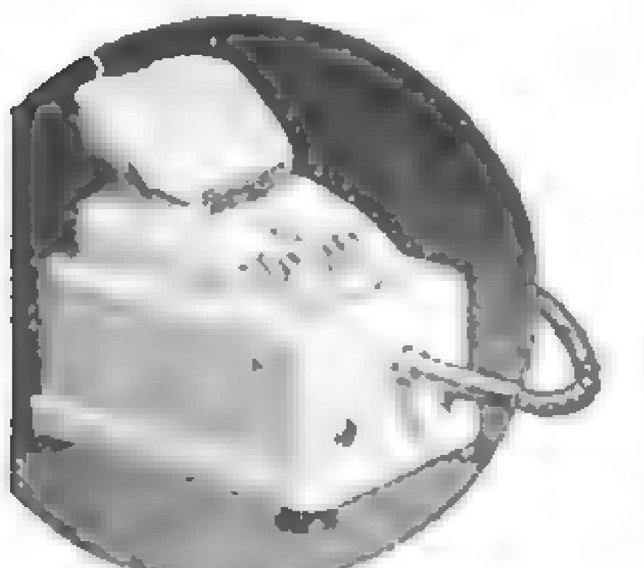

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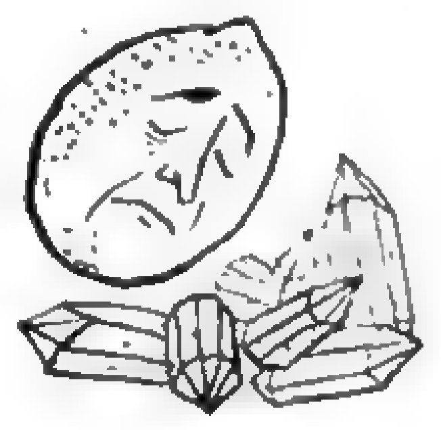
Talking Shop with Esquire

NO SQUEEZING, NO STRAINING. We're calling your attention to the new lemon crystals which have come to the aid of every drink-mixer. One little 1½ oz. bottle will obligingly yield the equivalent of *twelve lemons.* All you do is mix the crystals with water, saving yourself time and effort when your guests yell for Collinses, Cuba libras or daiquiris. Dare Aunt Tillie to use the crystals in her lemon pie . . . then challenge the family to tell the difference. The crystals *taste* like fresh lemons because they *are* lemons, dehydrated with oils and acids blended into concentrated crystal form. No preservatives added.



WHAT, NO ERL? If you're a salad tosser, shortage of French dressing oils need not bar you from practicing your art. *Cooked* dressing is gaining social prestige. Here's how: 3 tbsp. sugar, 1 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. brown or yellow mustard; 1½ tbsp. flour, 1 egg, ¾ cup milk, ¼ cup cider, 1 tbsp. butter. Blend dry ingredients, add egg, beat; add milk and vinegar and cook over boiling water, stirring until thick. Then add butter.

HOME OF YOUR DREAMS. Here you'll find a Home Planning Kit a great help in pre-planning your new domicile. The kit is a magazine-size booklet, containing blank layout sheets for floor plans, scale lot, orientation and landscape chart, check lists for painting and decorating, architect's symbols and model specifications. The kit doesn't take the place of blue prints or working plans, mind you, but it does make it possible for you to work out, and plan a home that you think fits your needs, so that when you *do* see your architect, he'll know pretty well what you're driving at. The book also contains a priceless list of modern ideas, tested and proved, which should make your place a *home,* not just a *house.*

SHINE WITHOUT POLISH. Ever hear of keeping silver bright without polishing? It is purported that you place an open jar of crystals in your silver cabinet and forget the whole thing. Tarnish is caused by certain elements present in the atmosphere which are absorbed by the crystals. Crystals keep their potency from 4 to 6 months, they tell us.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

GENUINE Orange Blossom
ENGAGEMENT AND WEDDING RINGS BY TRAUB
Write for Illustrated Folder
Traub Mfg. Co., 1936 McGraw, Detroit 4, Michigan

Give Her a Personalized Gift...

Genuine Leather Purse Accessories

• She will treasure this handsome gift from you. Her first name or initials sewed on free. Colorful Cosmetic Bag, $2.35; Wallet with Safety fastener, holds 8 photos, $3.35; Cigarette Case (or Change Purse) @ $1.35. Colors: Black with red trim; red with black; black with gold; beige with green; brown with green; or navy with red.

Mention her first name or initials.

3-PIECE PURSE SET: $6.95

We Pay Fed. Tax & Pstg. Send check or Money Order.
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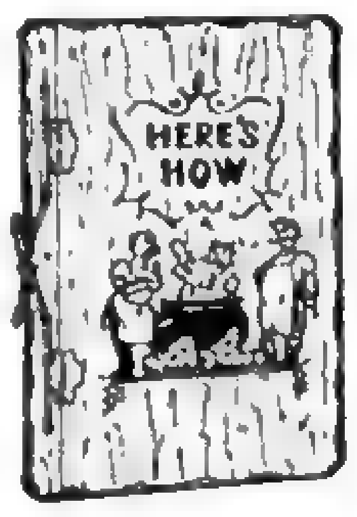


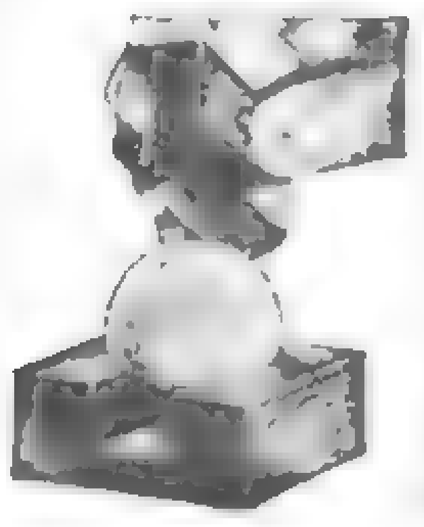
DRINK MIXING

"Here's How" tells exactly how to mix more than 250 famous recipes covering every type of drink. Best recommendation: MORE THAN 50,000 COPIES SOLD WITHOUT ADVERTISING.

"Just Cocktails" is devoted exclusively to cocktails. There are 375 excellent recipes. MORE THAN 85,000 COPIES ALREADY SOLD.

Each book profusely illustrated with clever sketches Sizes: 6x9¼. Price $1.25 each, plus 25c postage. Write for catalog.

THE OLD LOG HOUSE
Box 7222 Asheville, N. C.



MARK YOUR GOLF BALLS

• New! "BALLMARK" comes complete with your name all set in metal type. Stamps name indelibly INTO golf balls; quick and easy. Avoid mixups, stolen balls. Lost balls are returned to you. Buy for all your golfer friends. Different, original, useful and welcomed.

At stores and Pro Shops or send $2.00 with your name
HOLIDAY PRODUCTS CO., DAYTON 1, OHIO

NEW! an ice bucket insulated like a deep-freeze unit

KEEPS ICE CUBES HOURS LONGER

SAV-ICE BUCKET

Holds two quarts of ice, prevents melting for many hours, even in warm rooms. Insulated double-wall plastic bowl is post-war development. Trimmed in heavy chromium for hard service. Colors can't wear off. Wax-polishes to a beautiful luster. At leading stores, or mailed postpaid. Terra Cotta or Eggshell. State color . . . $11.95

Remington Rand, Inc.
Electric Appliance Division, Dept. E,
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Please send me______ Sav-Ice Buckets at $11.95 each. ☐ Terra Cotta. ☐ Eggshell.

Name________________
PLEASE PRINT
Address________________
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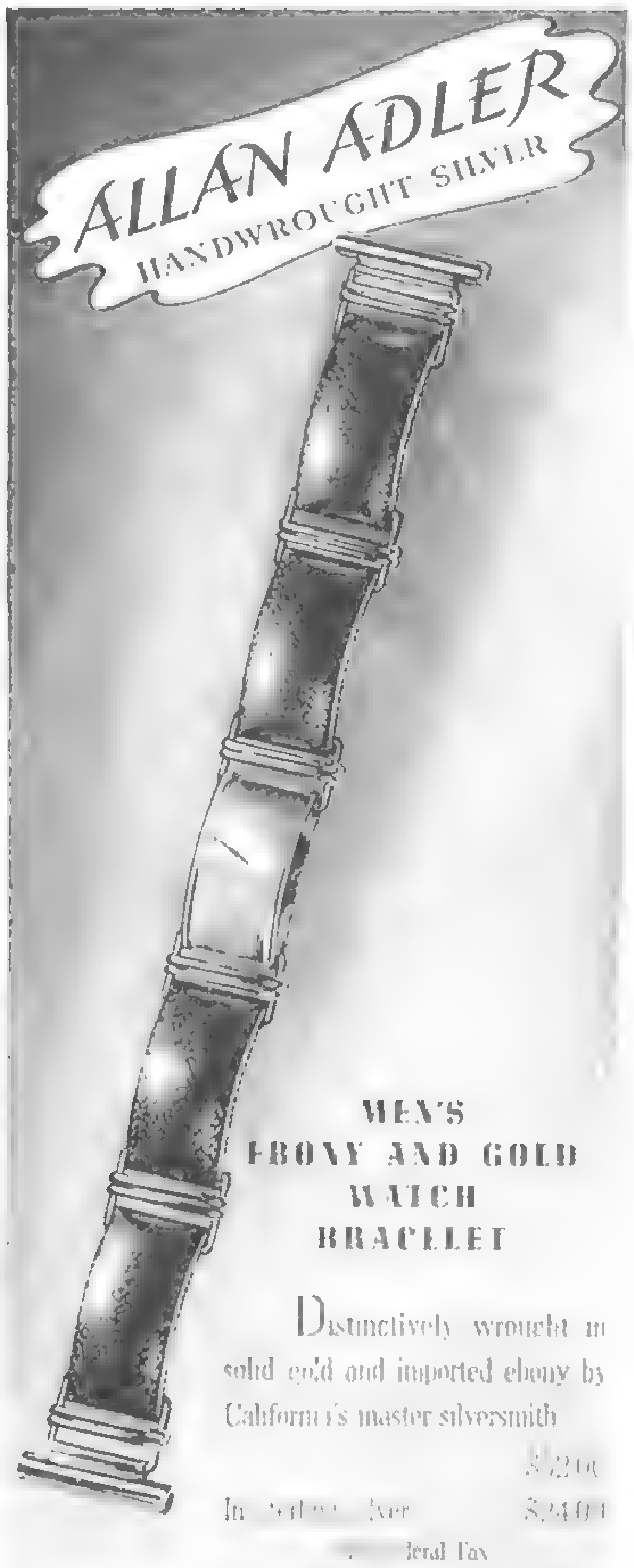

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MEN'S
EBONY AND GOLD
WATCH
BRACELET

Distinctively wrought in solid gold and imported ebony by California's master silversmith

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Each band custom-fitted. Send old watch band or tracing of band, marking where it fastens. Enclose check, money order, or sent C. O. D.

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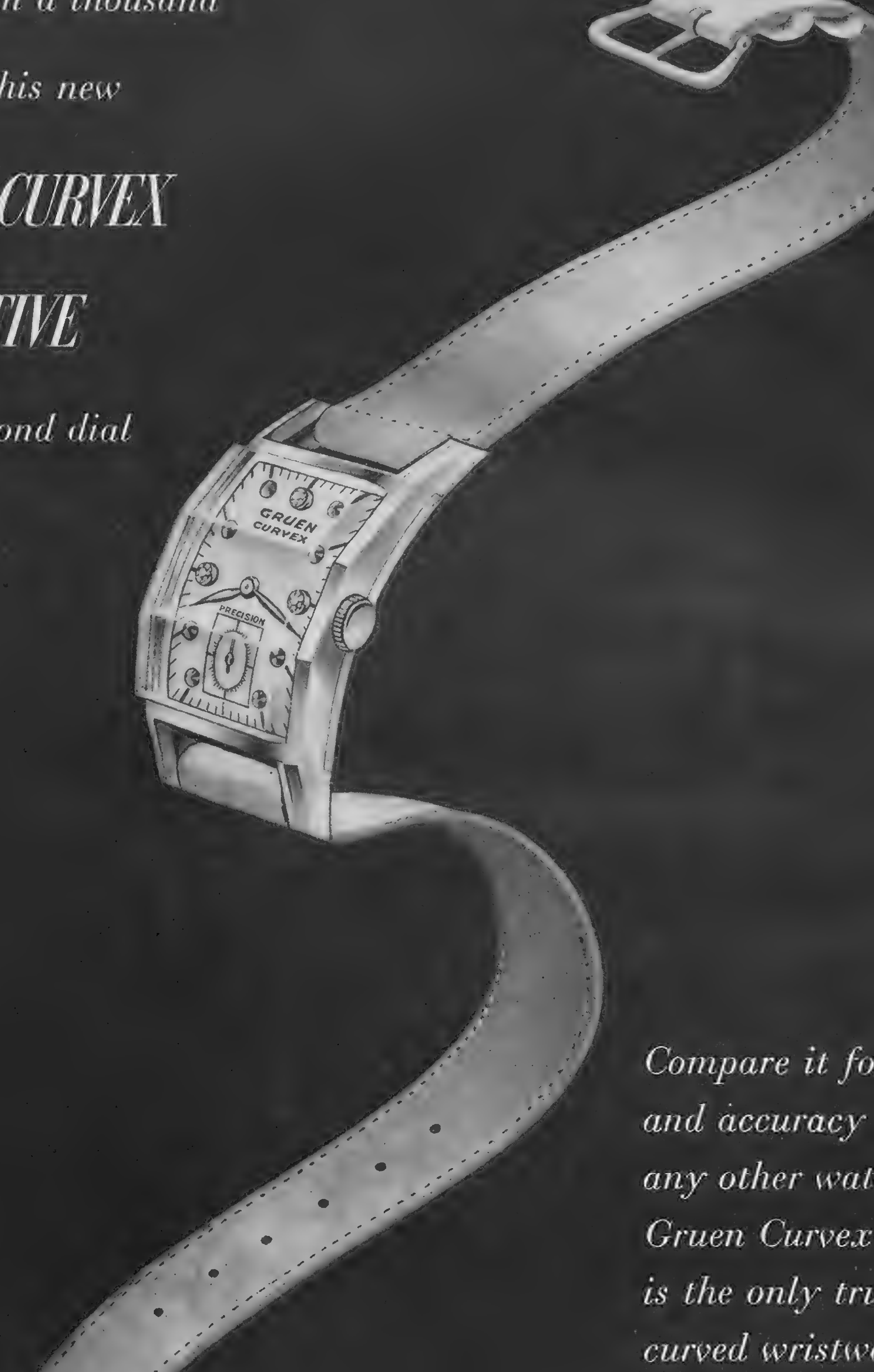
can wear this new

GRUEN CURVEX EXECUTIVE

with diamond dial

*$200**



Compare it for beauty and accuracy with any other watch . . . Gruen Curvex is the only truly curved wristwatch in the world

**Federal Tax Included*

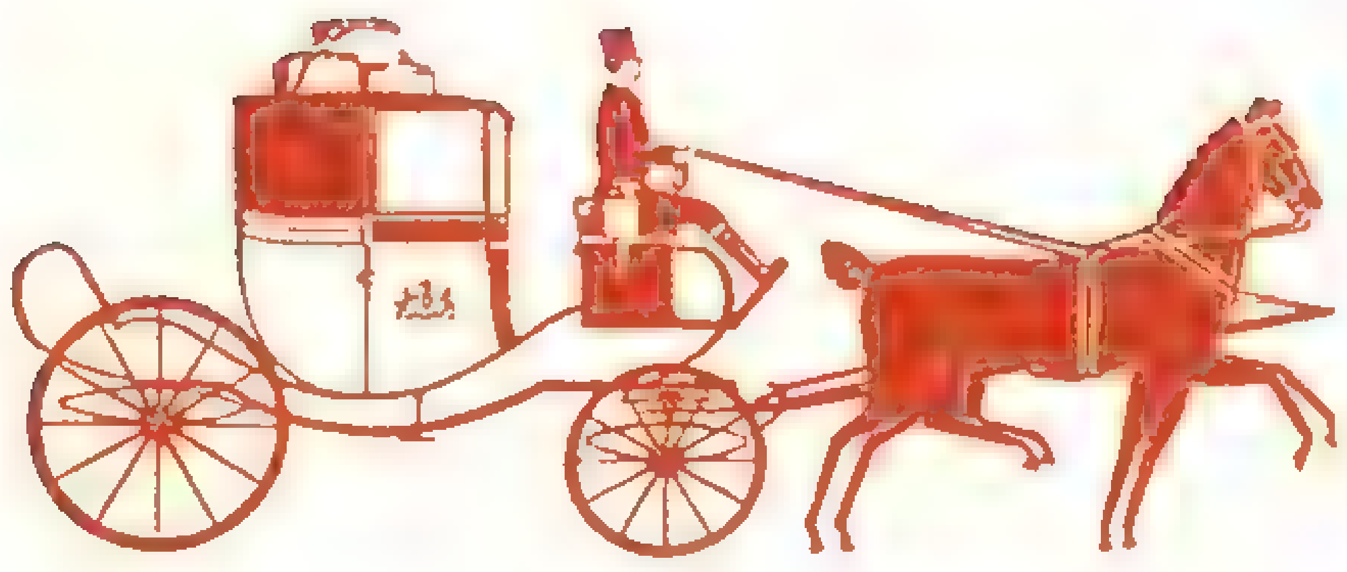
GRUEN...THE PRECISION WATCH...AMERICA'S CHOICE

the hands behind the hats

Dobbs has no trade secrets that account for the quality of Dobbs hats.

The main reason for Dobbs quality is . . . the *hands behind the hats*. These are the hands of Dobbs craftsmen . . . hands whose skill has been passed down from generation to generation . . . hands that knowingly stitch a brim or shape a crown. Such hands are hard to find, hard to train. Although selfish motives could have dictated otherwise at times, the hands of Dobbs craftsmen have never attempted a shortcut to quality or precise workmanship. Dobbs looks confidently to the future, knowing that skilled hands will always make Dobbs hats to Dobbs high standard of quality.

Dobbs Quality Hats are Available at Finer Stores.

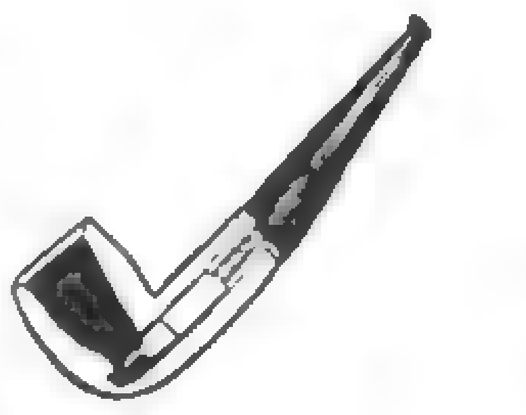


DOBBS

Park Avenue at 53rd Street New York 22, New York

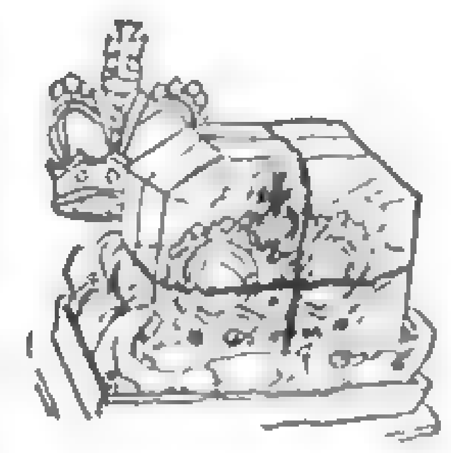
Talking Shop with Esquire

THE BOWL STAYS DRY. Back again after the war . . . the pipe with the dehydration tube which prevents condensation. There's a groove in the bottom of the briar bowl, which permits circulation of air through and around the tobacco, insuring proper combustion and free draft. Result . . . no wet heel. To prevent condensation caused by a warm bowl plus a cold shank and stem, there's a dehydration tube to assure proper mixing of air and heat which results in a dry, clean shank.

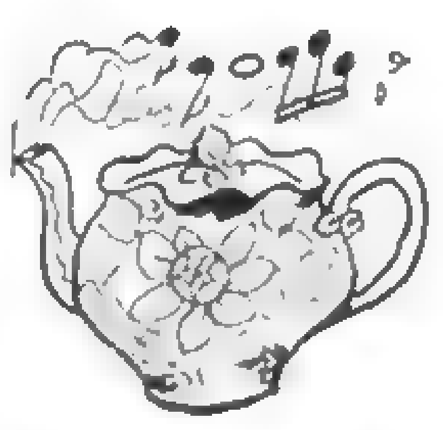


BRINGING HOME THE BACON. If you're going on a hunting trip and want to bring home your game, you'll do well to get one of the new arctic hampers made to carry and store perishable foods at temperatures provided by natural or dry ice. A chap told us that he shipped fish and birds from Canada to Ohio (800 miles) and they arrived okay. Hamper fits in between seats of a car, or can be shipped as baggage or via express because of the special padlocked slide fastener. False bottom keeps contents out of ice water, and may be adjusted up and down or removed. Valve in base draws off the accumulated ice water when natural ice is used. The deluxe models weigh 36 pounds when empty, and have a capacity of 50 to 60 pounds of meat or fish. Dimensions . . . 31" high; 16" wide; 14" deep.

CROWN JEWEL FROM PARIS. You gentlemen who want to be au courant on perfume news, will welcome an opportunity to hear of the opulent fragrance called "Crown Jewel." The odor has all the magnificence and brilliance of a gem and the package is dazzling – golden crown bottle imprisoned in a jewel-like crystal-cut block of solid lucite. Another series of truly French perfumes comes boxed four to a package. "Sortilege" . . . a scent for a Sorceress; "Brumes," hazy and romantic; "Tuberose" and "Gardenia" true French florals.



"SWEET MUSIC IN THE AIR." Comes Christmas, the perennial plea seems to be for musical powder boxes et al. Pretty lean pickings during the war, because of the Swiss music boxes . . . but now, we're happy to announce, you can get a dazzling assortment. Very new is the musical tea pot in colorful English pottery. As you pour it tinkles forth "Tea for Two" (of course). Then there's a musical liquor pourer. When attached to any bottle plays "How Dry I Am." A real novelty is the musical lucite cigarette box shaped like a miniature radio, fake dial, knobs, etc. Open the door and a tune peals forth. Forget not the musical bon bon dishes, powder boxes, trays, jewel boxes, etc.



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A Warm Way to Say . . . "MERRY CHRISTMAS"
At leading dept and men's stores

About $8.95

Luxury gift at a pocket-money price . . . lavish sweater, knit of heavy full-bodied 100% Virgin Wool. Crew neck or V-neck long sleeve pullover in White, Maize, Camel, Jockey Red, Maroon and Green. Sizes: Small, Medium, Large. Write for FREE booklet telling how better sweaters are tested.

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Product of Lanman & Kemp-Barclay & Co., Inc.

Barry's TRICOPHEROUS

famous formula for the hair

Man — what a "he-man" way to keep your hair well-groomed and neat. Barry's Tricopherous is also excellent used as a scalp massage for that clean, healthy feeling.

50¢ the bottle at drug, dept. stores

also murray & lanman's FLORIDA WATER AFTER-SHAVE LOTION

Ideal body rub and massage, too. (Effective "he-man" deodorant.) Popular $1 size.

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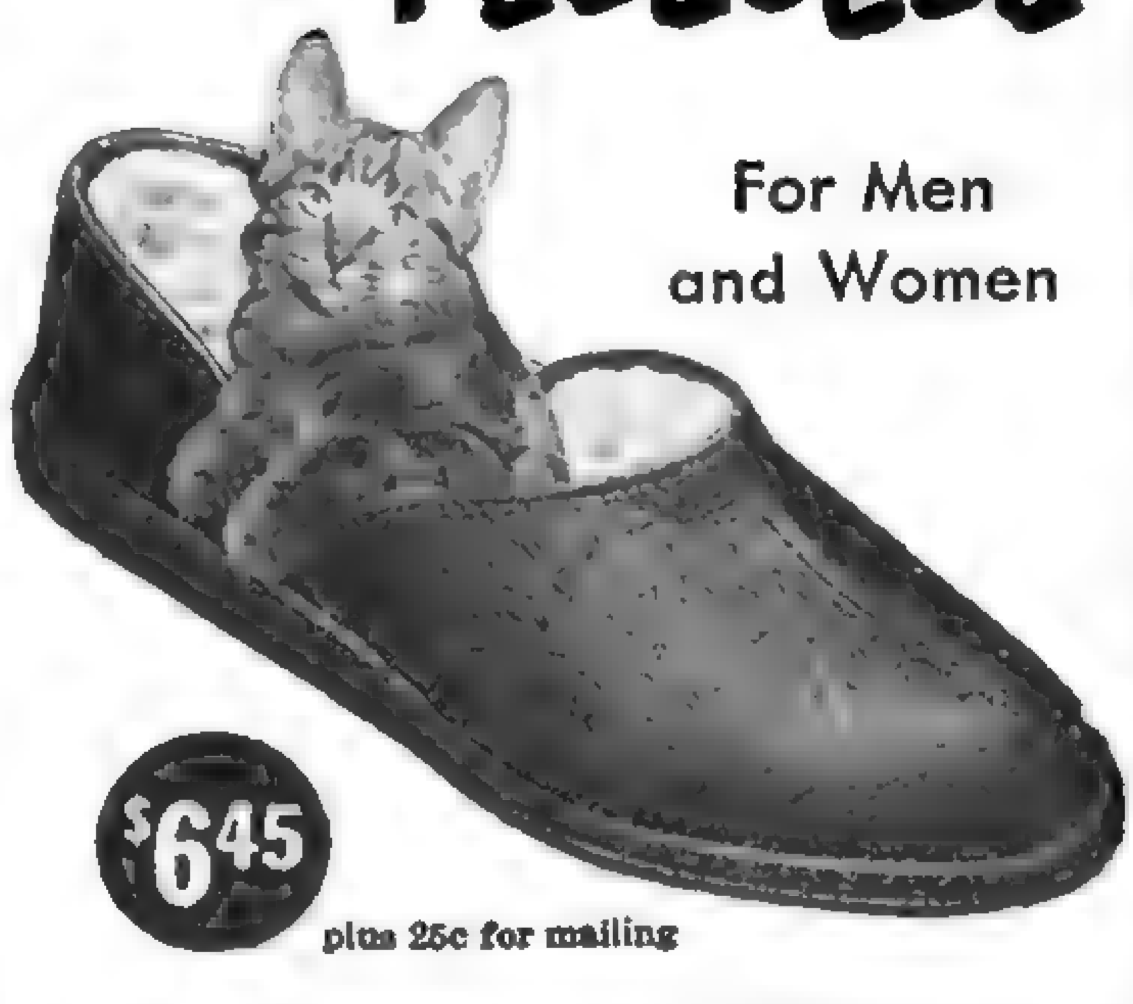
For Men and Women



plus 25c for mailing

Keeps warmth in cold out
Fine quality slipper
Genuine lambs wool
Cushioned leather bottom
gives remarkable comfort

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Frances Olivier

Superb made-to-order cigarettes with one's profile, autograph, initials or greeting on each! Exciting, original gifts with that "personal touch." Wonderful smokes. Mild, satisfying. Exclusive Special Blend of aged American and imported tobacco de luxe!

New! PROFILE CIGARETTES. Your profile in miniature on each cigarette! To order, send profile photo and state choice of silhouette or outline sketch. Gift Box of 400, 22.50; 500 in Old Print Humidor—hardwood, mahogany lined; antique finish; "old print" cover. 28.75. Delivery, 4 weeks.

AUTOGRAPH CIGARETTES—with full name (facsimile signature or script). 400 box, 13.50; 200, 7.50.

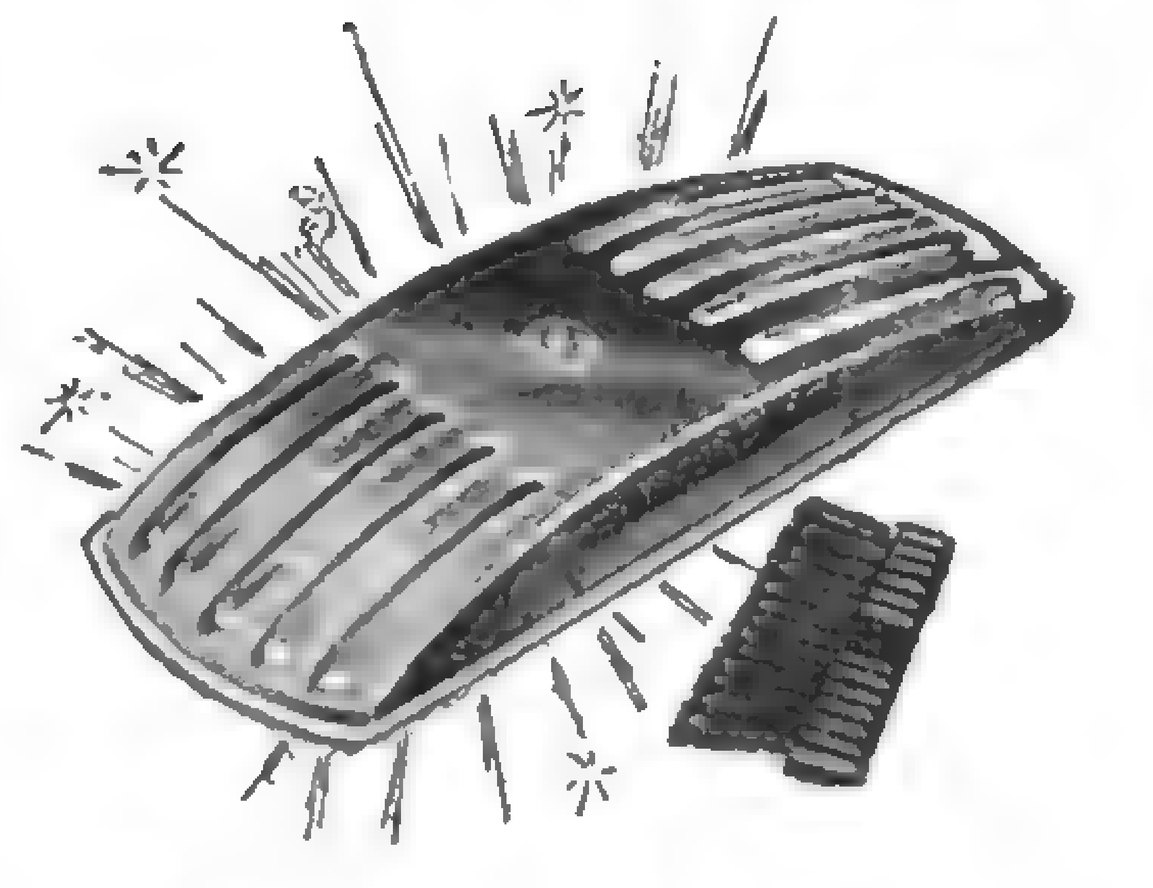
INITIALS or **FIRST NAME** (like Joe, Helen) in script 400 box, 10.50; 200, 5.75.

GREETING — Happy Birthday, Bon Voyage, Happy Landing, Merry Christmas, Happy New Year etc. in script. 400 box, 10.00; 200, 5.00.

OLD PRINT HUMIDOR—with 500 Autograph, initial or greeting cigarettes. 19.50.

Send Christmas orders **IMMEDIATELY** to

AUTOGRAPH CIGARETTE CO.
452 5th Ave., New York 18, N. Y.



Christmas-minded?

Electro-Static Brush — 1.75

For a lintless Christmas here's a bit of black magic. No cords, no bristles—just a plastic oblong that lifts the lint from wool by static electricity. Gift-boxed, with a small brush to clean the plastic brush. No charge for delivery within continental U.S.A.

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ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT STORES
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THIS UNUSUAL FIGURINE TRIO BRINGS NEW MEANING TO THAT FAMILIAR PHRASE. CAUSES COMMENT EVERYWHERE

This attractive trio makes an unusual addition to the library, rumpus room, den or office. Many humorous situations can be created by rearranging the figures. You'll be amazed at the comment and praise received from this display. Made of terra-cotta composition. Hand painted. Height of players 8 in. Only $5.50 brings you all 3 figures by return mail. Send your order today. We pay postage.

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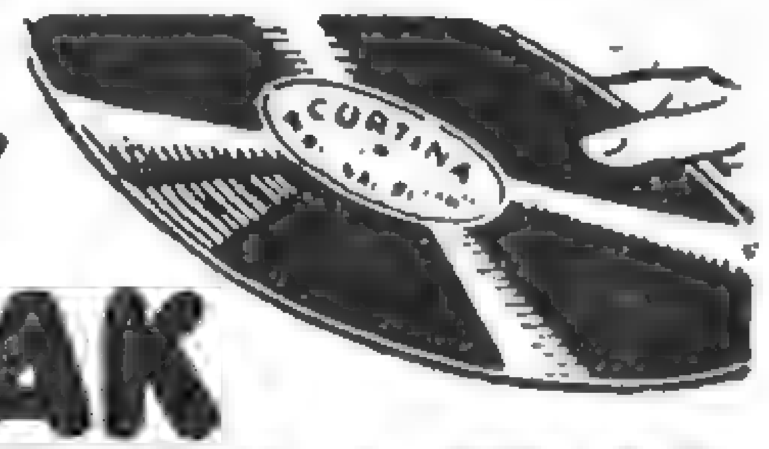

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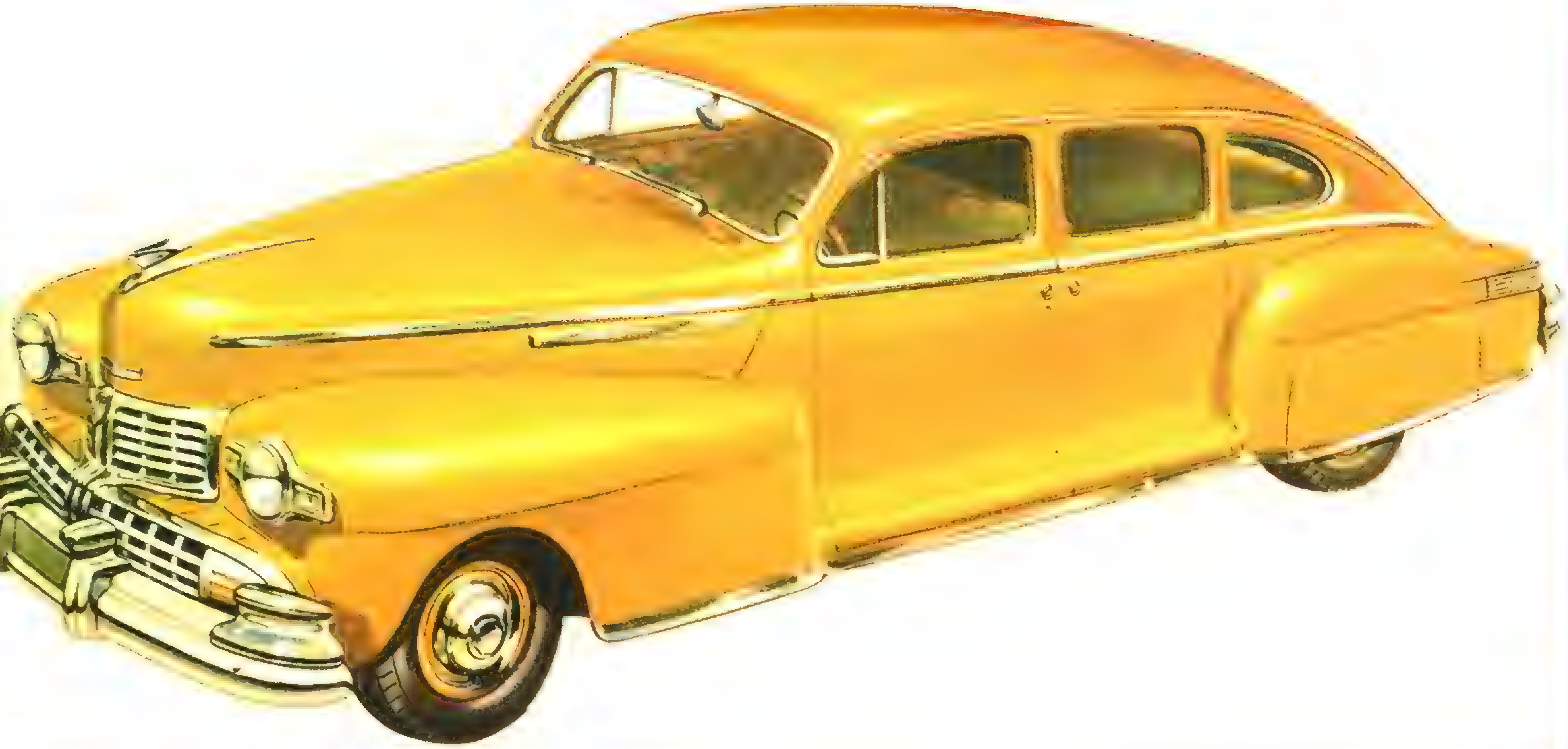
FOR YOUR GOLDEN HOURS...



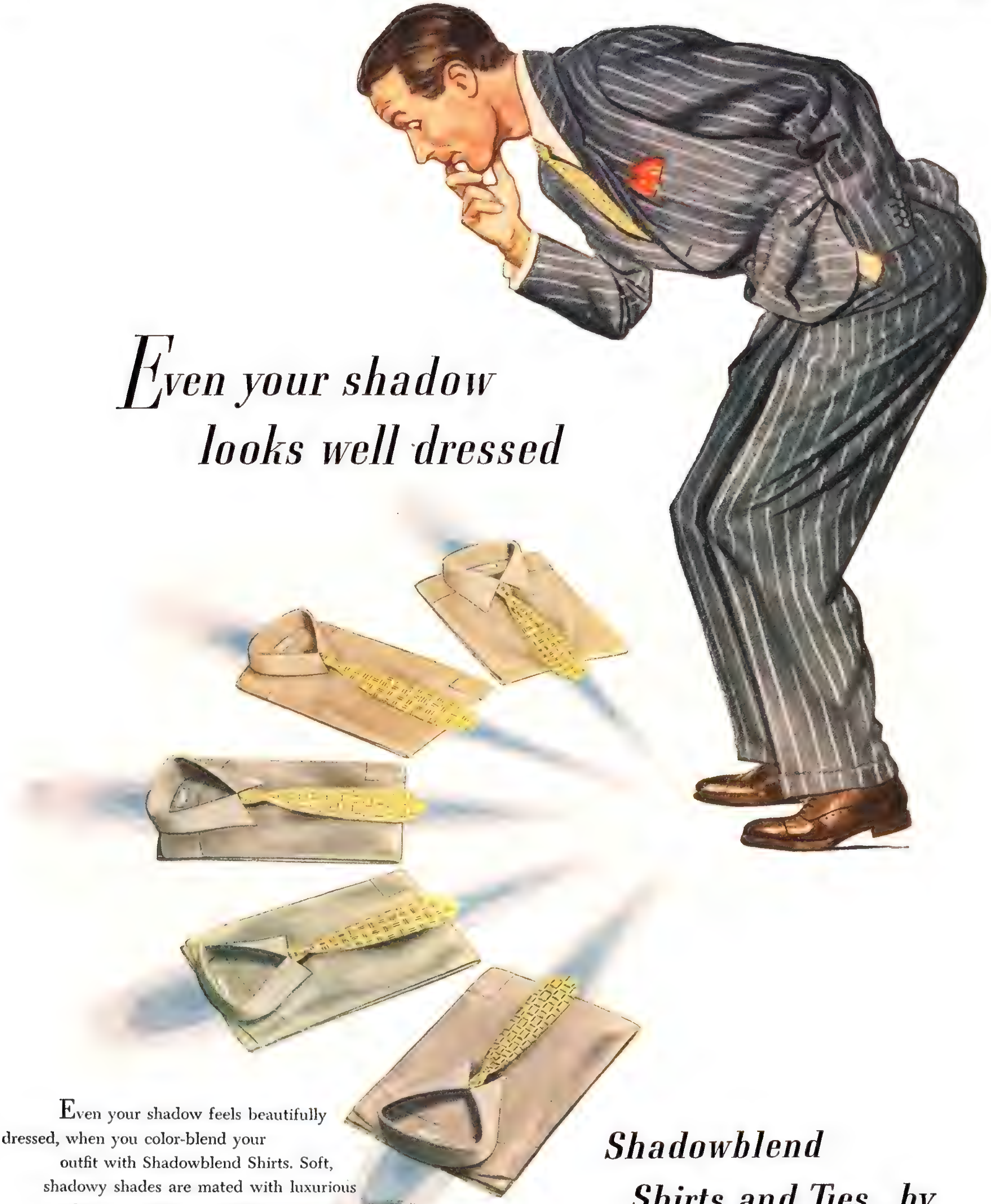
Nothing could be finer

Lincoln

There is a special spirit in the Lincoln. Here superb taste is thoroughly expressed. Here is a companion to life's rich hours. For Lincoln ownership brings with it more than unique beauty and performance. It brings the pride of knowing that in this motor car precision has been matched with inspiration to create the truly fine car of the fine car field.

DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Even your shadow looks well dressed



Even your shadow feels beautifully dressed, when you color-blend your outfit with Shadowblend Shirts. Soft, shadowy shades are mated with luxurious end-on-end madras, Sanforized and Laundry-tested. Famous Van Heusen sewmanship and collar styling feature the ever-popular Carson, the wide-spread Britt, and the new Tab collar. Shadowblend Ties too, especially designed to harmonize. If your dealer is temporarily short, please be patient. More are coming.

Shadowblend Shirts and Ties...by

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SHOES

At fencing or finance,
MacClure has finesse.
His headwork is fast
and his footwork no less.

Two reasons his life
is so full and so fleet
Are the smart Arch Preservers
that comfort his feet!

FOR ACTIVE MEN FOR ACTIVE MEN

Many thousands of active men have banished fatigue simply by wearing Wright Arch Preserver Shoes . . . the famous shoes that lend support in the right places to help feet walk naturally, comfortably and tirelessly.

And because the patented Arch Preserver construction is *built in,* it keeps your shoes *looking* as they should while it is keeping your feet *feeling* as they should.

See your classified directory for the Arch Preserver Shoe store nearest you, and write for our booklet to: E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. E-11, Rockland, Mass.

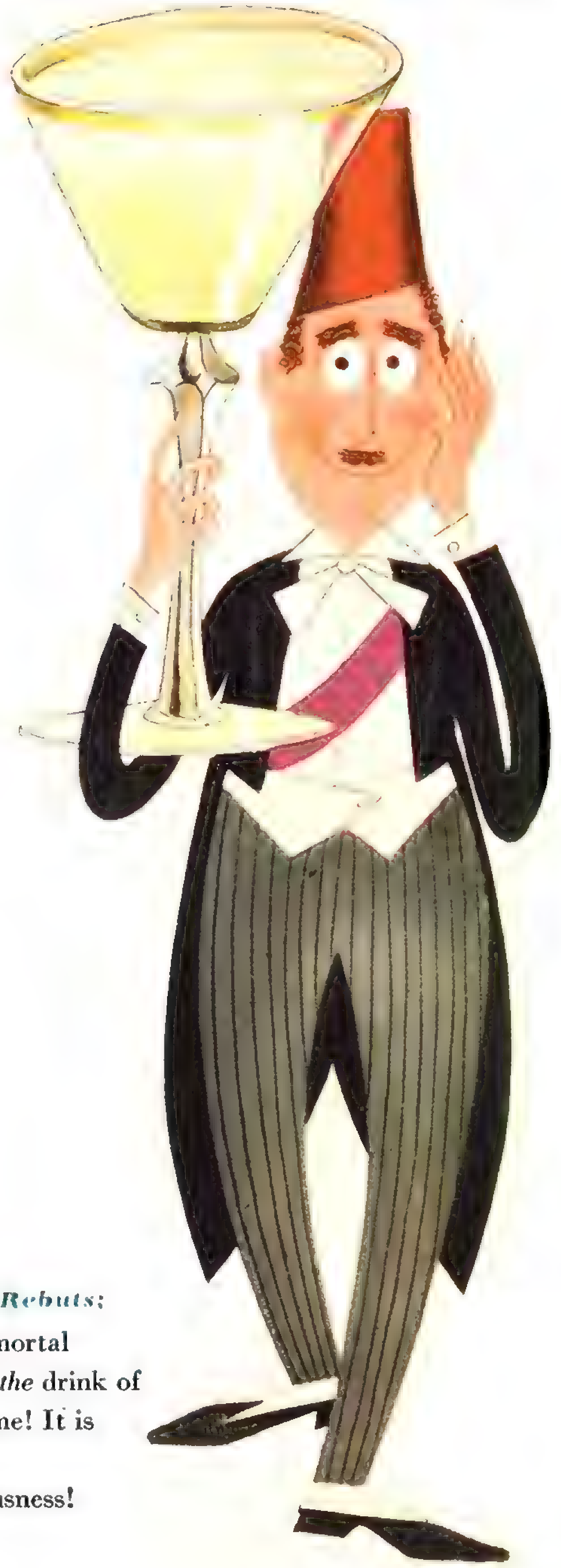
For Women
Selby Shoe Co. Portsmouth, Ohio

For Boys
Gerberich-Payne, Mt. Joy, Pa.

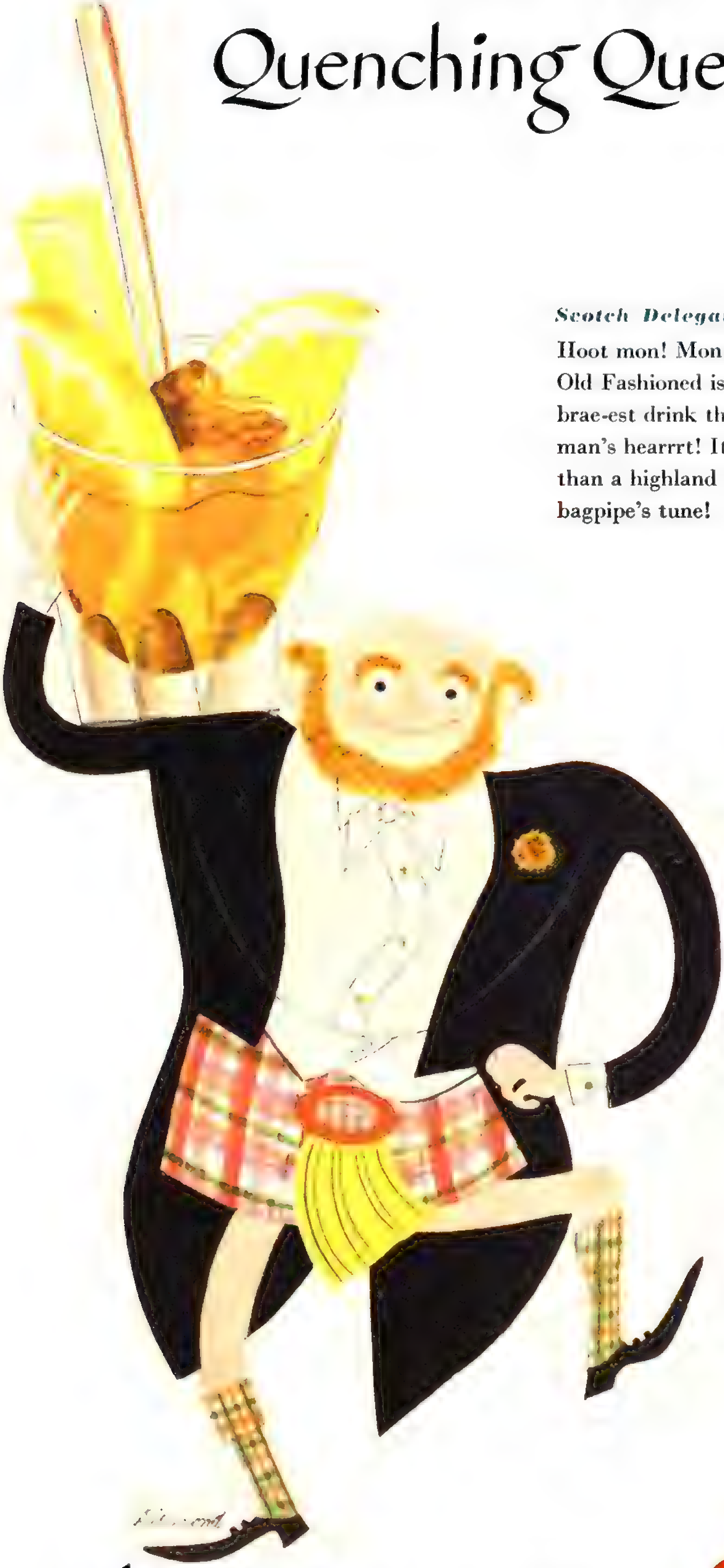
In Canada for Men
Scott-McHale, London, Ont.

WRIGHT ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

The Duke
Custom styling
in brown calf.



How do You Vote
on This
Quenching Question?



Scotch Delegate Aver-r-r-s: Hoot mon! Mon and boy this Bacardi Old Fashioned is the bonniest, brae-est drink that e'er warrrmed a man's hearrrt! It's smoother than a highland dew and bracing as a bagpipe's tune!

Egyptian Envoy Rebuts: Tut, tut . . . the Immortal Bacardi Cocktail is *the* drink of magnificence supreme! It is without compare for absolute deliciousness!

From the evidence the verdict seems clear: Bacardi Wins! But then, how can there be any question about that matchless flavor...imparted exclusively by the carefully guarded 84-year-old Bacardi secret formula?

all nations agree — BACARDI

RUM . . . 89 Proof. Bacardi Imports, Inc., New York

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Ron Superior
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PUERTO RICAN
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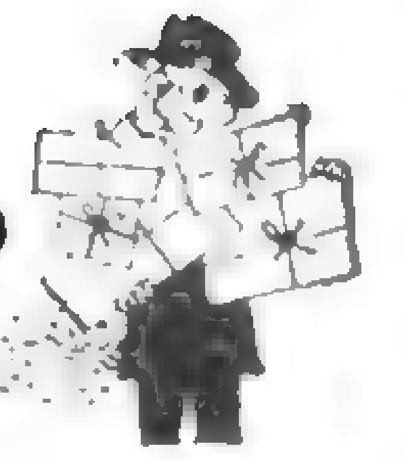
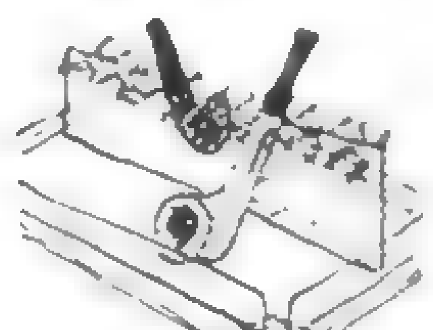
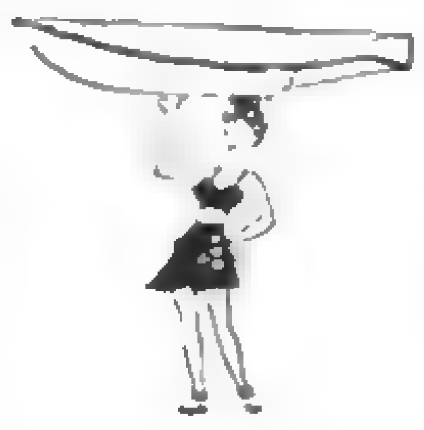
Talking Shop with Esquire



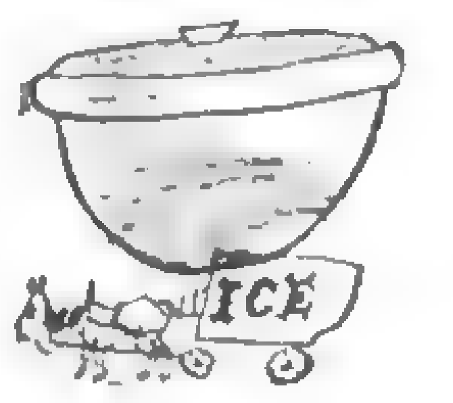
PLEXIGLAS PIPE RACK. A change from the usual wood racks. Both colored and clear sheets of plexiglas are used in the rack which has space for 12 pipes. The base and upright panel are cut from flat plexiglas, while the individual pipe holders are fabricated into curved shapes.



FEATHER-FLIGHT FLOATS. Manufacturer of light aircraft floats for the U. S. army during the war, has come up with the first moulded plastic floats. Basic material is a feltlike mat of glass fibers impregnated with resin and moulded to give a lighter, more durable material. Floats are moulded in two sections, so if the bottom section should be damaged, the entire section can be replaced with a screw driver, thus eliminating costly repairs, or complete replacement. The material is impervious to salt water; right and left floats are interchangeable. Each float has a flat ten-inch wide walk covered with non-skid material for the convenience of pilot and passengers. Even amaeurs can fly with the new floats since there are no critical step positions or control positions. Floats automatically come up on the step when the throttle is opened, and will actually fly themselves off the water with the trim tab full tail heavy.



NON-MELTING ICE CUBES. Fiberglas shows up in many guises. Same insulating material that helped keep the crews warm in B-29 bombers at 60 degrees below zero, now turns up as bowl insulation to keep ice cubes from melting. Ice cube bowl itself is of lightweight aluminum, the fiberglas insulation between inner and outer shells of the aluminum. Should keep 2 qts. of cubes in a non-liquid condition for hours.



ALWAYS LIT. Have you seen those plastic switch panels which you substitute for your regular lighting switches? The new panel contains a tiny shielded electric light which goes *on* automatically when the lights in the room are turned *off*. The tiny light is off when the room lights are on. Makes it easy to find your light switch in the dark; good for a nightlight in the nursery or bedroom.

Ranger

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SWIVEL-HEAD FLASHLIGHT
nothing else like it!
HEAD TURNS LIGHT AT ANY ANGLE

Greatest advance in flashlight design in a generation. *Turn powerful pre-focused beam where you want it* . . . stand it up . . . clip it on . . . both hands are free. A handsome, durable, all-purpose flashlight for everyone. Ask your dealer.

$2 LESS BATTERIES

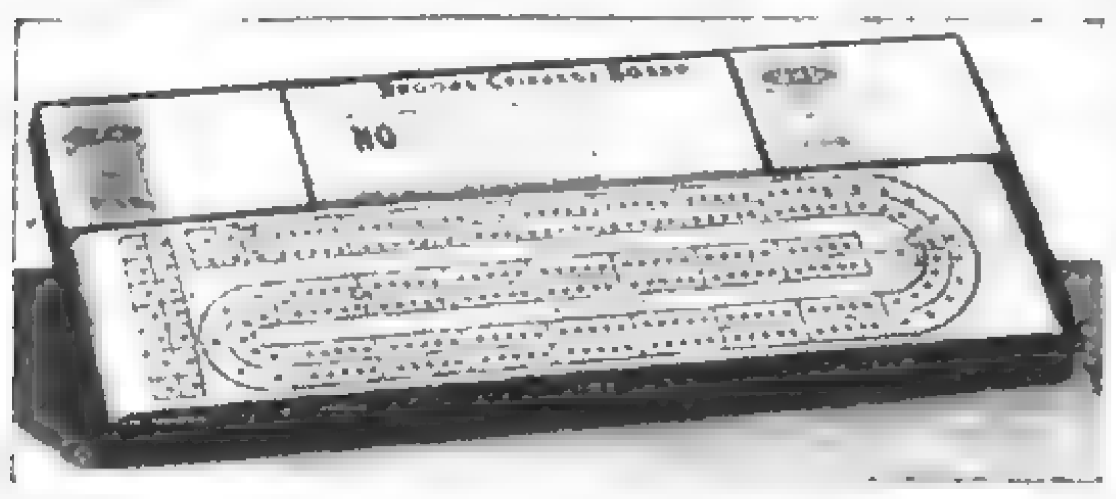
No. SW-22 Patented

No. 75 Heavy-Duty Dated Cell. Fresh—Lasts longer. 10¢

USALITE

Flashlights & Batteries

If dealer cannot supply, send $2.00 to Dept. E
UNITED STATES ELECTRIC MFG. CORP., New York 11, N. Y.
*USALITE *Red-Head* Safety Flashlight—a "MUST" for the motorist.



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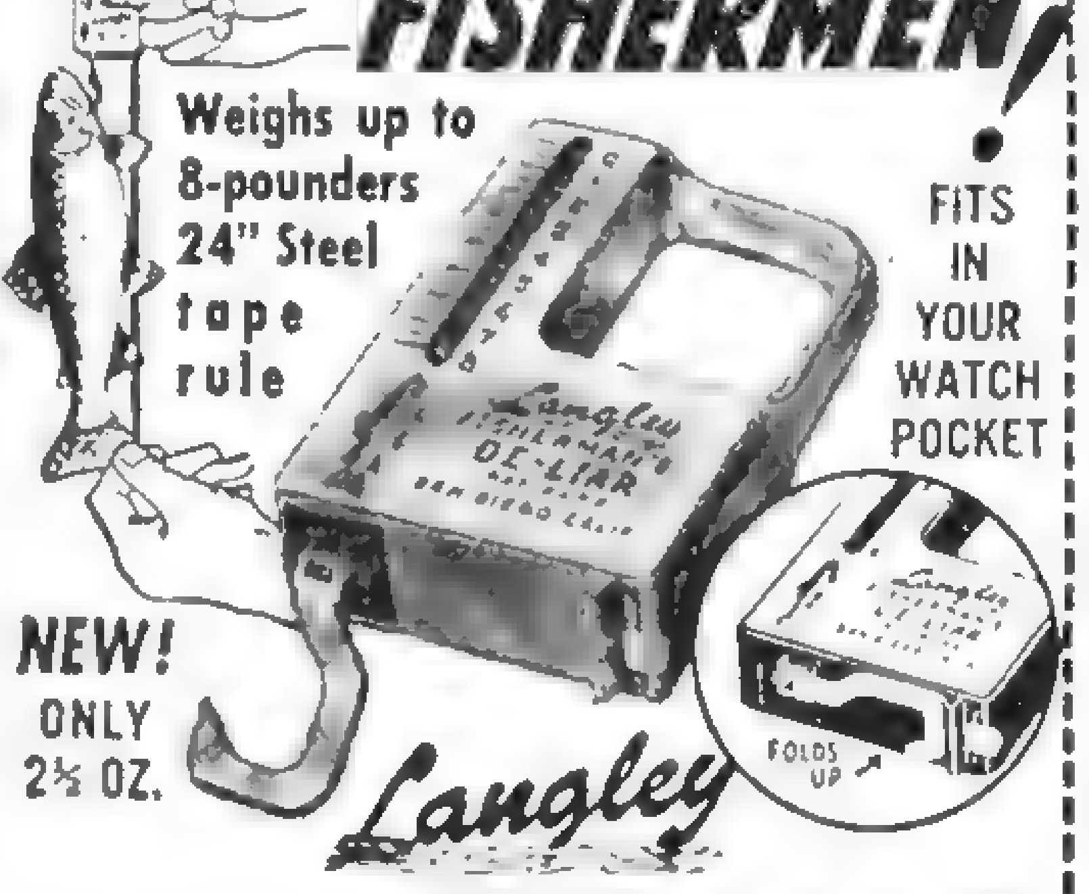
Everything you need to play this famed, fast-moving, exciting game—including patented continuous track playing board. A grand gift. Consists of BROOKS DeLuxe Cribbage Board (polished maple), plastic pegs, two decks of cards, BROOKS Cribbage Instruction Book.
(Brooks Cribbage Board only, $3) $5
At your local dealer or write
GLANSON CO., 535 Fifth Ave., New York 17



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FITS IN YOUR WATCH POCKET
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WEIGHS and MEASURES FISH!

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Send me ....Langley Fisherman's DE-LIARS at $2 each postpaid. (Make check or money order payable to DE-LIAR.) Prompt delivery.

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BE A MUSICAL HOSTESS!

Lift the spirits of your guests with the delightful melodies of this unique **MUSICAL SERVING TRAY.** A prized possession in any home — so practical too. Plays as you pick it up to serve. Everyone will just rave about it. What a joyous gift for any occasion. Comes with your choice of three beautiful chrome initials. Sturdily constructed of highly polished walnut (10" x 11"). The charming music is prompted by the perfect performance of a genuine Swiss Thorens movement. Order yours today. Specify initials desired. You will surely adore it always. **Only $13 postpaid** ($12 without initials). Careful attention to mail orders. Send check or money order.

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Send for free Illustrated Catalog of Musical and other Items

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STIR WITH SELF-STIRRING
BILLY BAXTER
CLUB SODA
FREE RECIPE BOOK—RED RAVEN CO., CHESWICK, PA

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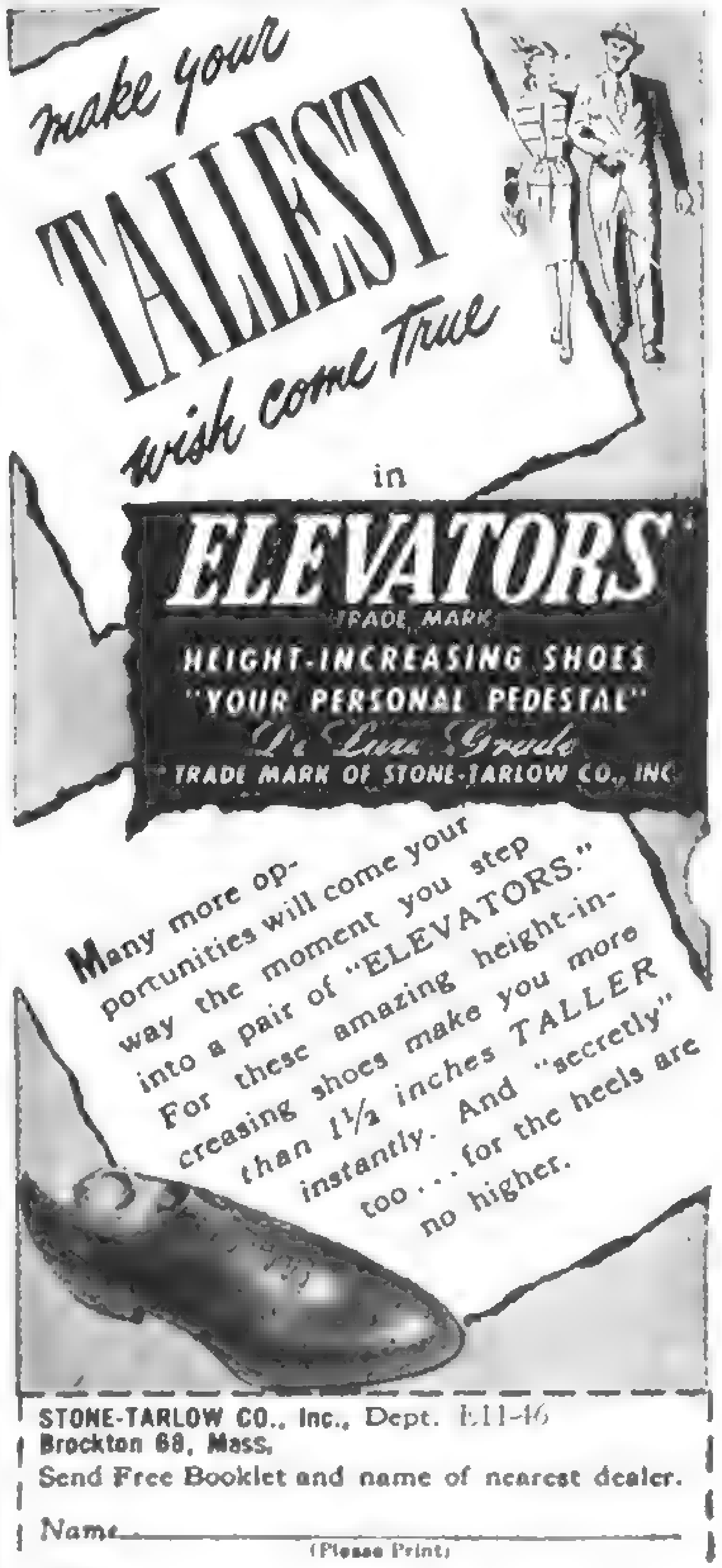

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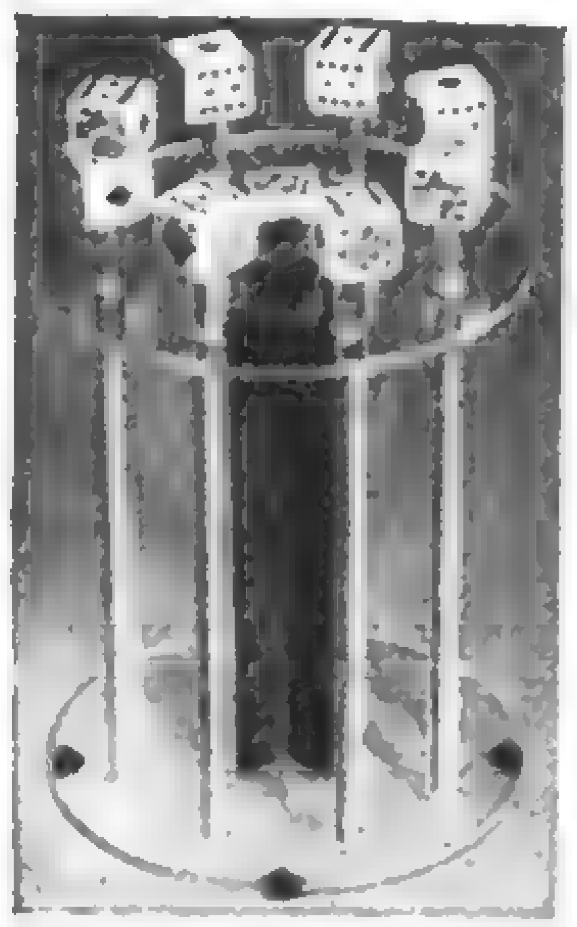

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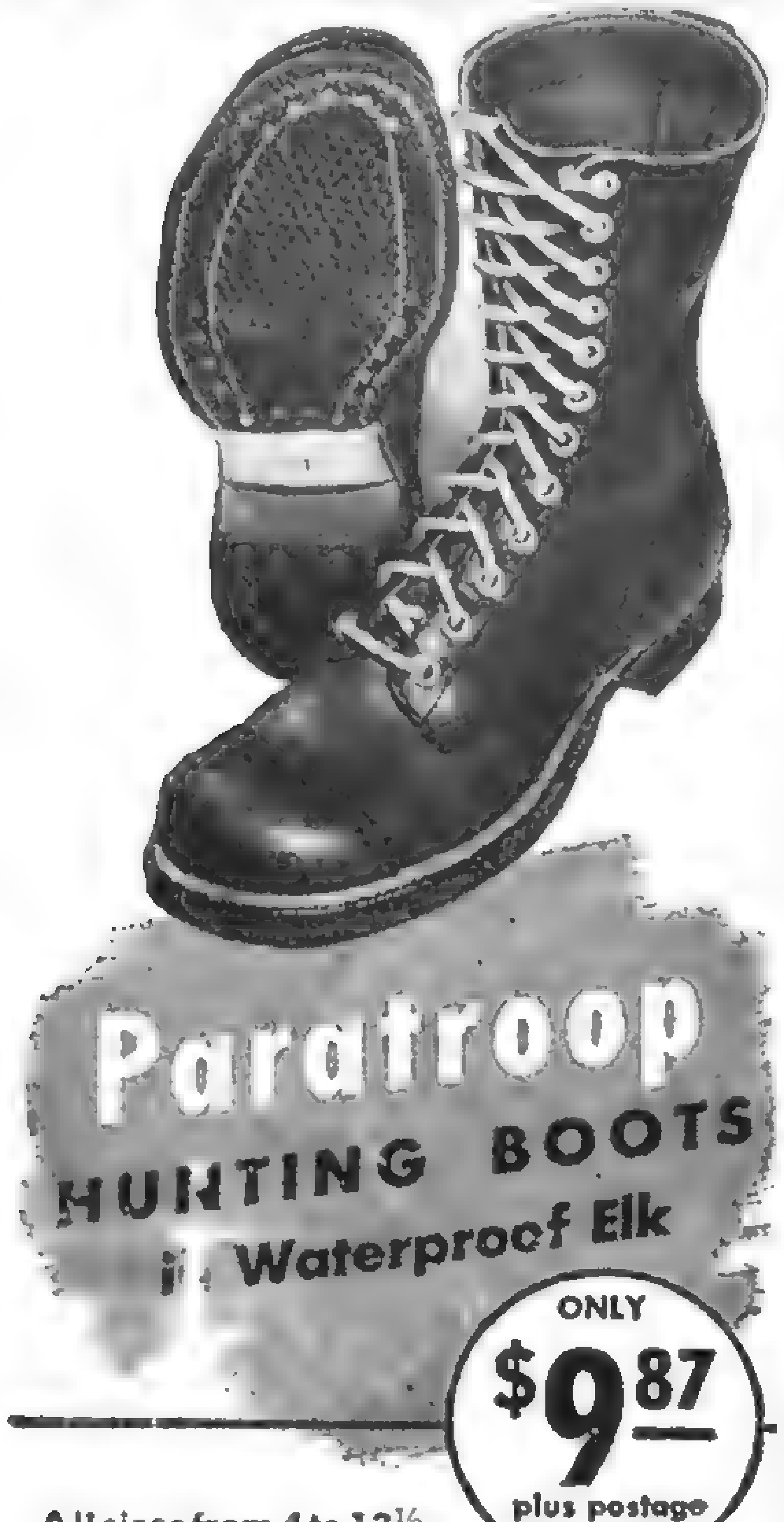

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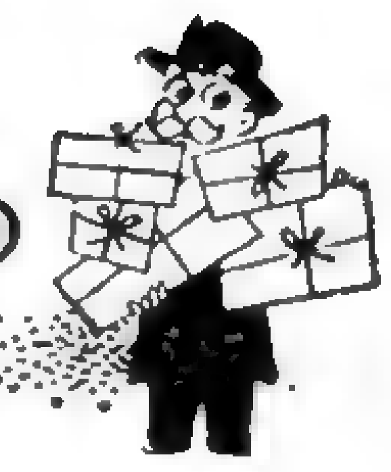
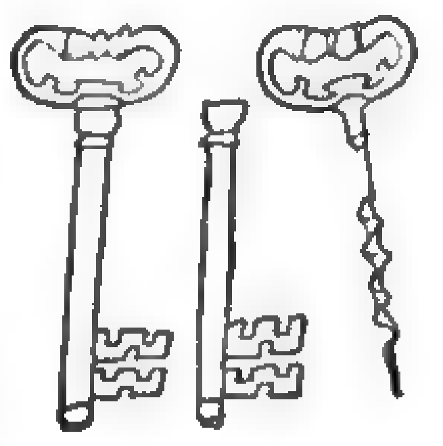


CASTLE KEY. Manufacturers these days have a passion for disassembling. They design an object which looks decorative . . . even beautiful, but without any apparent reason for being. Then suddenly, you find that the item is extremely functional . . . probably does at least three different things. Take the castle key, for example. A handsome looking piece of forged steel, 7½" long, adapted from 17th century wine cellar or castle keys in a well known collection in the Metropolitan museum. Would make a wonderful paper weight, you decide. But hold it . . . there's more than meets the eye. The top of the key unscrews revealing a practical corkscrew. The finial (top of key shaft) does duty as a sturdy bottle opener, and the bottom of the shaft is an ice crusher! Key is finished in antique wrought iron, silver plate or 22kt gold plate.



"NIGHT AND THE SHADOWS FALLING." Most menages have adequate enough lighting facilities, but when it comes to having sheet music properly lighted when propped up on the piano, it's often a different story. There's a new aid to eyesight . . . a piano lamp designed by a musician. Attached with padded clips to the music rack, it distributes soft, even light over the music, shields the eyes of the player. Has a mahogany finish top and an 18" cool, fluorescent bulb.

WATCH THAT FILTER. The right filter slipped over a camera lens can make an amazing difference in the result. Leading filter manufacturer has made up a series of filter kits, the filters selected by a panel of photographic experts, to meet the requirements of the average photographer. Black and white kit contains filter discs in medium yellow, medium red, medium orange and panchromatic green. The color kit contains ChromA (for converting indoor Type A film) for outdoor use, chromeflash, chromeblue (for using outdoor color film under regular indoor illumination) and chromehaze, (for retaining color balance when using regular outdoor kodachrome under intense ultra violet or haze conditions).

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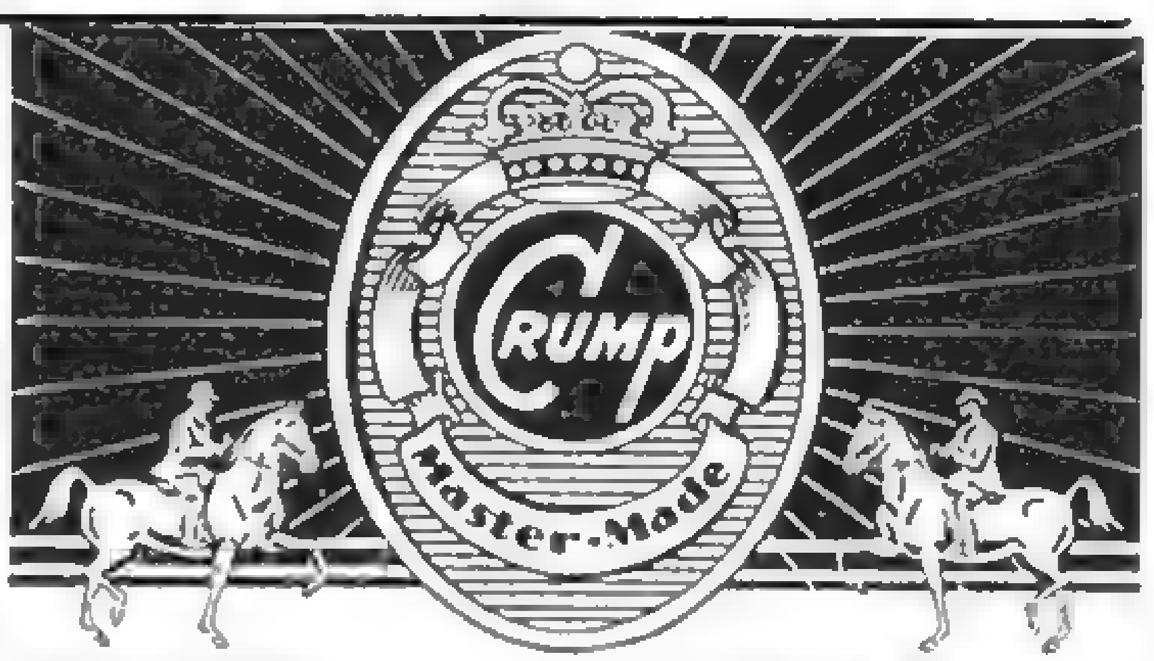

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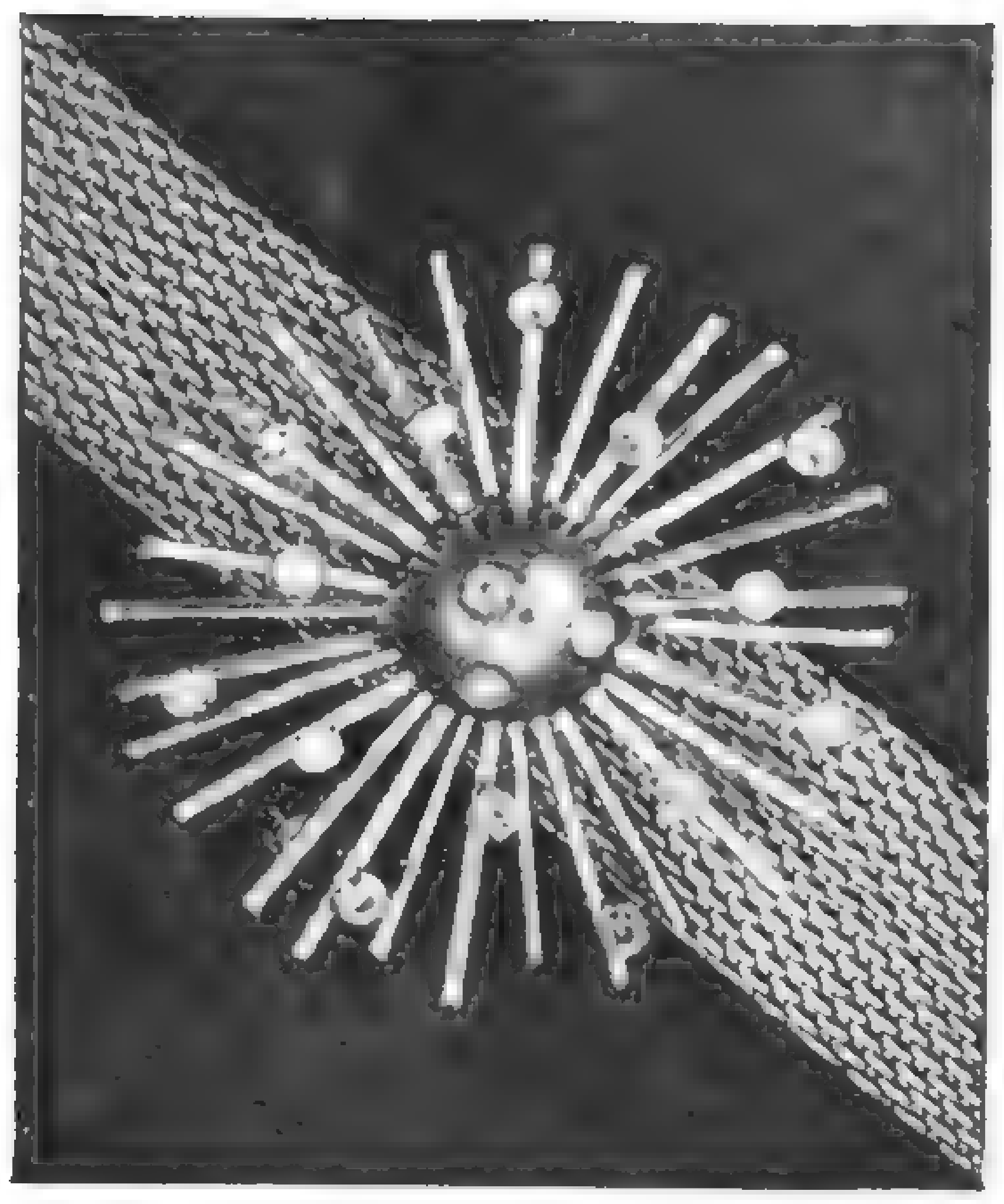

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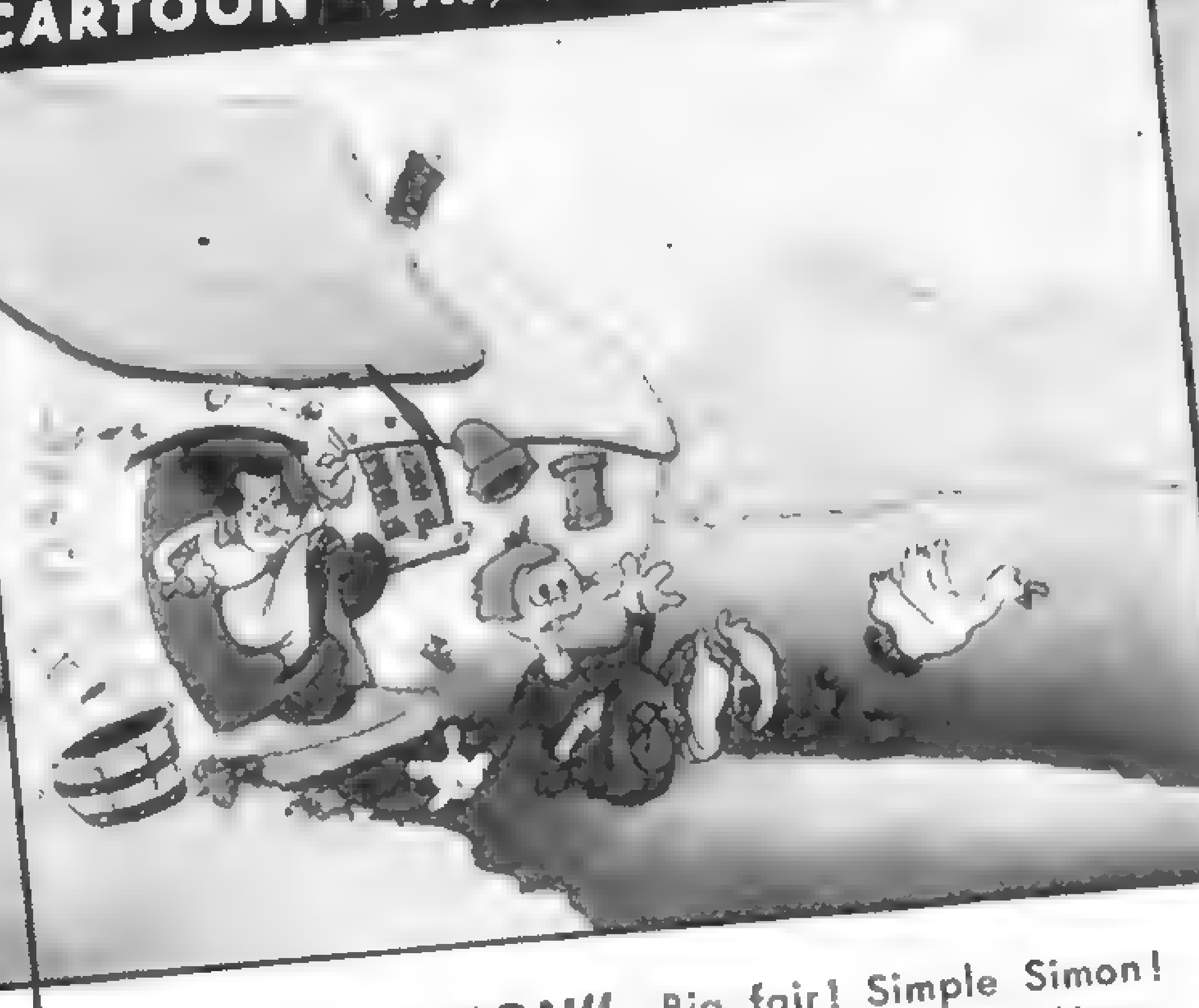

"SIMPLE SIMON"—Big fair! Simple Simon! Takes his duck! Meets Pieman! Samples pie! Simon chased! Escapes with duck! Riot on fair grounds! Duck wins prize! Not so Simple Simon! The youngsters and grownups alike will enjoy this one.

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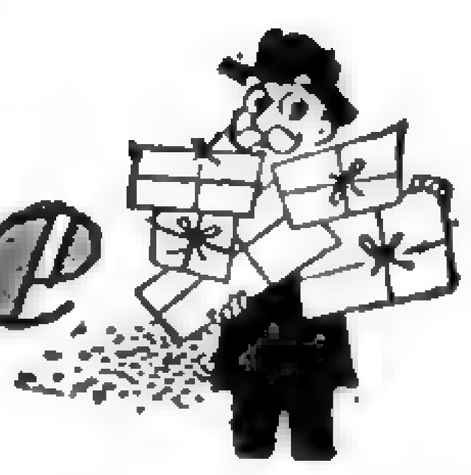

JUST SHAKE TO SHARPEN. If the Little Woman thinks that your razor strop spoils the decor of her lovely bathroom, you can either go around with beaver beard or buy yourself one of the new self-sharpening razors. Insert any standard make of double-edged blade in the razor and it will be kept sharp while you shave. There's a built-in hone which swings back and forth against the blade as the razor is shaken, keeping the blade constantly in condition until it attains a velvety shaving edge. To sharpen the blade, merely shake razor several times. The hone is impregnated with genuine diamond dust and should sharpen the blade with a few flicks of the wrist. You don't have to take the razor apart to clean it, simply shake under hot water and the parts clean themselves as well as niftily preparing your blade for the next shave.

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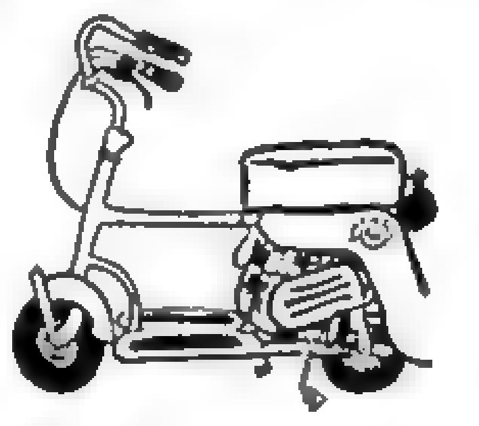

EASY TO HANDLE. There's a convenient off and on ignition switch, a rugged kick starter for ease in starting, and a big, heavy-spring cushioned seat. Heavy-tread tires assure good traction, prevent skidding and permit quick stopping. Overall dimensions of Doodle-bug, 47″ long, 23½″ high, 17″ wide. Kids use the Doodle-bug to get back and forth to school; factory and office workers, housewives, messengers, find that Doodle-bug gets them there without the tremendous problem of parking . . . for road clearance is 4 inches, and complete turning radius, only 45 inches. Doodle-bug can be stored in an ordinary closet, or carried with the detachable handlebars temporarily removed, in the trunk of a car!

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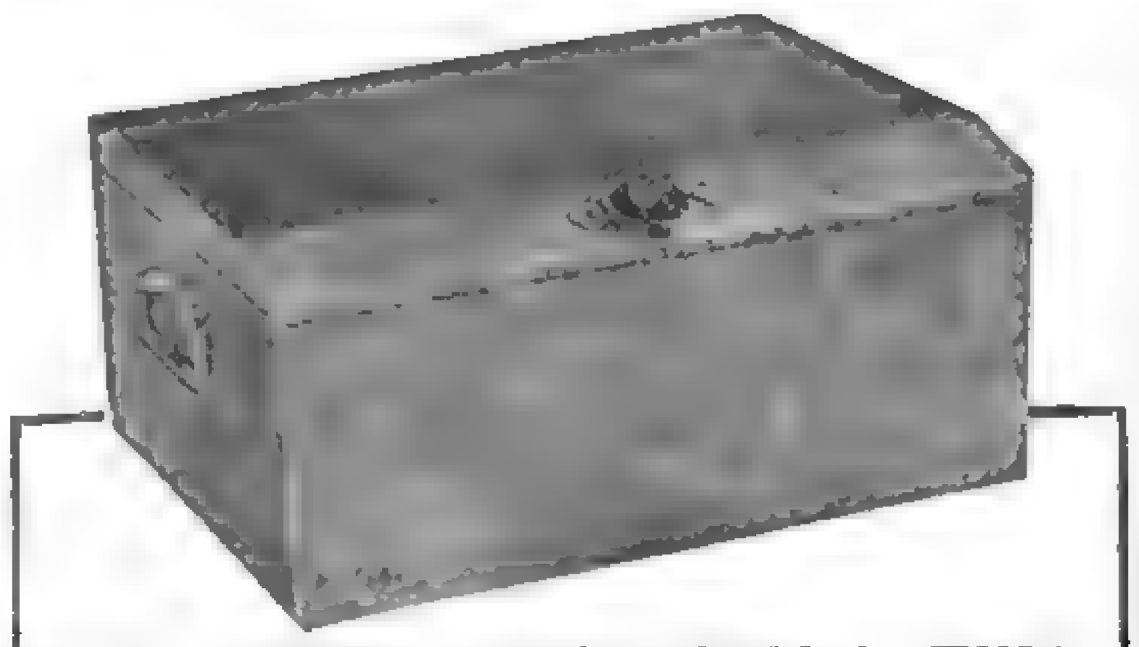
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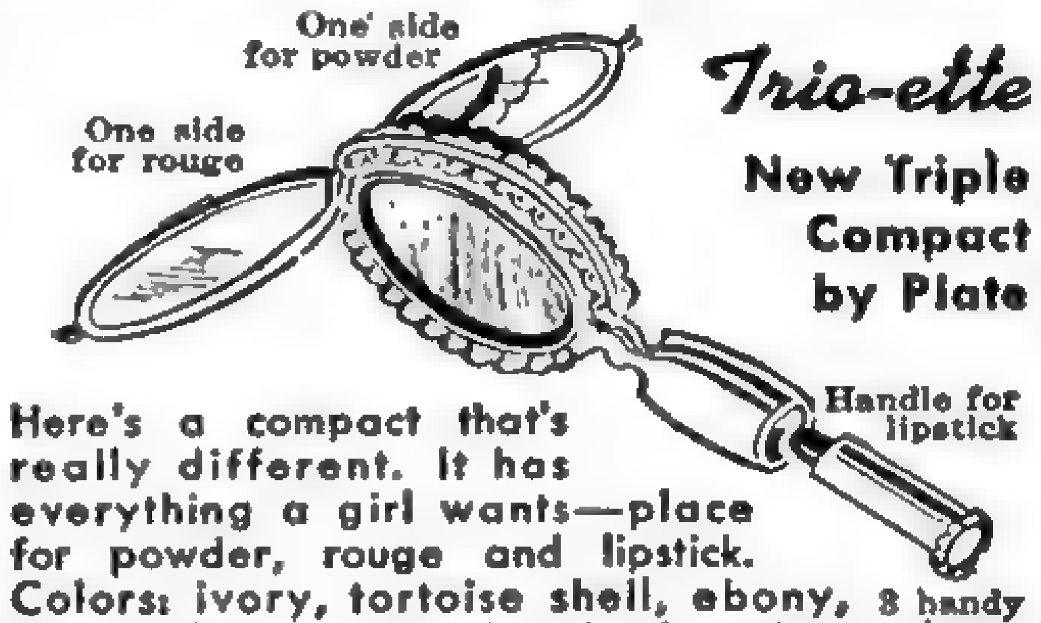

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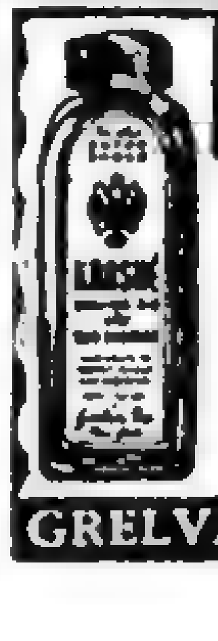
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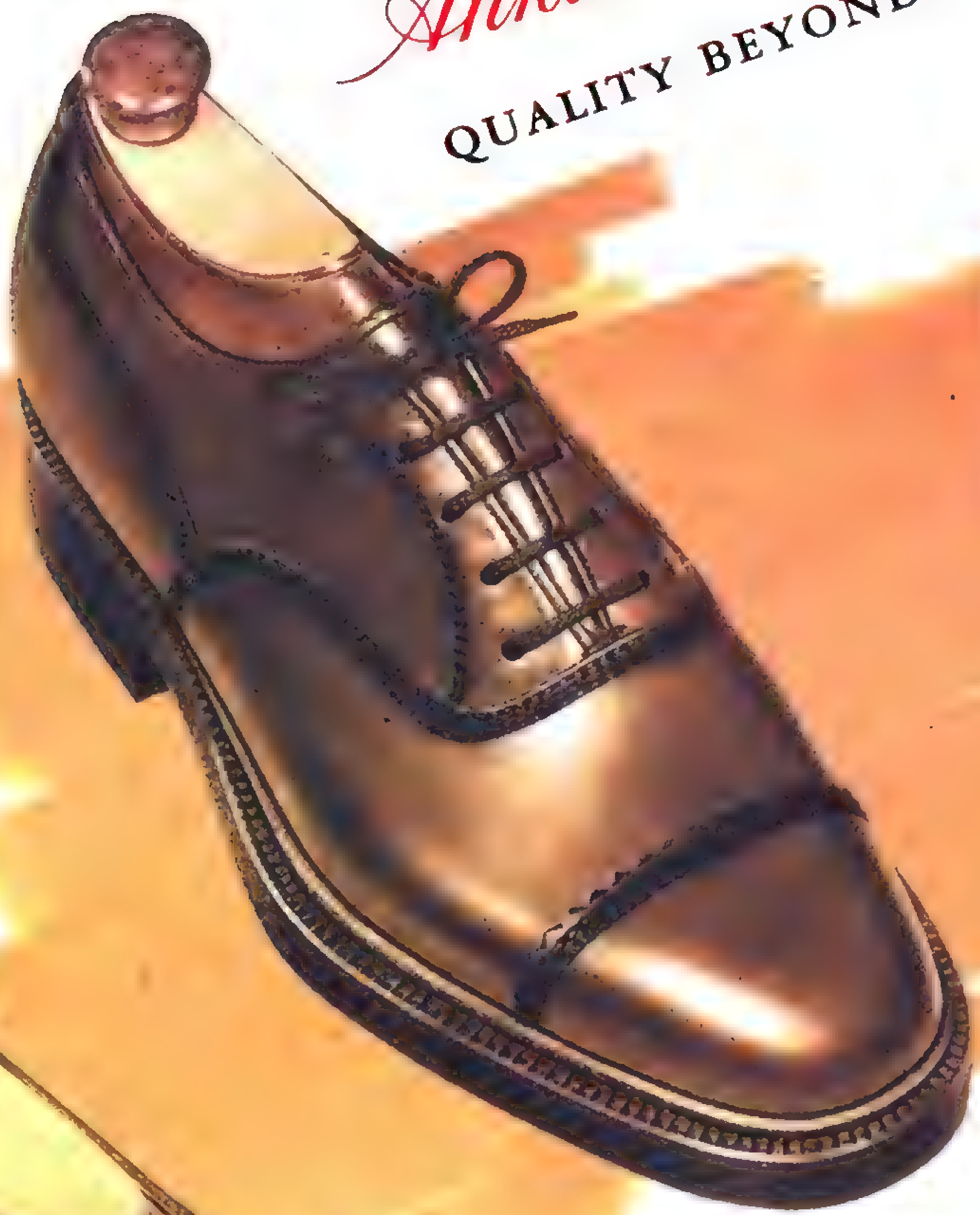

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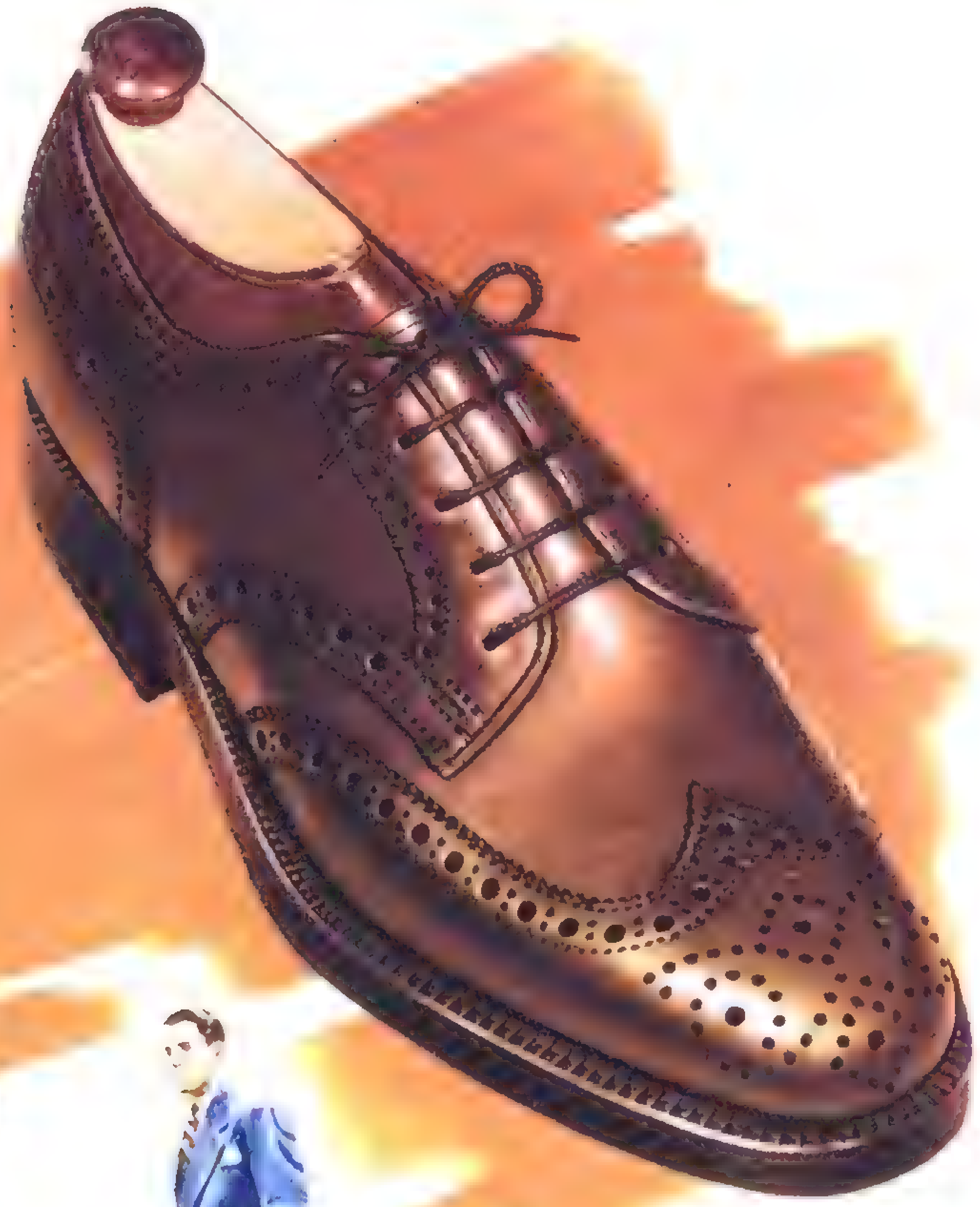

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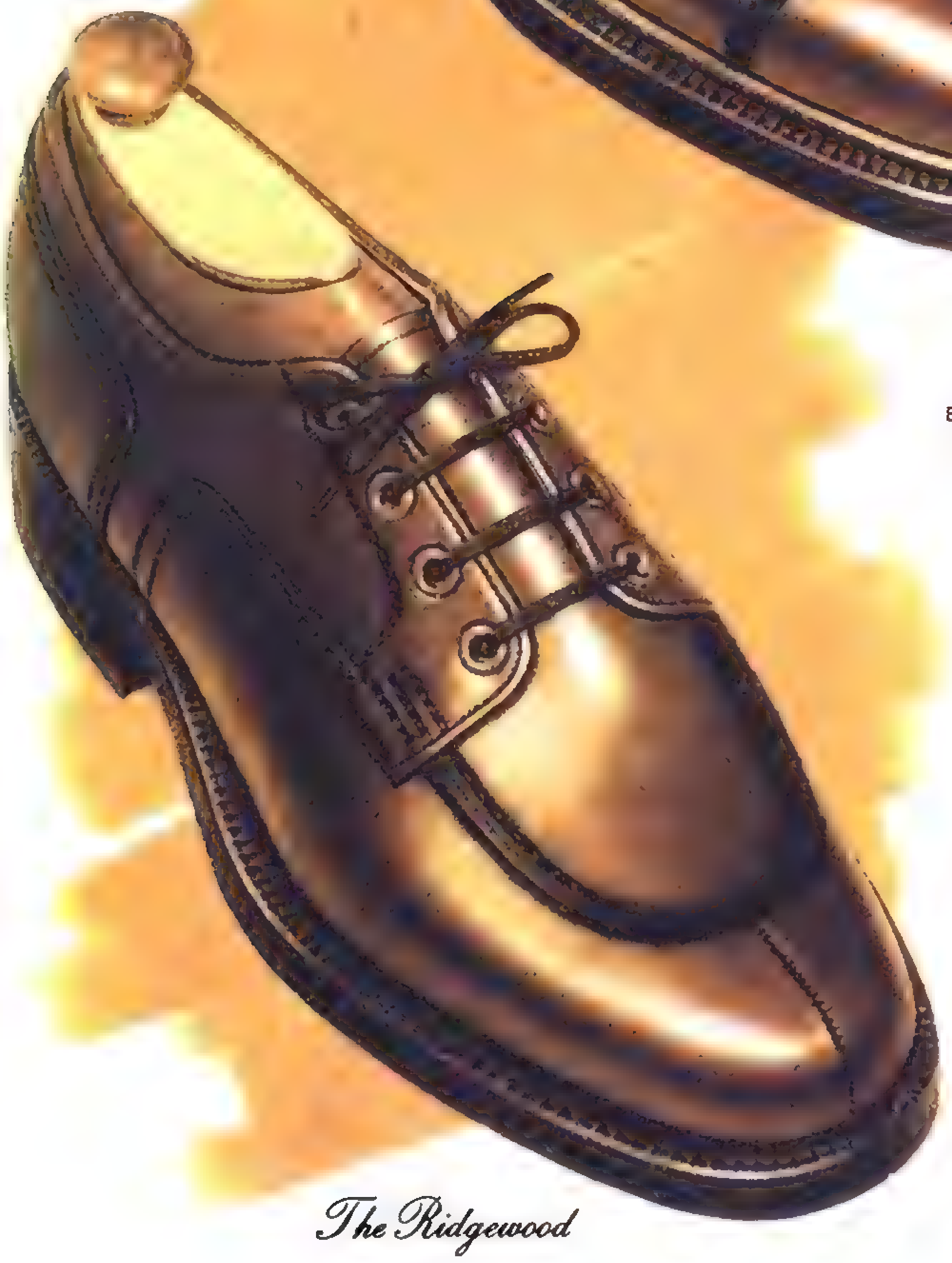

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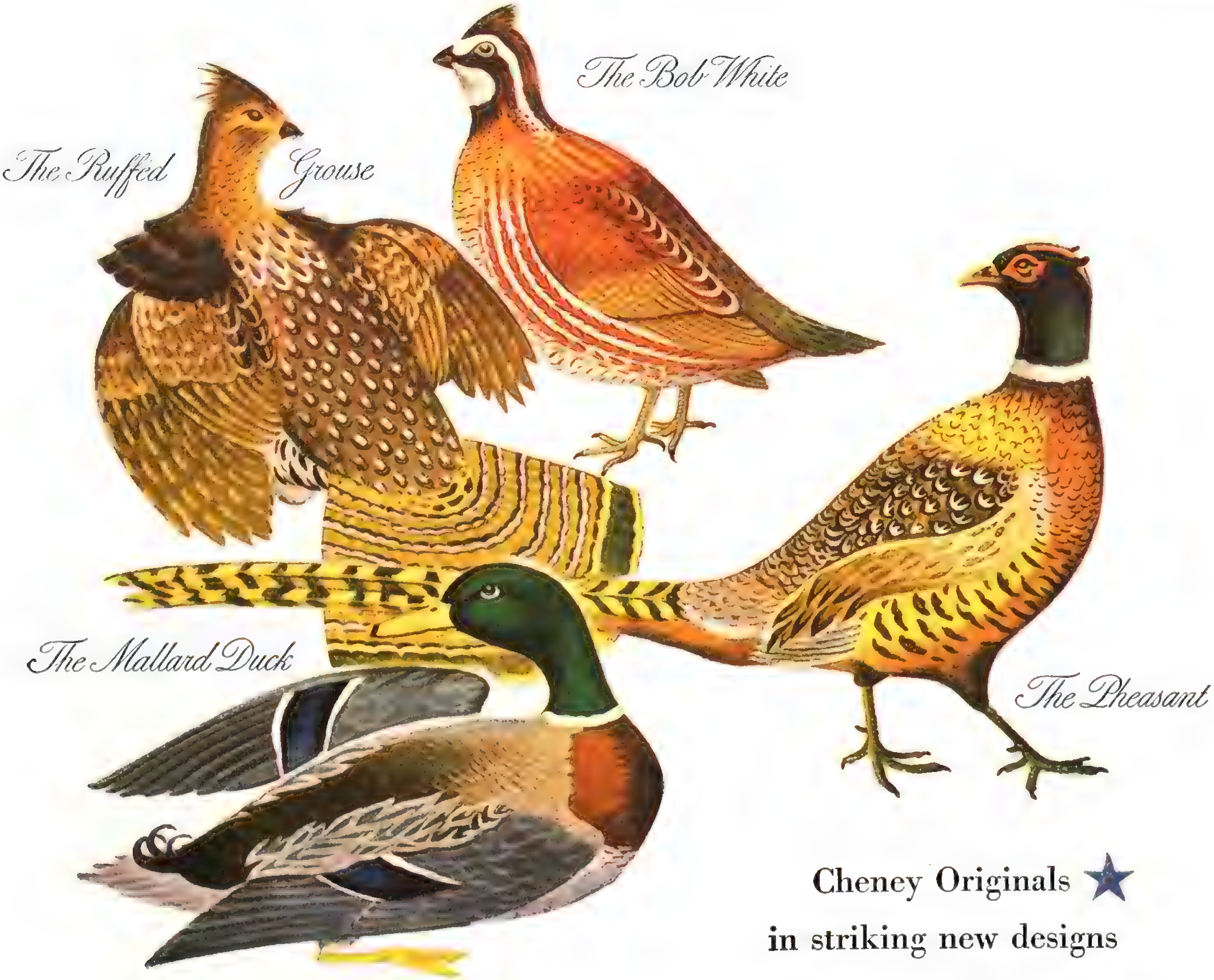

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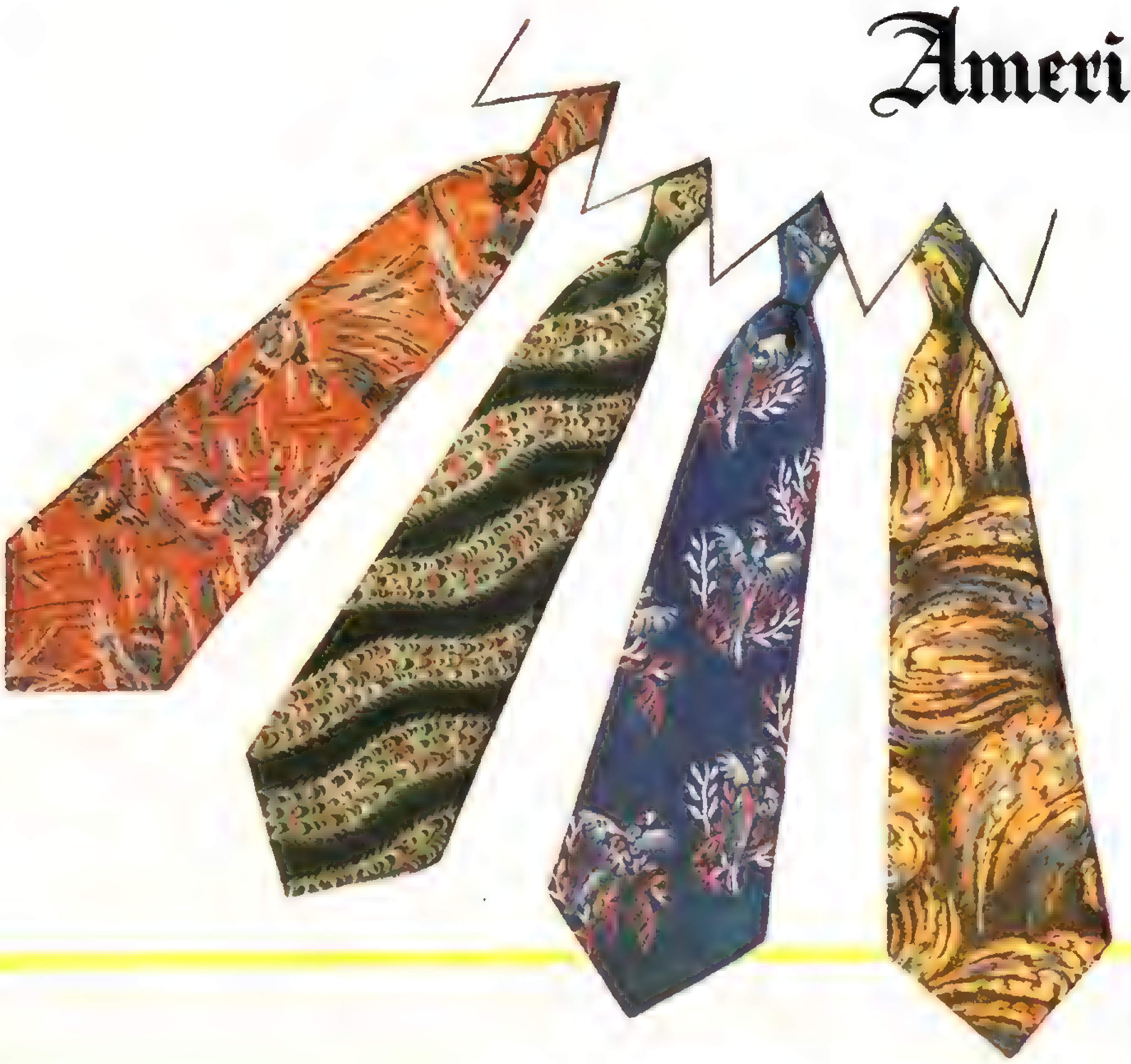

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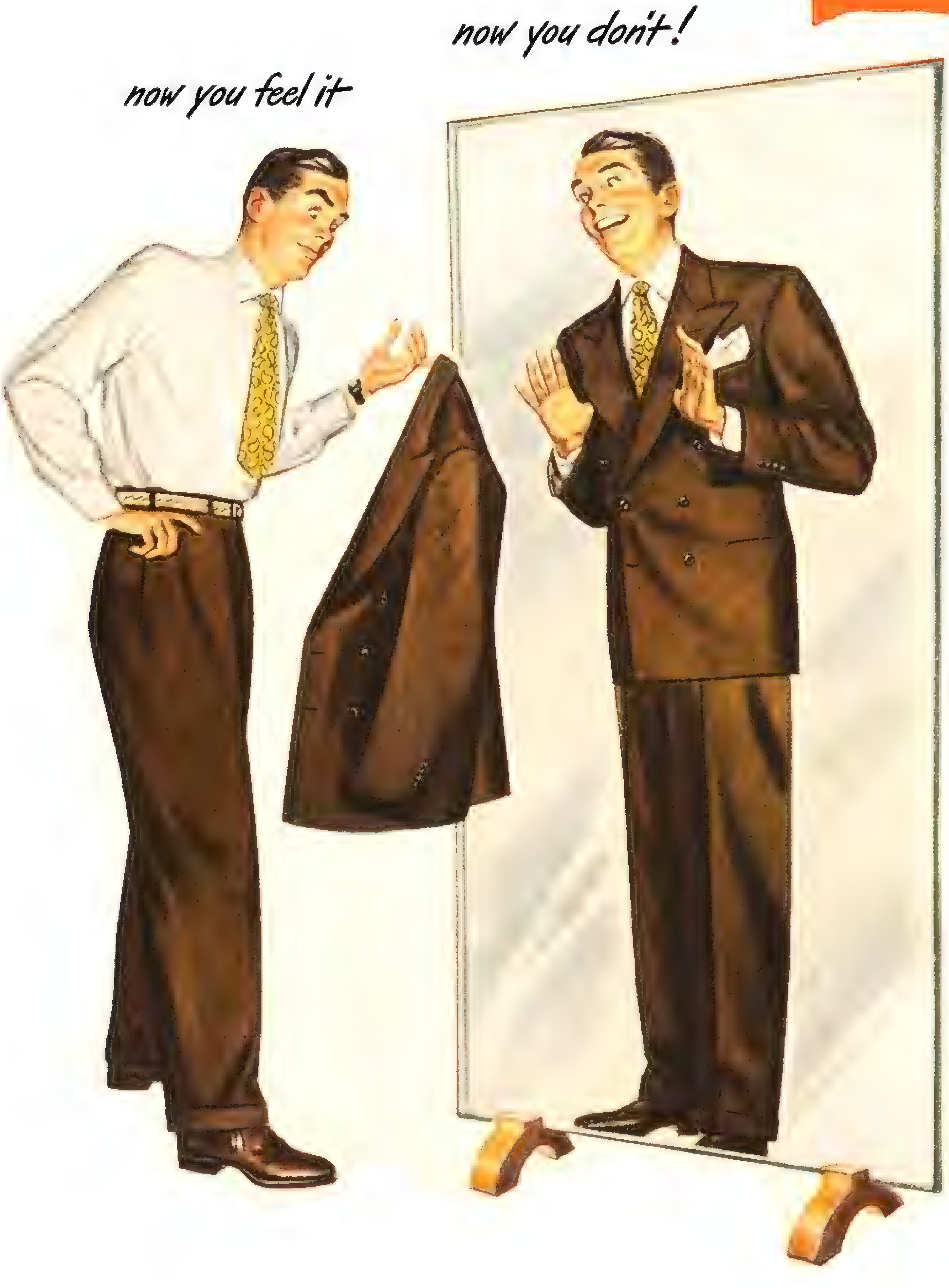

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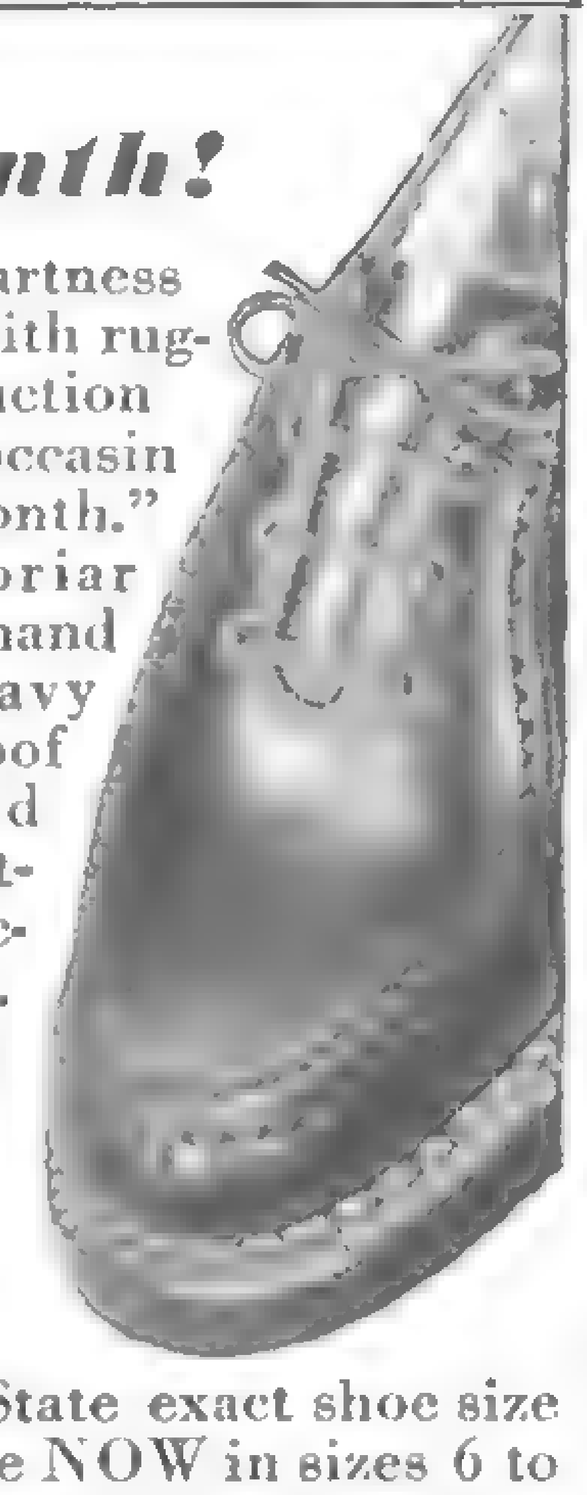

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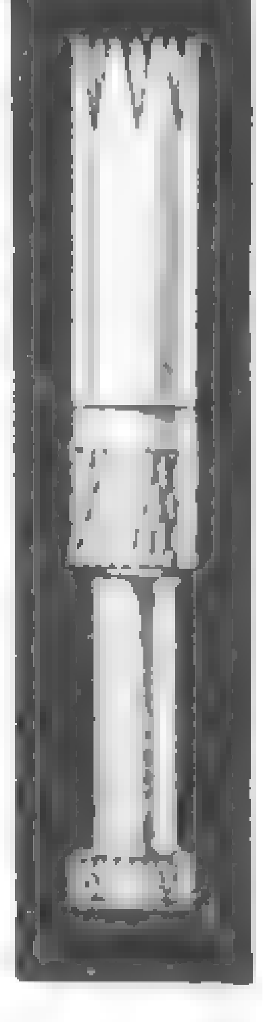

You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. Use of scissors or tweezers is also dangerous and impractical. There is no better way to remove superfluous hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE.

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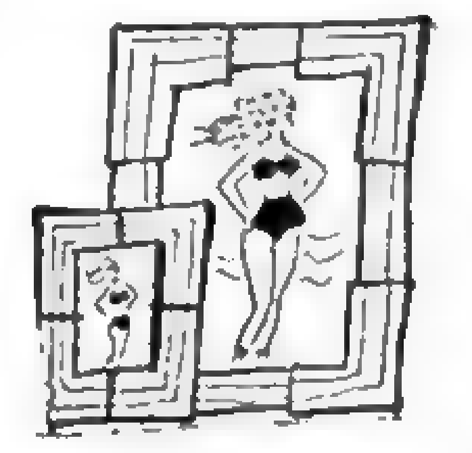
Talking Shop with Esquire

GOD BLESS EARPHONES. A house full of kids is all very well if they wouldn't insisit upon playing their favorite radio programs just when you want to turn on the sports news, or work in a quiet snooze. Ever think of suggesting that they use an earphone set? There's a peach of a 2 tube, knockdown earphone radio construction kit for a little more than two fins—aerial, ground wire and earphones included. Kids can put the set together easily, and have a whale of a lot of fun doing it. Complete step-by-step instructions on a diagram (to be pasted to the wood base) picturing all parts and connections. Only tool needed is a screw driver which is included in the kit. Runs on a 10¢ flashlight battery good for about 40 hours.

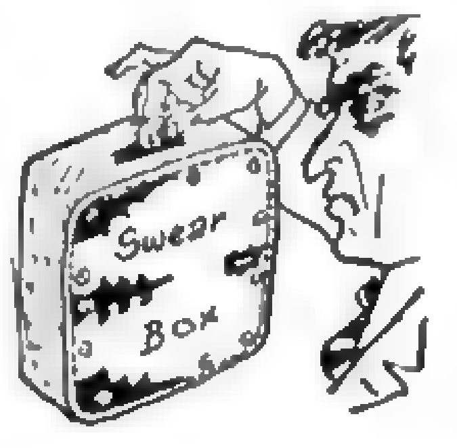
DEER FOR YOUR DEAR. We've unearthed a delightful, sentimental whimsy. A wide, cuff bracelet decorated with two poised deer done entirely by hand, repouseé method in sterling silver. Earrings and deer brooch to match. The jewelry is exquisitely done, and exceedingly delicate as to design. Some craftsman makes a "poison" ring inspired by those worn in the time of the Medici. Its modern counterpart is of sterling silver, and into the secret compartment goes a drop of Milady's favorite perfume, or a small photograph.

EXECUTIVE CIGARETTE BOXES. If you're looking for a really handsome gift for smokers, here's a honey. Saddletan leather box with massive cut-out rosewood initials set in the top. Another box, of black morocco leather, contains 100 engraved business or visiting cards. The copper plate is fastened to the top of the box for decor, and may be detached and reused when you need more cards.

ADJUSTABLE PICTURE FRAME. Fickle gentlemen who frame a different pin-up gal each day, will welcome the new adjustable pix frames which fit any picture from a 4x6 to an 8x10. A system of springs and overlapping corners allow frames to be pulled out or pushed in to suit size of picture. Made in plastic, and finished in tortoise color, ivory, green or red.



SWEAR BOX. If you were in England, you probably saw these swear boxes around. Now the wooden block piggy banks have hit America. "Just a little swear box, I'll cure you if I can" it says on the front. You're supposed to ante up a coin every time you cuss. Quaint, what?



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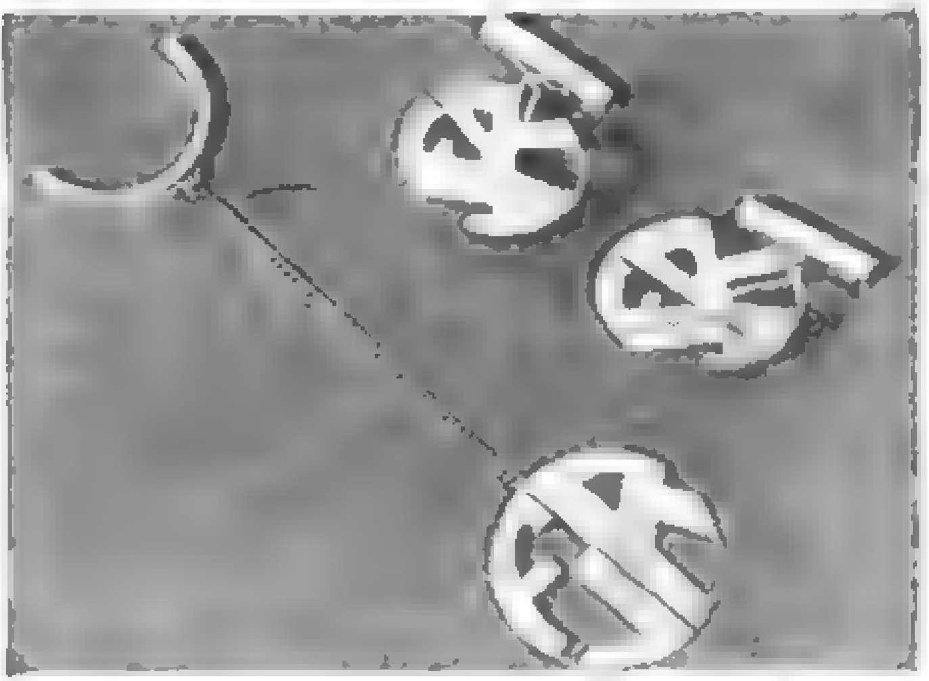

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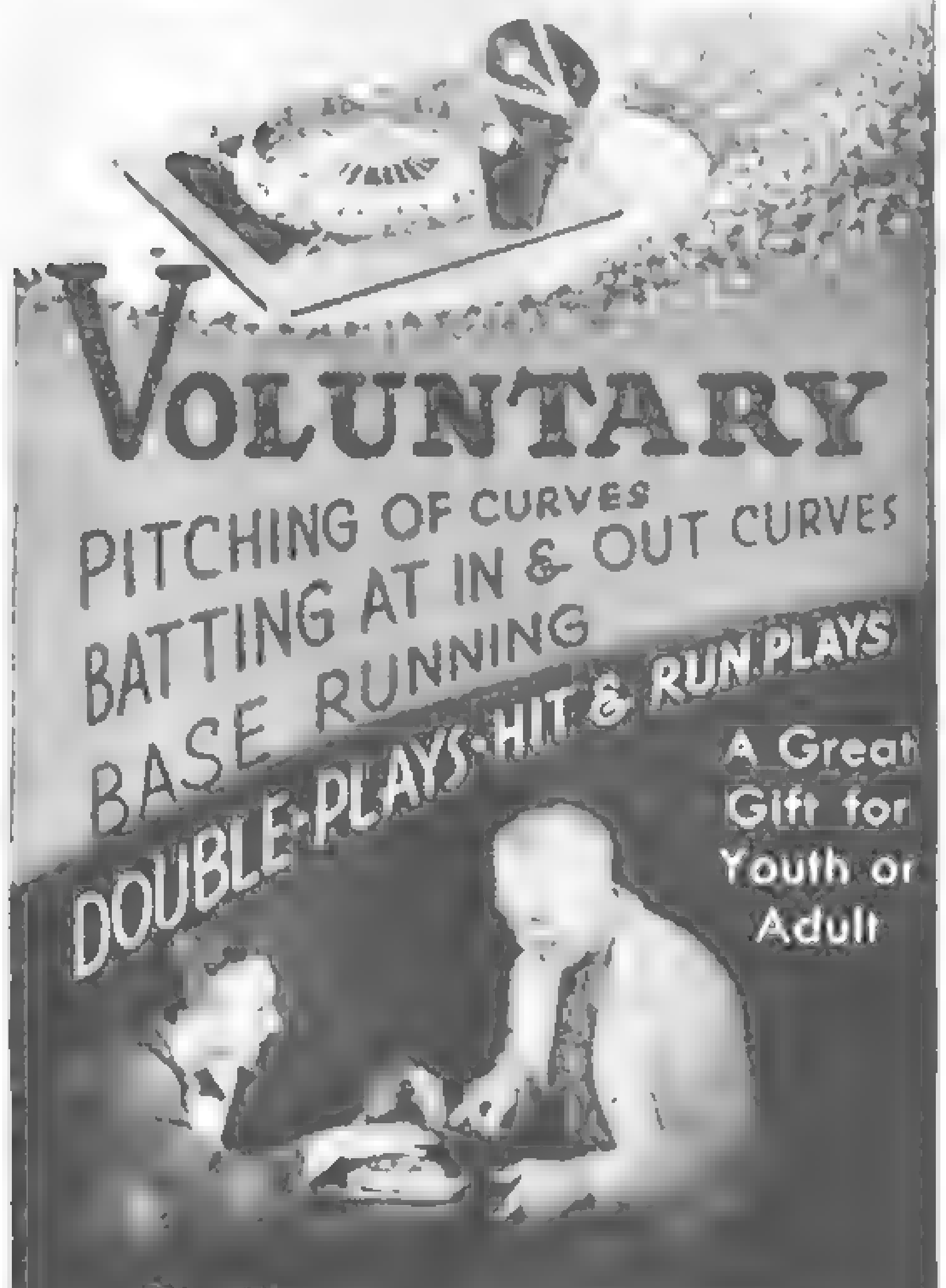
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1

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Police combed the city for the "mystery woman in mink." Nobody knew who she was, except Detective Collins—HER HUSBAND! And who does the Stork Club hire to investigate—*Collins!*

Don't miss that final, killer-trapping feast!

Five Passengers *from* Lisbon

By Mignon G. Eberhart

2

EIGHT people in a lifeboat—nearly dead from exposure—are dragged aboard a rescue ship. In fact, one of them IS dead—with an ugly knife wound in his back! The others are now safe aboard the ship. BUT ARE THEY SAFE?

A man can quickly be pushed overboard—AND HE IS! In the blackness, it's simple for a deck stroller to get his neck slashed—AND HE DOES! In a stateroom a man can easily be shot—YES, THAT HAPPENS, TOO!

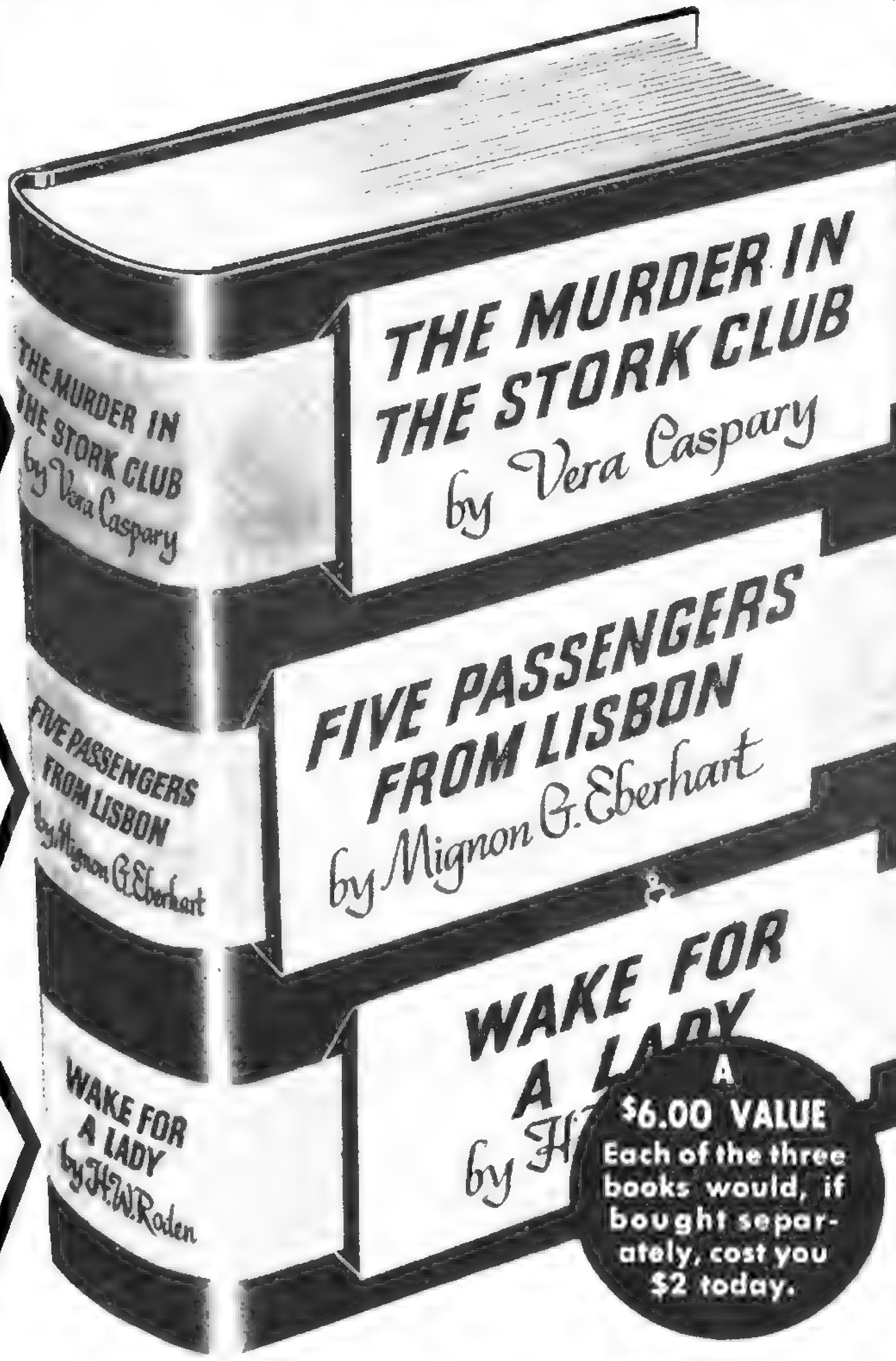
Wake *for a* Lady

By H. W. Roden

3

ALL Veronica Gorgeous O'Hara WANTED was a ticket to Hollywood fame. What she GOT was a ticket—TO MURDER! No. 1 on the murder parade was Spike Madigan. And Gorgeous had been seen visiting him at 2 A. M.—the *very hour the coroner said Spike had died.*

The murderee's widow pays the sleuths a fee to "confuse the case"—but the killer sends Spike *two more corpses for company!*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Talking Shop with Esquire

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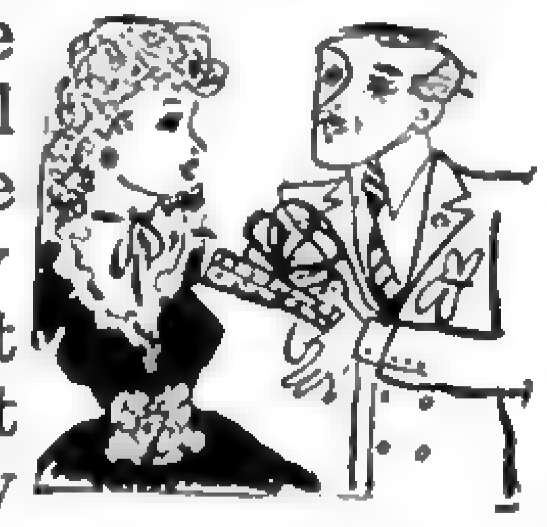
EASY SOLUTION! Photographers will be glad to hear about the new automatic paper developer formulated to provide perfectly developed prints from all contact glossy papers. Only one solution is used to develop, stop and fix the print. You simply place the properly-exposed print in the solution and immerse for not less than 3 minutes (a temperature of 68 to 72 degrees F. is advisable). The print is then removed and washed well with ordinary water. No other operations are required. The solution should eliminate all possibility of over-development and the print may be left in the solution for any length of time without harm. Another advantage stressed is that the print may be exposed to light as soon as the image begins to appear. Solution may be used over and over again without losing its efficiency and will not oxidize when left in an open tank.

'ROUND THE WORLD. To a lot of people, Tacoma, Washington means almond roca . . . a candy with a reputation for ambrosial excellence. Starts out with a center of crunchy stuff, next comes a coating of milk chocolate lavishly coated (and we do mean lavish) with toasted almonds. To protect its flavor, these tasty tidbits are packed in vacuum sealed-in metal containers, and can travel around the world and arrive as fresh as the day they were packed.



CANDIED MACAROONS. There's a place in Chicago which puts out toothsome morsels called candied macaroons. Of the marzipan school as to flavor, these tiny little gummy cakes are about the size of petit fours, jauntily topped with toasted almonds or cherries.

Ranger

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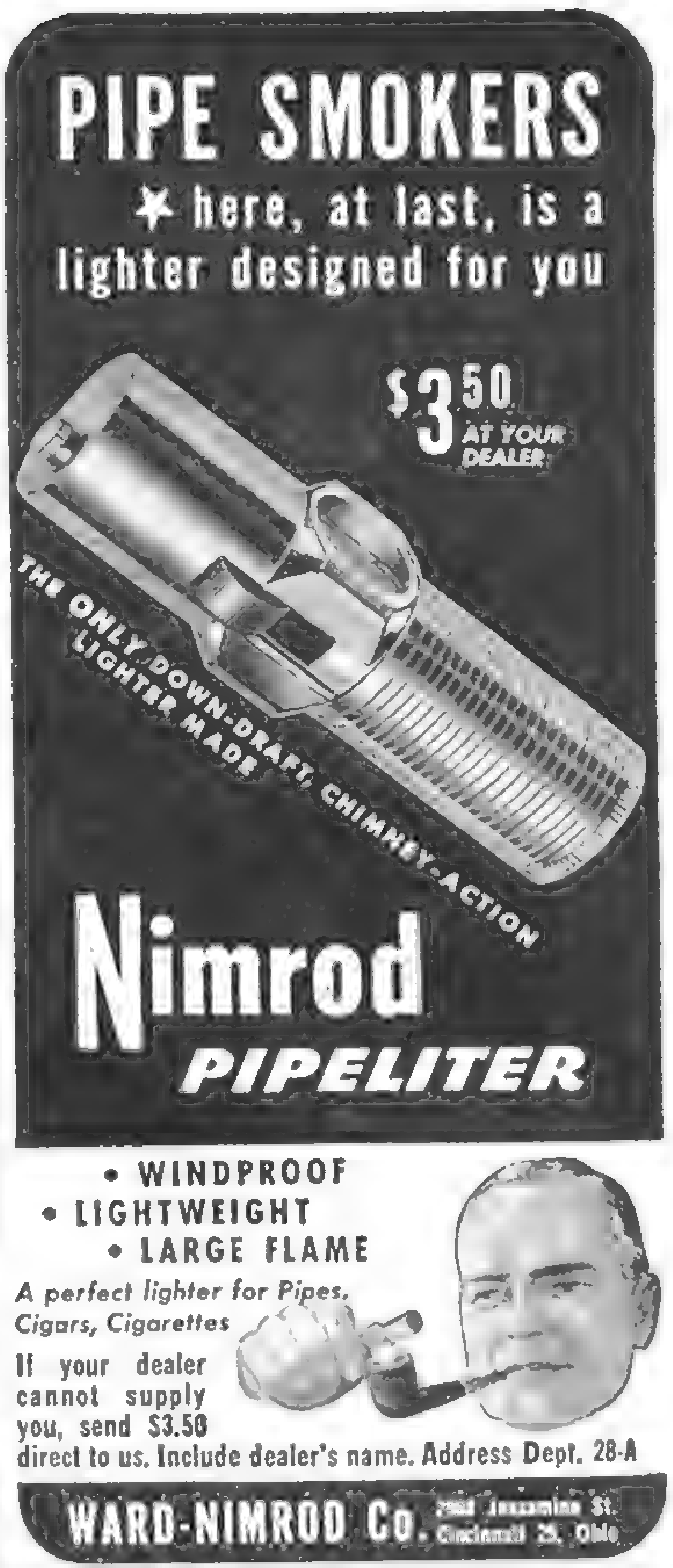
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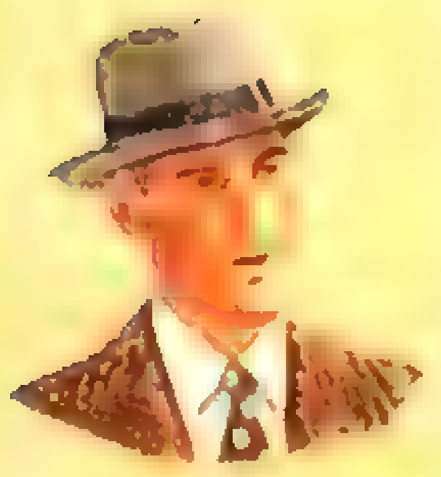
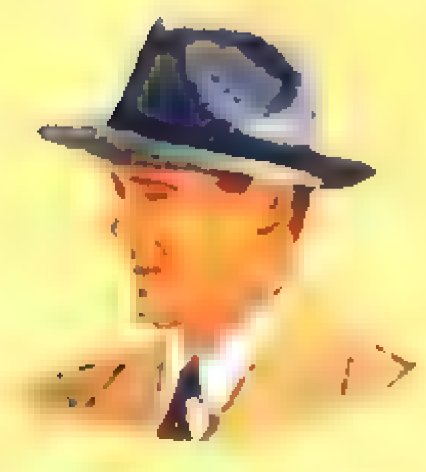
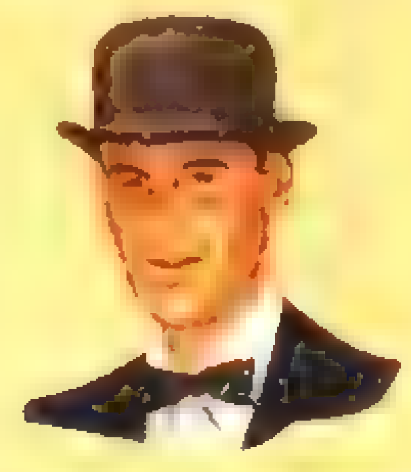


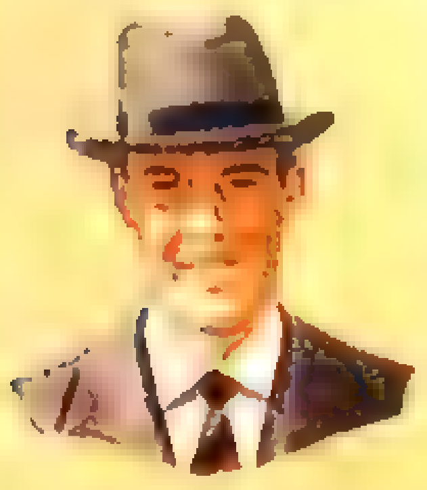
you're wrong
Grey hat with brown topcoat is like mixing pickles and ice cream.



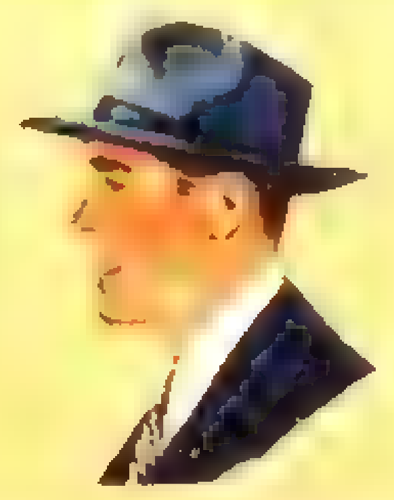
you're wrong
Blue hat and brown coat clash and spoil the harmony in this picture.



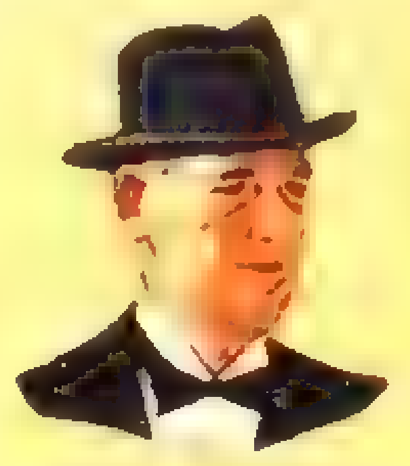
you're wrong
Derby and dinner jacket look right—but are definitely off the formal style beam.



you're right
Quartz grey off-the-face hat matches with grey or blue mixture coats for town wear.



you're right
Blue hats make good-looking mates for blue or grey topcoats.



you're right
The right hat with a dinner jacket is a Homburg or an Opera hat.

do you measure up?

No one's going to take a rule and measure the brim of your hat this season . . . but they'll be able to tell whether you're hat-right by that new, narrower brim . . . the new fashion note this season. ■ Everywhere you go, everyone you meet will be looking for you to measure up to their expectations—from the tips of your freshly-polished shoes to the tilt of your new hat. ■ But even with a slim-brim, you can't reach your full stature without the *right* hat. The *right* hat for you is built right, shaded right, styled right for your special personality. You can get the right hat first time out—at a *Recognized Hatter*, wherever the plaque below is displayed.

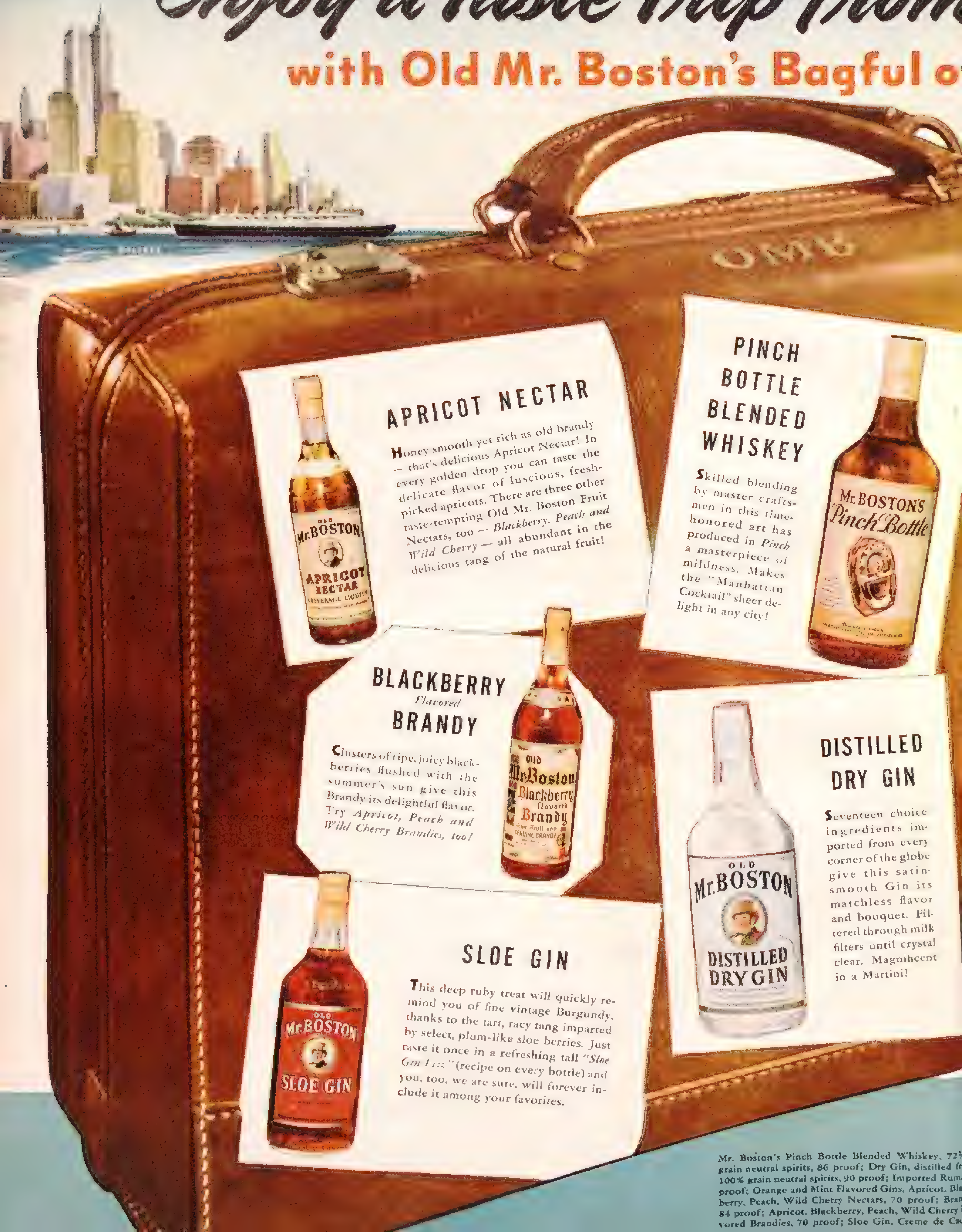
RECOGNIZED
Hat Research Foundation
1946-47
HATTER

This Plaque Identifies
a Recognized Hatter

wear a hat . . . for complete smartness

Enjoy a Taste Trip from

with Old Mr. Boston's Bagful o


OMB
OLD Mr. BOSTON APRICOT NECTAR A BEVERAGE LIQUEUR
Mr. BOSTON'S Pinch Bottle
Old Mr. Boston Blackberry flavored Brandy True Fruit and GENUINE BRANDY
OLD Mr. BOSTON DISTILLED DRY GIN
OLD Mr. BOSTON SLOE GIN

APRICOT NECTAR

Honey smooth yet rich as old brandy — that's delicious Apricot Nectar! In every golden drop you can taste the delicate flavor of luscious, fresh-picked apricots. There are three other taste-tempting Old Mr. Boston Fruit Nectars, too — *Blackberry, Peach and Wild Cherry* — all abundant in the delicious tang of the natural fruit!

PINCH BOTTLE BLENDED WHISKEY

Skilled blending by master craftsmen in this time-honored art has produced in *Pinch* a masterpiece of mildness. Makes the "Manhattan Cocktail" sheer delight in any city!

BLACKBERRY
Flavored
BRANDY

Clusters of ripe, juicy blackberries flushed with the summer's sun give this Brandy its delightful flavor. *Try Apricot, Peach and Wild Cherry Brandies, too!*

DISTILLED DRY GIN

Seventeen choice ingredients imported from every corner of the globe give this satin-smooth Gin its matchless flavor and bouquet. Filtered through milk filters until crystal clear. Magnificent in a Martini!

SLOE GIN

This deep ruby treat will quickly remind you of fine vintage Burgundy, thanks to the tart, racy tang imparted by select, plum-like sloe berries. Just taste it once in a refreshing tall *"Sloe Gin Fizz"* (recipe on every bottle) and you, too, we are sure, will forever include it among your favorites.

Mr. Boston's Pinch Bottle Blended Whiskey, 72
grain neutral spirits, 86 proof; Dry Gin, distilled f
100% grain neutral spirits, 90 proof; Imported Rum
proof; Orange and Mint Flavored Gins, Apricot, Bl
berry, Peach, Wild Cherry Nectars, 70 proof; Bra
84 proof; Apricot, Blackberry, Peach, Wild Cherry
vored Brandies, 70 proof; Sloe Gin, Creme de Ca

Manhattan to Cuba Libre

hoice Liquors for Every Occasion

OLD
Mr.BOSTON
RUM

IMPORTED RUM

In the far-off Virgin Islands basks the birthplace of this distinctive Rum. Imported from a United States possession — hence it comes to you *duty free!* Makes a "Cuba Libre" (recipe on every bottle) soothing as silver-twilight on a tropical isle.

Mr.BOSTON
MINT
FLAVORED
GIN

MINT
Flavored
GIN

Here is a liquid emerald with the crisp, cooling fragrance of dew-drenched mint. Try a *"Mint Tom Collins"* (recipe on every bottle)—a new adventure in taste enjoyment.

Mr.BOSTON
ORANGE
GIN

ORANGE
Flavored
GIN

Fittingly called "a taste sensation," this is the golden liquor that greets you with the refreshing flavor of juicy, sun-kissed oranges. Give your taste a fresh, sunny view on life — introduce it to this delectable liquor. Delicious served straight with ice!

IF YOUR TASTE has become a "stay-at-home"—give it a chance to explore enchanting new pleasures. Let your palate roam joyfully through every nook and cocktail cranny — from "Manhattan" to "Cuba Libre," even a fling at "Singapore Sling." And for a dependable guide, take along on your trip the trustworthy gentleman from Boston. For only his delicious liquors — *the most complete line in all America* — enable you to touch such distant points of delightfulness. So step into your favorite liquor store soon and pack your bag for an exciting quench quest with Old Mr. Boston!

OLD Mr. BOSTON

Importer and Distiller of
fine whiskeys, gins, brandies, rums and liqueurs

Old Mr.BOSTON
CREME de CACAO
OLD Mr.BOSTON
HIGH PROOF
100 PROOF
OLD Mr.BOSTON
BRANDY
5
Mr.BOSTON
Registered Reserve
Old Mr.BOSTON
Peppermint Schnapps
OLD
Mr.BOSTON
ROCK & RYE

ppermint Schnapps. Creme
Menthe, 60 proof; High
of Liqueur, 100 proof;
gistered Reserve Liqueur
Rock & Rye, 70 proof.
ke Brothers Distilleries,
Boston, Massachusetts.

how to make 'em look twice!

When you see how these "Manhattan" Mufflers attract you, you'll understand why they attract others! They're by the makers of famous "Manhattan" Shirts in handsome wools and rich rayon—designed to keep you warm, well dressed. See them today at your "Manhattan" dealer's!

Copr. 1946 The Manhattan Shirt Co.

Manhattan mufflers

THE MANHATTAN SHIRT COMPANY

Old Fitzgerald

100 PROOF

OLD FASHIONED *but still in style*

Bottled in Bond

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

STITZEL-WELLER DISTILLERY, INC.
SHIVELY, KENTUCKY

"Gee, what luck! Swell seats, right next to a man smoking London Dock Tobacco."

"America's Finest Aromatic Tobacco"

POCKET PACKAGE 40¢

$3.00 PER POUND

London Dock SMOKING MIXTURE

Christian Peper SAINT LOUIS

FINE TOBACCOS SINCE 1852

Painting the Town with Esquire

NO DOUBT as to where the white-tied and ermined horde that eat out of Hildegarde's mitt, will be on the night of November 7 and thereafter—or such frantic fraction of said horde as can be squeezed into The Plaza's Persian Room for the autumnal reappearance of the Milwaukee exchantrixie.

MOULES Marinière (clams' cousins with sauce for dunking) and Baked Oysters, two of the dailies at the Café St. Denis (11 East 53rd), have done much to spread affection for this French gastronomic haven. Monsieur the proprietor Marcel Perret is a man of distinctions. He was an aviator in World War I. He was starred on the French silent screen with the legendary Pearl White. His cookery integrity goes back to his mother's stove, with the result that any dish listed on his carte du jour is a good moral risk for orderers.

THE STUPENDOUS revue at Lou Walter's Latin Quarter now has Ted Lewis at the head of its roster of talent, topped with his well known plug hat, which is mellowed by 35 years in show business. Mr. Lewis himself has come through without a dent . . . Droppers-in at the Mermaid Room of the Park Central barely notice the murals of amphibious seductresses, they are so busy beholding sultry songstress Brenda Carr. What a shapely voice that gal has!

OUT OF consideration for Long Island commuters heading homeward to their sparring partners, and uncertain of the reception they'll get, the Hotel Pennsylvania now provides a mahogany horseshoe to touch elbow to, in place of the former straightaway bar. In fact, the whole room has been redone in rich tones of deep vermillion paneling and blue-gray marble that reassure and serenify. Eye-pleasing, too, are the blue-green leather chairs, the coral booths and banquettes, and the cocktail lounge done in gray alligator with shadow box frames housing orchids. The modernist clock over the bar is, we're sorry to say, a different story. No commuter has a kind word for it. Kept five minutes fast, it gets you to your train alright but allows you no chance for a quick one, whereas if it were *ten* minutes fast, you could *have* that quick one.

INTERESTING coincidence: When it's evening milking time for Emil Perona's 160 Golden Hereford cud-chewers in the four-siloed barn at Perona Farms (393 acres), Andover, N. J., it's also cocktail time at the snazzy bar in this farm's Florentine pavilion (overlooking barnyard and lake), designed for fine feeding of mere humans — especially those with zebra background acquired at brother John's splurgeous-select El Morocco, in Manhattan, 60 miles away. John Perona tills 150 neighboring acres in his squire moments but hasn't quite the grass roots fervor of Emil, sole grower of Pawnee super-wheat this side of Nebraska. By the time Emil's 3,000 chickens and 500 guinea fowl have tucked heads under wings, the pavilion patrons are tucking away bountiful hors d'oeuvres, onion soup or potage of the day, and other Perona provender — Maine live broiled lobster, tenderloin of beef, broiled guinea hen with wild rice, scallopine of farm-grown veal with mushrooms and Marsala, Mother Perona's casolette of veal with rigatoni (large-bore macaroni). Mother Perona came from Northern Italy near the Swiss border, generally regarded as the culinary crossroads of Europe. Her recipes have provided prize pickings for clan Perona. (Emil's daughter Aida is using them at the Moresque on Prospect Avenue in West Orange.) But the magnificent service wagon—of gleaming silver, no less — on which your crêpes Suzette are concocted, came from Belgium and we doubt that any other farm in America boasts a machine the equal of it. Barnyard is open to vehicles all days of the year except Tuesdays. Refined haylofts for overnighters.

For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

EXQUISITE
SAVOY
NOW IN SETS

ONE-MOTION LIGHTER

ALL-PURPOSE CIGARETTE CASE

Beautiful gold-tone precision made automatic lighter—roll and it opens and lights. Features an asbestos wick, extra large fuel chamber and extra flints. SAVOY case holds 15 cigarettes firmly in place. Handsome herringbone pattern gold-tone with tortoise plastic contrasting trim. For pocket, handbag, or folded back as an attractive table or desk piece. The set, beautifully boxed. $10.

Other SAVOY One-Motion Lighters from $3.50

SAVOY
METAL PRODUCTS CORPORATION
EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Cistercienne Liqueur

A delicious after dinner Cordial

A Product of the U.S.A.

Produced under the direct supervision of the Cistercian Order of Monks.

• 86 PROOF •

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MILWAUKEE, WIS. U.S.A.

THE Taylor-Made SHOE

TAYLOR-ED
for Heavy Duty

E. E. TAYLOR CORPORATION, MANUFACTURERS · BOSTON, MASS.

An Invitation To Readers of This Magazine

FROM THE PUBLISHERS OF THE

FUNK & WAGNALLS *New Standard* ENCYCLOPEDIA

Please Accept **WITH OUR COMPLIMENTS**

Volume One of the New 1946 Edition—Now On Press!

[ALL WE ASK YOU TO PAY IS TEN CENTS TO COVER COST OF MAILING IT TO YOU]

Backstage with Esquire

★ The Esquire Gallery

Ward Brackett

WARD BRACKETT's Esquire Girl offers interesting evidence of the relaxed note in formal fashions . . . and infinitely more, as you will agree after scanning the lady called Exotique (page 104). The artist writes: "I was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, thirty-two years ago. My father and two brothers were photographers, but I decided bulb squeezing was not for me. At twenty I went to Chicago and apprenticed for a studio. In 1940 I was making enough money to feed two people so I married another artist, Dolli Tingle, and we set out for fabulous New York. The following years found me doing some serious pencil pushing for Uncle Sam. Getting back to drawing beautiful gals is almost as exciting as getting out of the Army."

During his high school years in Portland, Oregon, AL MOORE was the football hero of the day. He continued playing at Northwestern University and there he majored in art but his learning was strictly on the appreciation side—with no actual drawing. Right after graduation he was married and accepted an offer to play for the Chicago Bears. But a knee injury in the middle of the football season ended his professional football career and it was then at that period he began seriously to work at being an artist. He was fashion artist at Marshall Field and Company for a while, and six years ago he moved with his wife and two children to New York. For the past few years he has ranked as one of the country's top-flight illustrators. *Calculation* on page 103 is his first contribution to Esquire.

Al Moore

FRITZ WILLIS and JOE DE MERS both started drawing as soon as they learned to write. Now they work very happily in both mediums, composing both pictures and text for juvenile books. And just to keep the balance, they like to draw beautiful babes for an adult audience. Their brilliant success in this field echoes the letters we have received from applauding fans since their initial appearance in the September issue. Pin-up collectors are invited to turn to pages 67 and 68. When J. FREDERICK SMITH was eighteen, his father sent him to New York City to mend a broken heart acquired in high school and to study art. Came the war, and Army service. Then during a three-day pass, he married his favorite artist, Sheilah Beckett. He says: "Through the last few months it was Army by day and Esquire by night. Now it is Esquire by day and Esquire by night." (To prove that this routine makes Fred a bright boy, you need only turn to pages 85 and 86.)

Before Pearl Harbor, Lieutenant WENDELL J. FURNAS was a teacher of history at the Shanghai American School and a reporter on the China Press. He participated in the invasion of Guam and occupation of Korea and was for a time a prisoner of the Japanese.

Eli Sexton

ELI SEXTON gained part of the background for *The Indian with the Knife* when in 1911 he served as "Gentleman Volunteer" in Sonora, Mexico, with a Yaqui guerrilla company. He is the originator of a theory in physical anthropology, *The Excess-CO$_2$ Origin of Racial Blondism*, and of an over-all plan for control of floods in the Mississippi Basin, several items of which have been accepted by engineers of the Federal Power Commission.

HELEN LAWRENSON, a graduate of Vassar College, was formerly managing editor of *Vanity Fair* magazine. The year after her memorable *Latins Are Lousy Lovers* appeared in Esquire, it became the lead article in a volume called *The Hussy's Handbook*, which is still selling over 5,000 copies a year. She is married to a merchant sailor, Jack Lawrenson, now vice-president of the National Maritime Union. Their five-year-old daughter proclaims sailors make wonderful fathers, too.

Raymond E. Banks

RAYMOND E. BANKS, whose first published story *The Sad Room* (page 81) makes him our Discovery of the Month, is a twenty-seven-year-old Army veteran attending classes at the University of California at Los Angeles. He says that *The Sad Room* was the result of a moonlight gabfest with his girl about dreams. And he's delighted that they had that talk, because otherwise he'd still be treading the endless maze which he described in the story.

FRANK BROOKHOUSER is known to the trade as a serious writer—meaning that he doesn't sacrifice the quality of his fiction to slick formulas; nevertheless his excellent stories find their way into a number of popular as well as "little" magazines. He was born and raised in Ford City, Pennsylvania, and is thankful that this is his background, "because it's genuinely American, with lots of nationalities." He writes chiefly about small factory towns, although he has been in Philadelphia for more than fifteen years, not counting a brief layoff in the Army and overseas.

Recounting the life and works of JOHN GOLDEN, the producer, playwright, and composer, seems about as insensate as recounting the life and works of William Shakespeare. Just as a refresher, though, we might say that among the songs he has written are such popular classics as *Poor Butterfly*, and *Goodbye, Girls, I'm Through*. He authored several Hippodrome shows, including *Hip Hip Hooray* and *The Big Show*. Among the plays he has produced are such box-office hits as *Lightnin'*, *Claudia*, and *Susan and God*. He has collaborated with the authors of many play scripts, but seldom mentions this phase of his work, letting the author take the spotlight alone.

Mel R. Sabre

MEL R. SABRE is a New Yorker who has devoted most of his twenty-one years dodging out of New York City on any pretext—hitchhiking, collecting portions of his degree at the Universities of Iowa, California, and Oxford, and serving with the paratroops in the recent war. He says: "I jumped into Normandy just before D-Day with the 101st Airborne, and got myself captured by Germans and stoned by French Fascists in Paris. For reasons of solemn secrecy, the British presented me with a uniform and prison papers making me an NCO of the Royal Parachute Regiment; in order to fool the Nazi interrogators I had to acquire a Kensington accent which I haven't lost yet. Afterward I spent a few weeks with Zhukov's army; I'm probably still listed as a deserter from the Ukrainian Guards, having fled to Torgau when the link-up came. I'm now trying to collar a degree at Columbia while writing a novel and transforming an old office building into a home for myself and my Oxford bride."

Ed Frutig

Aside from playing pro football, ED FRUTIG has been a reporter and a Navy pilot. He says: "I plan to wangle a job in public relations. Having pounded my head against thigh pads for fifteen years, I know it will feel dandy when I stop."

Another discovery is JAMES SIMONDS, who, at twenty-eight, has led as full a life as anyone on this roster. His occupations range from janitor through lifeguard and shipping floor foreman to road-gang laborer and baseball umpire. Inducted in '42, he earned battle stars in France and the Rhineland.

To readers who have enjoyed Joseph Wechsberg's stories (his latest, page 66, is *New York Is Full of Girls*) we commend his brief book, *Homecoming*, recently published by Knopf. With characteristic Wechsberg objectivity, it describes his return to Czechoslovakia and the tragic story of his relatives and friends.

32,785 "Good Evenings"

That's just another way of saying that for 89 years, the House of Seagram has been contributing to the good evenings of discriminating people . . . and that nothing less than 89 years of experience could have produced the smooth perfection of Seagram's 7 Crown.

DESIGNED FOR YOUR PLEASURE

Today, Tomorrow and Always

Seagram's *Seven* 7 *Crown*

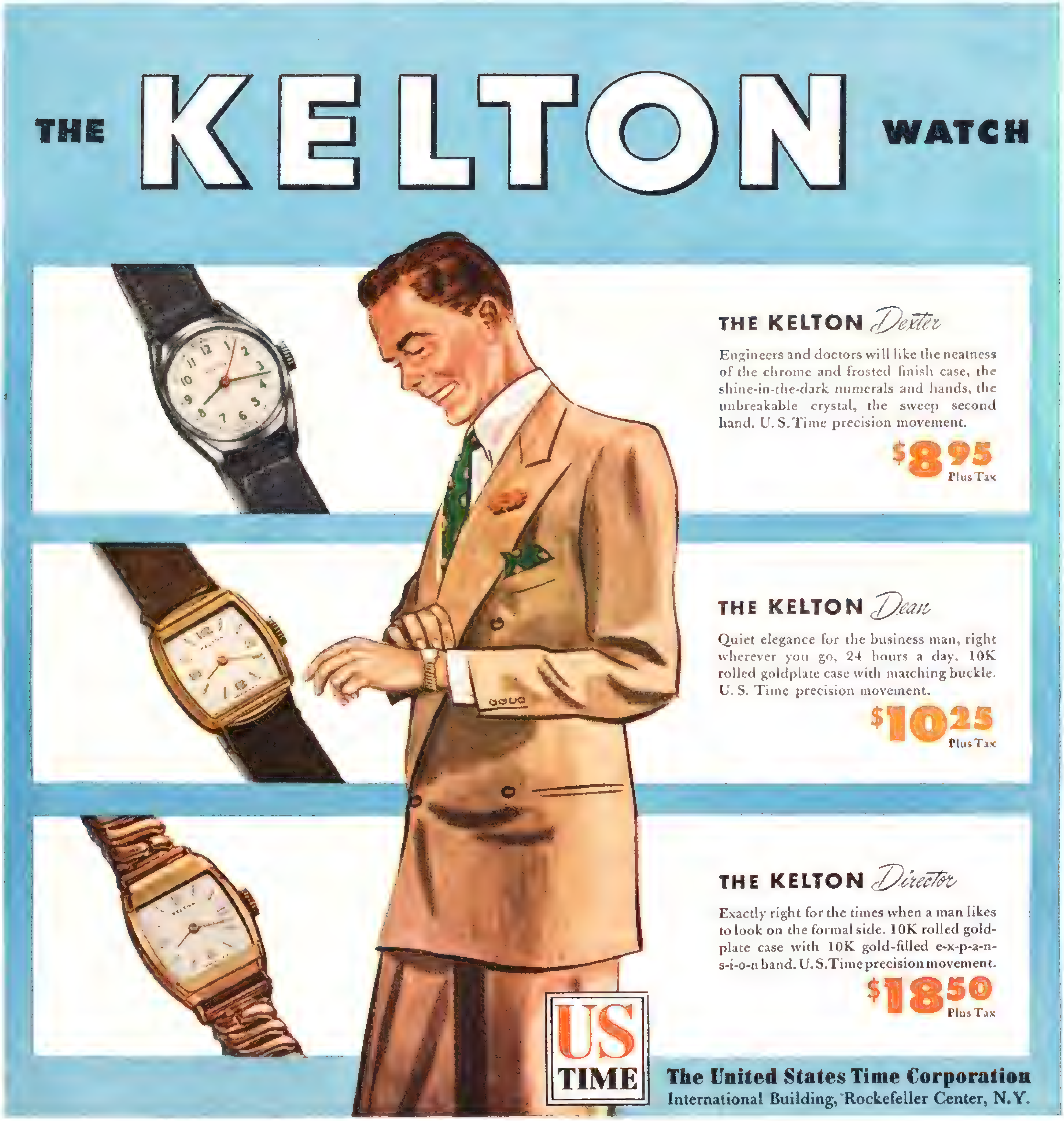
Say Seagram's *and be Sure of Pre-War Quality*

Seagram's 7 Crown Blended Whiskey. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York

You won't believe your eyes...

watches like these at prices like these

Handsome, yes . . . costly-looking, yes . . . but what really makes these new Keltons such remarkable values is their time-keeping quality. Here are truly *American* watches, made in the most modern watch factory in America . . . benefiting by high-precision wartime work done before reconversion. No time or expense has been spared to give *you* the correct time at *less* expense. If your dealer hasn't a Kelton watch today, call on him again — more of these fine Keltons are on the way!



THE KELTON WATCH

THE KELTON *Dexter*

Engineers and doctors will like the neatness of the chrome and frosted finish case, the shine-in-the-dark numerals and hands, the unbreakable crystal, the sweep second hand. U. S. Time precision movement.

$8 95 Plus Tax

THE KELTON *Dean*

Quiet elegance for the business man, right wherever you go, 24 hours a day. 10K rolled goldplate case with matching buckle. U. S. Time precision movement.

$10 25 Plus Tax

THE KELTON *Director*

Exactly right for the times when a man likes to look on the formal side. 10K rolled goldplate case with 10K gold-filled e-x-p-a-n-s-i-o-n band. U. S. Time precision movement.

$18 50 Plus Tax

US TIME

The United States Time Corporation
International Building, Rockefeller Center, N.Y.

THREE DELICIOUSLY DIFFERENT *Answers to Your Gift Problems*

FORST'S CATSKILL MOUNTAIN *Smoked Turkey* PRODUCTS

Trust Forst to make Christmas shopping easy. Now you can make up one list, send it off, and relax—for this year Forst offers you three deliciously different answers to your Christmas giving—varying in price from $8.50 to $42.50!

Two Tempting Assortments of Smoked Turkey Delicacies Vacuum-Packed to be Enjoyed Any Time—ALL The Time!

Item number one on the Forst gift parade is the Hendrik Hudson Selection. Priced at only $8.50, it contains six, full half-pound vacuum-packed cans of Forst Smoked Turkey Delicacies—two each of:

- Forst Sliced Smoked Turkey—big, generous slices of both white and dark meat.
- Forst Handi-Cut Smoked Turkey—cubed to make perfect à la king, casserole dishes, salads, sandwiches, etc.
- Forst Smoked Turkey Paté—a zesty spread that makes mouth-watering canapés, hors d'oeuvres, sandwiches, etc.

All are ready to eat—and keep without refrigeration until opened.

Then, there is the New Amsterdam Selection of Forst Delicacies—priced at $16.00, and containing twelve, full half-pound vacuum-packed cans of Forst Sliced, Handi-Cut and Smoked Turkey Paté.

Forst Catskill Mountain Smoked Turkey—Perfect for Holiday Entertaining, Ideal as a Gift—Ready to Eat!

Next, a luscious, taste-teasing, palate-pleasing whole Forst Catskill Mountain Smoked Turkey. Holiday festivities are incomplete without one of these choice, young, full-breasted birds, cured in rare herbs and spices, and then smoke-cooked in air-conditioned smokehouses to golden-brown perfection over fragrant applewood embers. Whole Forst Smoked Turkeys range from 8 to 18 lbs., net smoked weight. Price is still $1.50 per pound. All ready to slice and serve.

The Gift of Gifts—A Taste Thrill for Every Season

Finally, there is that rarest, most unusual gift—membership in Forst's exclusive Delicacy of the Season Club, details of which are given in the panel at left.

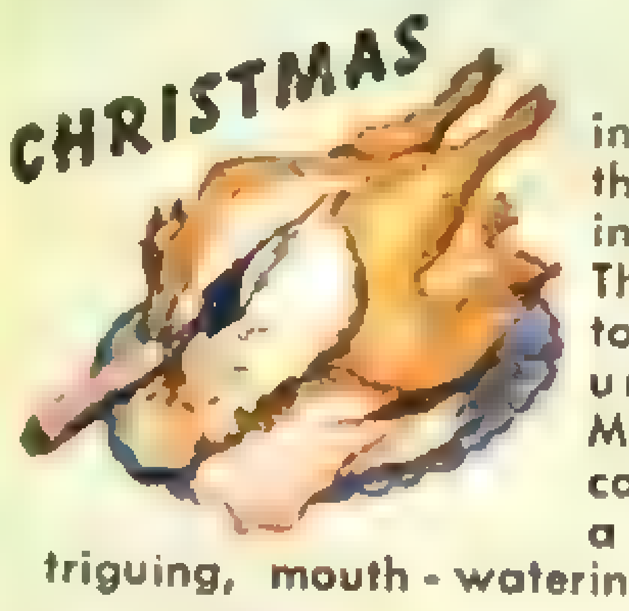
You just select the Forst gifts desired, make up your list—and mail it to us with your check! We do the rest! All orders festively packed and shipped charges prepaid anywhere in continental U. S. or Canada. Supplies limited! Order NOW!

FORST'S "Delicacy of the Season" Club

A GIFT THAT SAYS "MERRY CHRISTMAS" ALL YEAR 'ROUND

Tasty Treats to Delight Friends and Influence Customers

Say "Merry Christmas" to your special friends, customers and business acquaintances in a way that is not only novel and in perfect taste—but will serve as a deliciously "different" reminder of your thoughtfulness all through the year.

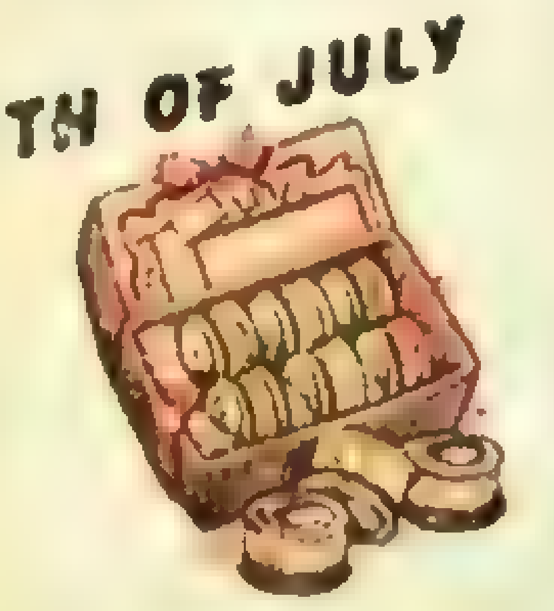


A membership in the "Delicacy of the Season" Club is indeed a regal gift. Those lucky enough to receive the treasured, engraved Membership Card can look forward to a whole year of intriguing, mouth-watering taste-delights.

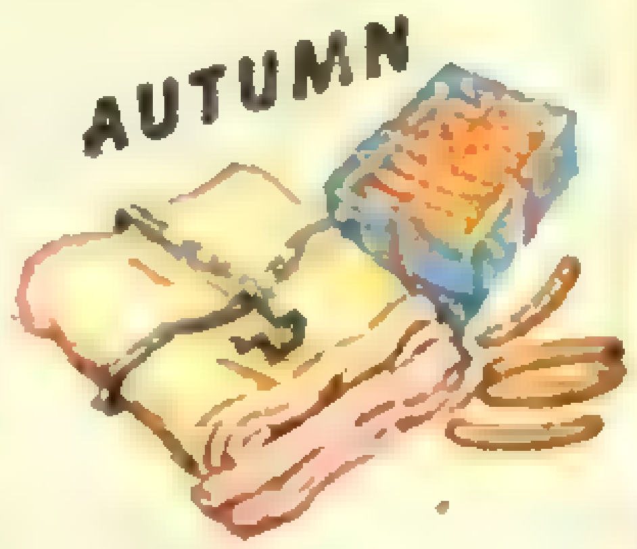
At Christmas, a golden-brown Forst Catskill Mountain Smoked Turkey.

At Easter, a tender, tempting Catskill Mountain Smoked Ham, sugar-cured and smoked Southern style, all ready to eat.

In July, an assortment of picnic snack-tidbits—vacuum-packed in six half-pound cans—Sliced Catskill Mountain Smoked Turkey, zesty Forst Smoked Turkey Paté, multi-useful Forst Handi-Cut Smoked Turkey.



Finally, Fall will bring a generous package of spicy smoked pork sausage and a whole strip of lean Catskill Mountain Bacon.



All this for a total cost of only $42.50—delivery prepaid on all gifts, anywhere in continental United States or Canada.

In addition to the engraved Membership Certificate, personalized greeting card accompanies each gift throughout the year.

If you want this unique gift for favorite friends and important business contacts, mail coupon TODAY!

For your protection all Forst Catskill Mountain products bear the Department of Agriculture Seal.

"DELICACY OF THE SEASON CLUB" ORDER

☐ I am attaching herewith my Gift List and check for.................to cover ....memberships in your Delicacy of the Season Club, at $42.50 per membership. It is understood that each person on my list is to receive the four gifts described in your advertisement; also the engraved initiation Membership Certificate.

*Name*________________

*Address*________________

City ________ *Zone*____ *State*______

THE FORST'S CATSKILL MOUNTAIN SMOKEHOUSE
Route 89 Kingston, N. Y.

☐ I enclose Gift List and check for $__________. Please ship the Forst Catskill Mountain Smoked Turkey Products checked below, charges prepaid.

..........New Amsterdam Selections (12 half-pound cans) at $16.00 . $______

..........Hendrik Hudson Selections (6 half-pound cans) at $8.50 . $______

..........Whole Birds, weight ______ lbs. . . . . . . at $1.50 lb. . $______

(Approximate Date Required________________)

*Your name*________________

*Address*________________

*City*____________ *Zone*______ *State*________

NOTE: We attempt to fill your order as closely as possible, but turkeys may be slightly under or over the weight specified.

ALL-AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP
At its pre-war best
THREE FEATHERS
RESERVE

Class of '82

Class of '82, yes—but even the "old grads" admit *Three Feathers* is now smoother, lighter, richer than ever —the *finest-tasting Three Feathers in sixty-four years.* One sip will tell you it's the *class of '46!*

THREE FEATHERS
Reserve
First Among Fine Whiskies

Blended Whiskey 86 proof 70% neutral spirits distilled from grain or potatoes. Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York

A pale dry beer of exquisite charm
Maryland's ambassador of good cheer
NATIONAL PREMIUM
What there is, is very, very good
NATIONAL PREMIUM beer
In finer clubs, hotels, restaurants
THE NATIONAL BREWING CO., BALTIMORE 24, MARYLAND

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Amazing tricks, mystifying and spooky stage and party illusions. Easy to do—no skill—perfect instructions. Fool your friends. Loads of fun. Add "life" to any party. 320 pages. 600 illustrations. Mail 75 cents for catalog, credited on your first order for $5.00 or more.

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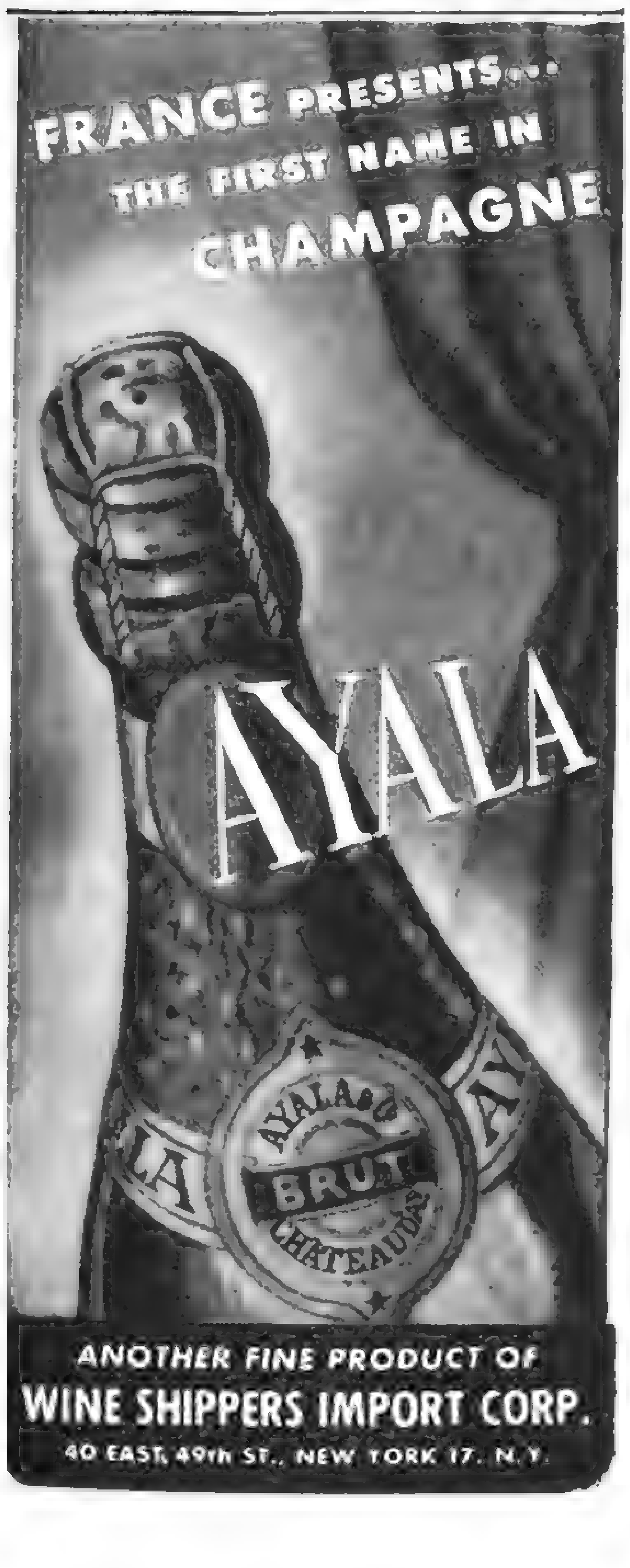
FRANCE PRESENTS... THE FIRST NAME IN CHAMPAGNE
AYALA
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CHATEAU D'AY
ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF
WINE SHIPPERS IMPORT CORP.
40 EAST 49TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Painting the Town with Esquire

SWELL BABES coo to the soothing syrup of Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, who are about to resume where they left off at the Hotel Roosevelt's Grill. In his 17 years on this stand, the eminent croonologist has never changed his formula nor lost a patient. In off intervals, the Melodys (Mr. and Mrs.) pianofy pleasantly. Headwaiter Victor dates from the hotel's foundations—some say he is part of them.

NOTABLY devourable are the vittles at the good-looking Crest Room (56 East 56th) where Jerry is your welcomer and trusty consultant on meal planning. This spot, by no means enormous, affords snuggness de luxe, plus a small dance floor for after dinner gliding to a smooth little orchestra, and later there are intime entertainers to round out the evening... North American continent's comicalest bonifaces: East, Eddie Davis of Leon & Eddie, 52nd St.; West, Bob Murphy of the House of Murphy, Los Angeles. Eddie urges patrons to ask "my partner Leon" for their money back, Murphy baldly advises his flock to go eat elsewhere, but both exhorters seem to be up against obstinacy.

A FAVORED spot for cocktail dancing is the Café Lounge of the Savoy-Plaza. Room is attractive and music conducive... Hotel Lexington accountants are awed at some of the statistics of the Hawaiian Room. Thus far this hunk of moonlit atmosphere has had more than 2,500,000 patrons, 1,745,952 of whom have toddled off with paper leis around their necks. Coconuts, used as drinking cups and in the preparation of exotic dishes, total 244,389 to date. The drifting clouds overhead have traveled 1,080 miles. Number of heart-splicings effected here has never been computed, but there's a popular saying: "Marriages are made in Hawaiian."

THEY'RE "Off to the Races" on skates at the Chuck Foster rhythmed Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker with nary a homely in the lot... Whoever contrives the ravioli at Nino & Nella's (4th and Charles Streets, Greenwich Village) is a *pasta* matter. And, ah, those broiled shrimps of the maison!... Chicken of the Southern Fry persuasion is a buy at The Ole South, new Broadway spot between 47th and 48th. Commendable chops and steaks also commandable. Décor by Franklin Hughes; dough by rose hothouse monarchs "Wid" Widney and "Zeke" Ruzicka... Dame Gloom has really suffered since Milton Berle started his mirth marathon at the Carnival. For that matter, even the lissome lovelies that strut the stage of this wine-and-dinery are not un-cheery... The Dionne quints can breathe easier. Turns out that Brooklyn's reputed sextuplets, the ½ dozen Gabels of the "House of Six Gabels" (international-chowed restaurant on Ave. J. at East 14th St.) are in reality 2 pair girlie tots (metropolitan area's yougest hostesses) and 1 pair parents.

CUTLERY runs into money at the Russian Kretchma (244 East 14th), when tall Cossack dagger dancer Mischa Uzdanoff (not to be confused with Beef Strogonoff unless you've had three vodkas) gives 'em the lip flip. How many times we've seen this Slavic stalwart do his stuff—rushing on like an arsenal in a tizzy, fancy-stepping around with teeth-clamped load of blades, etc. —we couldn't tell you, and most of the other customers are in the same boat. Articles One of the Constitution of the Ensnugged Shashlik Assaulters' Union states that spontaneity is the zest of Kretchma; Article Two, that previous visits are irrelevant. Host Peter Nemiroff, consulting his archives, reports that current season is Kretchma's 24th.

WINE LOVERS hereabouts are yelling "Robbers!" at California for snaring away Gaston Lauryssen, as sagacious a palateer as ever ran hotels and built up cellar fames on Fifth Avenue. This magnetic cosmopolite is now general-managing the Arrowhead Springs Hotel, which basks amid its bungalows, cabañas, swimming pool, etc., 2,000 ft. above the blue Pacific, outside San Bernardino.

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Painting the Town with Esquire

IN BETWEEN golden phrases, essayist Billy Rose has managed to think of his Diamond Horseshoe. Result is "Venus on the Half-Shell"—book and lyrics by Billy Rose, staged by John Murray Anderson, and costumed by Audré—wherein Greek mythology's Miss Pulchritude hits Atlantic City and then moves on to New York to be fixed up by the couturiers and hair-doers. Theoretically there is only one goddess involved, but the human eye says different.

NOWADAYS the smarter the hotel, the more business events it's the scene of. Big industries and leading corporations are out for the best in service, surroundings, and social tone when they hold their gatherings or stage special parties to launch new products. Illustrative of the trend is the keen demand for business event accommodations at the hyperelegant Hampshire House under the banner of Arnold S. Kirkeby of Chicago renown as operator of the Drake and the Blackstone. The Hampshire House is managed by his brother Edwin, and also the Gotham. The Sherry-Netherland and the Warwick, which has had a complete redoing of its lobby, are likewise in the Kirkeby fold. Though all four are opulent hostelries, we hear rumors of further lavishments in store.

IT'S SMOOTH selling for the Carl Brisson brand of romance at the fine-foddered Versailles, with the music of Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band fostering clinch . . . Monte Proser's blue-skied basement of palms (just say "Copa" to your taxi driver) has one Joe E. Lewis kicking the mike around.

CHICKEN Divan is drawing them to the Divan Parisien (17 East 45th St.), or could it be the drinks? . . . The Comely Casino-on-the-Park of the lofty-towered Essex House, 160 Central Park South, is decoying dance couples with the versatile music of Pancho. For trots-of-the-fox, this sophisticated maestro's tempos are society-American, but when he strikes up a rumba the Latin in him can't help cropping out in it . . . Back from the Pacific and out from under his shoulder bars, swell egg Joe King is patrolling his Third Avenue suds hall, packed with the same good gang. Six of the waiters are alumni of his bomber group; walls and bar are jammed with souvenirs from all the fighting fronts. Everything's under control.

IF BELMONT PARK had a bull ring instead of a racetrack, you'd be better prepared for the Casa Seville, two miles beyond, at Franklin Square. As it is, you step out of your car in the midst of Long Island suburbia and presto changeo you're in Southern Spain—grapes, palms, balconies, etc.—air-conditioned and equipped with a secreted stage which rolls out at the touch of a pushbutton at show time. Meanwhile a slick orchestra and a rumba crew are on the job, picked by an expert. Remember the dance team of Rosalean and Seville who were such favorites at the Persian Room and other plush places? Well, that Seville—first name Gene—is this Casa's creator and curator. He'd had the foresight to study to be an architect, so when terp success in the Americas and Europe handed him chips to build with, he knew what he wanted, from sliding ceiling (summer feature) to well-stocked wine cellar. Kitchen repertoire is made up of happy memories of a roving gullet.

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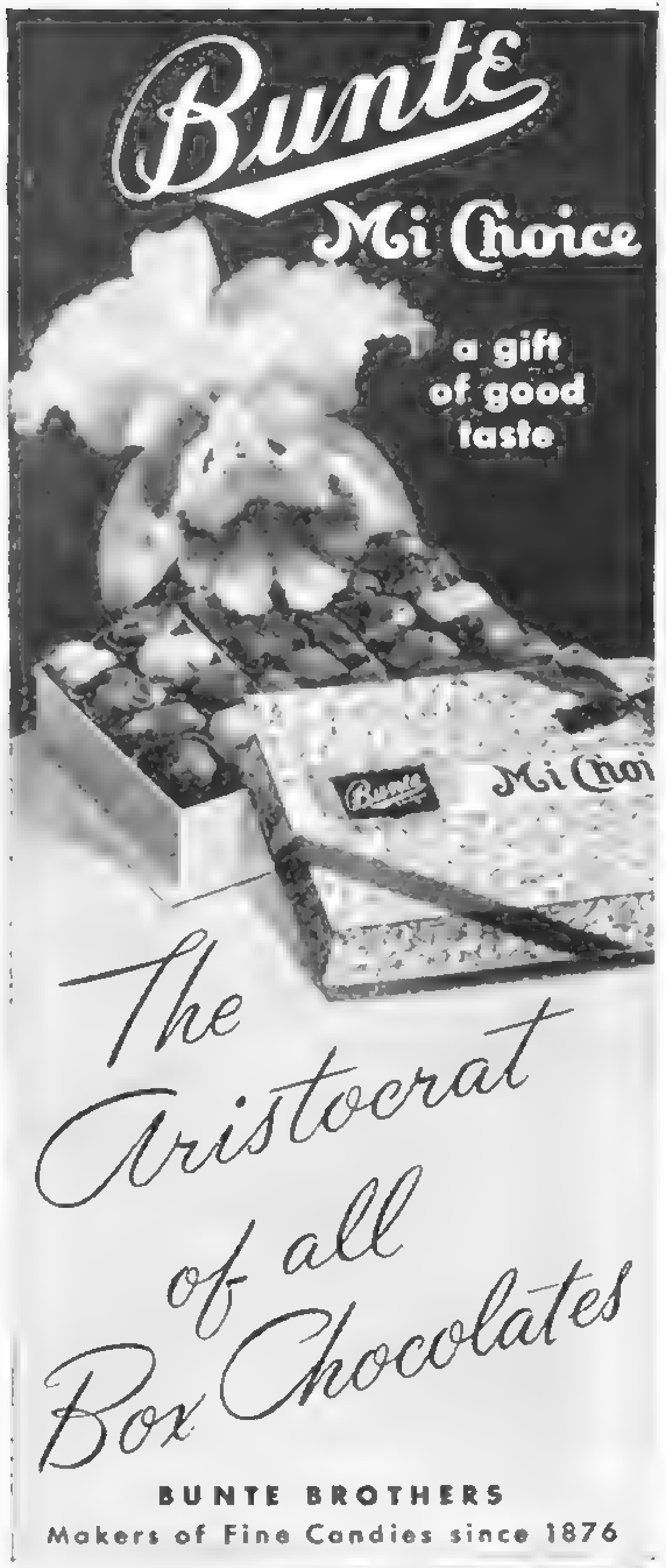

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high altitudes . . . against dust, moisture and mildew
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They come of a new material — a light-in-weight, hard alloy of aluminum. This new metal, in fact, is what makes possible the first travel cases that carry your belongings safe even against changes in the atmosphere itself.

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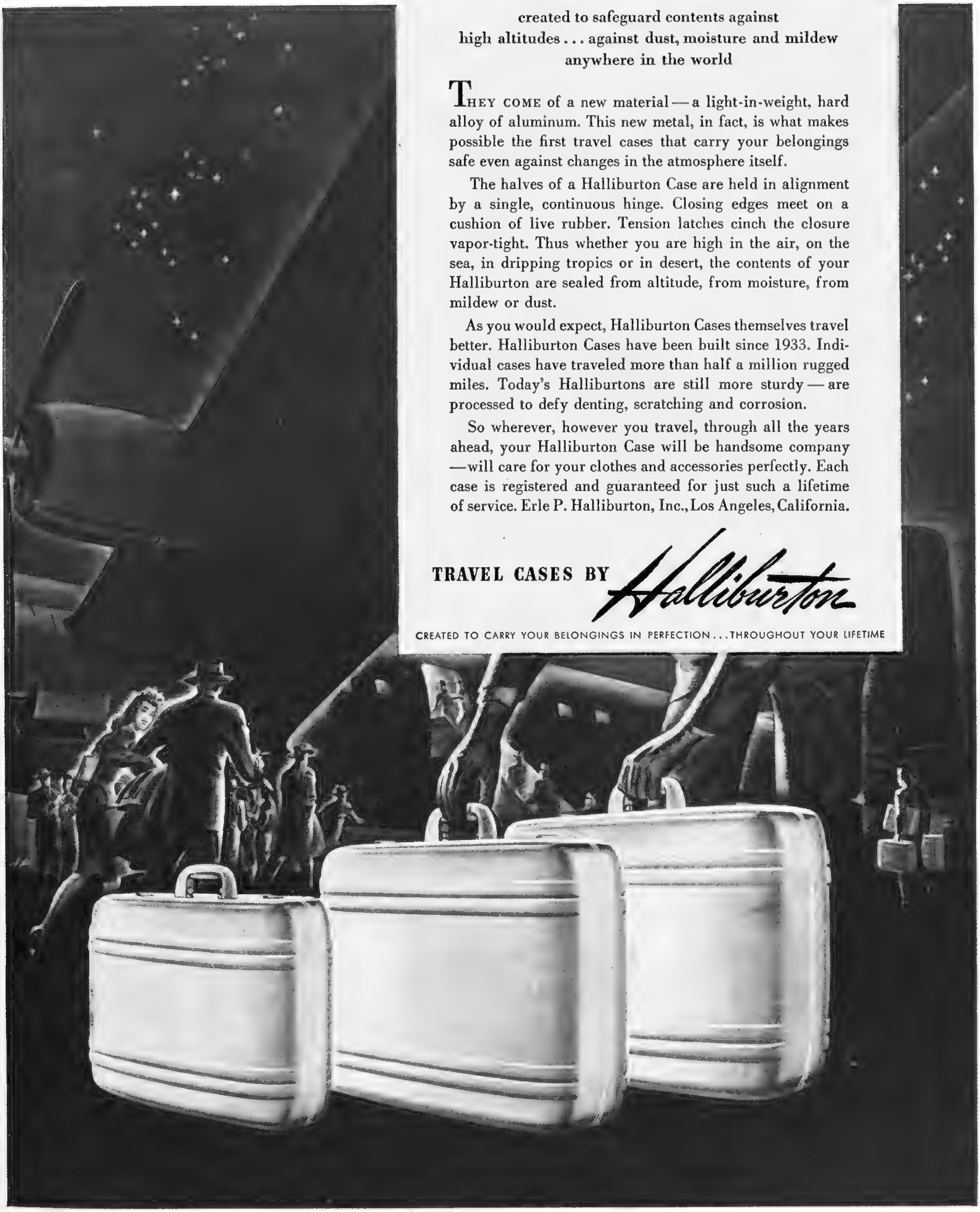
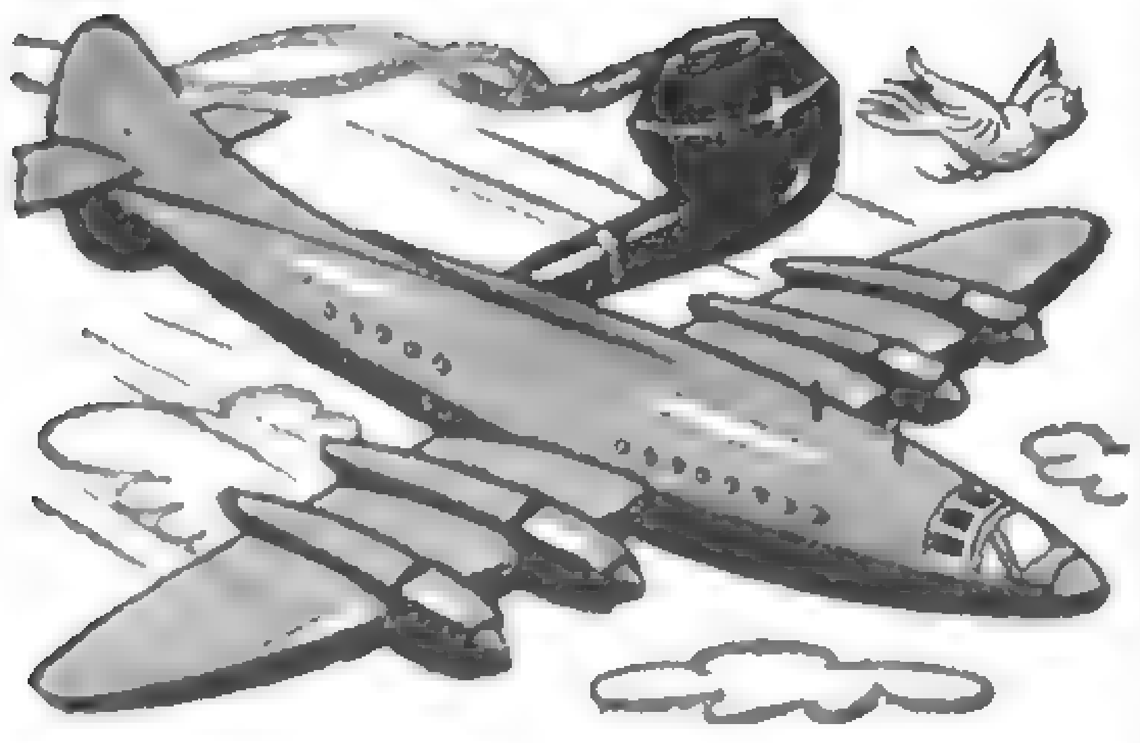


The luxuriously lined and appointed Two Suiter and Diplomat Brief Case for gentlemen, the Wardrobe Case for ladies . . . three of ten Halliburtons available at fine luggage and department stores



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Painting the Town with Esquire

WEDGERS into the Wedgewood Room of the Waldorf-Astoria are rewarded with the polished, persuasive rhythms of Emil Coleman to lend ankle to . . . Jigger-sized Max Kaminsky and his brazen toot utensil have joined the boys on the bandstand at Eddie Condon's (47 West 3rd St.) They—pianist Gene Schroeder, bassist Jack Lesberg, clarinetist Joe Dixon, trimbonist Freddy Ohms, drummer Dave Tough, and the Barefoot Boy — sound glad he blew in.

SLIGHT likelihood that George Washington would have slept at the George Washington Hotel (Lexington Ave. & 23rd St.) — not if he had a chance to join the sitters-up around the frisqué ditties of devastating Dorothy Ross in the "23" Room. (Wanters-in are marshalled in the corridor à la nylon line.) . . . Partying the return of tall, baritony maestro Vaughn Monroe (there's gold in that thar glottis), the Commodore Hotel has redone its Century Room, where the Vaughn Monroe boom was born. If you can't get a table, it's because walls aren't expandable.

NECK-CRANING has been outmoded at Zimmerman's Hungarian (163 West 46th) by a new raised dance floor. You can view the revue unobstructedly from every nook and crany in this vast dinery . . . Juicy steaks and jive have kept Hickory House (144 West 52nd) populated night and day since John Popkin tossed the first log 14 years ago. Broiled skill is precisioned to five gradations of doneness, from rare to well done. The performers' plateau amid the big oval bar has held Louis Prima, Raymond Scott, Benny Goodman, Hazel Scott, Buddy Rich, and the brothers Dorsey. Present occupants, young pianist-composer Vin Roddie alternating with the Gordon Trio, tip the heat scale at "very well done."

APPETITES and thirst acquired on the golf courses of Spring Lake, N. J., are in fabulous luck since George Suter, outstanding Swiss Hotelman of New York Ritz-Carlton and Savoy-Plaza fame, opened Beau-Rivage restaurant amazing. Sitting gracious in its oak grove, a mile west of Spring Lake railroad station, this super chalet-la—white, with wrought iron porches and striped Swiss shutters—has rooms and terraces to fit all seasons; comes crisp weather, lordly fireplaces blaze. Kitchen artists perform in full view, behind plate glass. No matter how rapture-rousing your filet mignon, pheasant, lobster or whatever, proves to be when delivered and dealt, no applause, please! Just send in your card and the flavor maestro will take a bow, gesturing to show that the honor of your approval is shared by his men.

IN KANSAS CITY, contentment comes over parched pleasuregoers when they poke straws into Casbah Coolers at El Casbah supper club of the Hotel Bellerive. This drink is a tall, frosted 14-ouncer cargoed with a combination of pure rye, Southern Comfort, passion fruit, with brandy floated on top, and garnishments including orange slice, lime slice, big red cherry (stem and all), and protruding sprig of mint. Kitchen stove is omitted—chef is too busy using it for those El Casbah viands.

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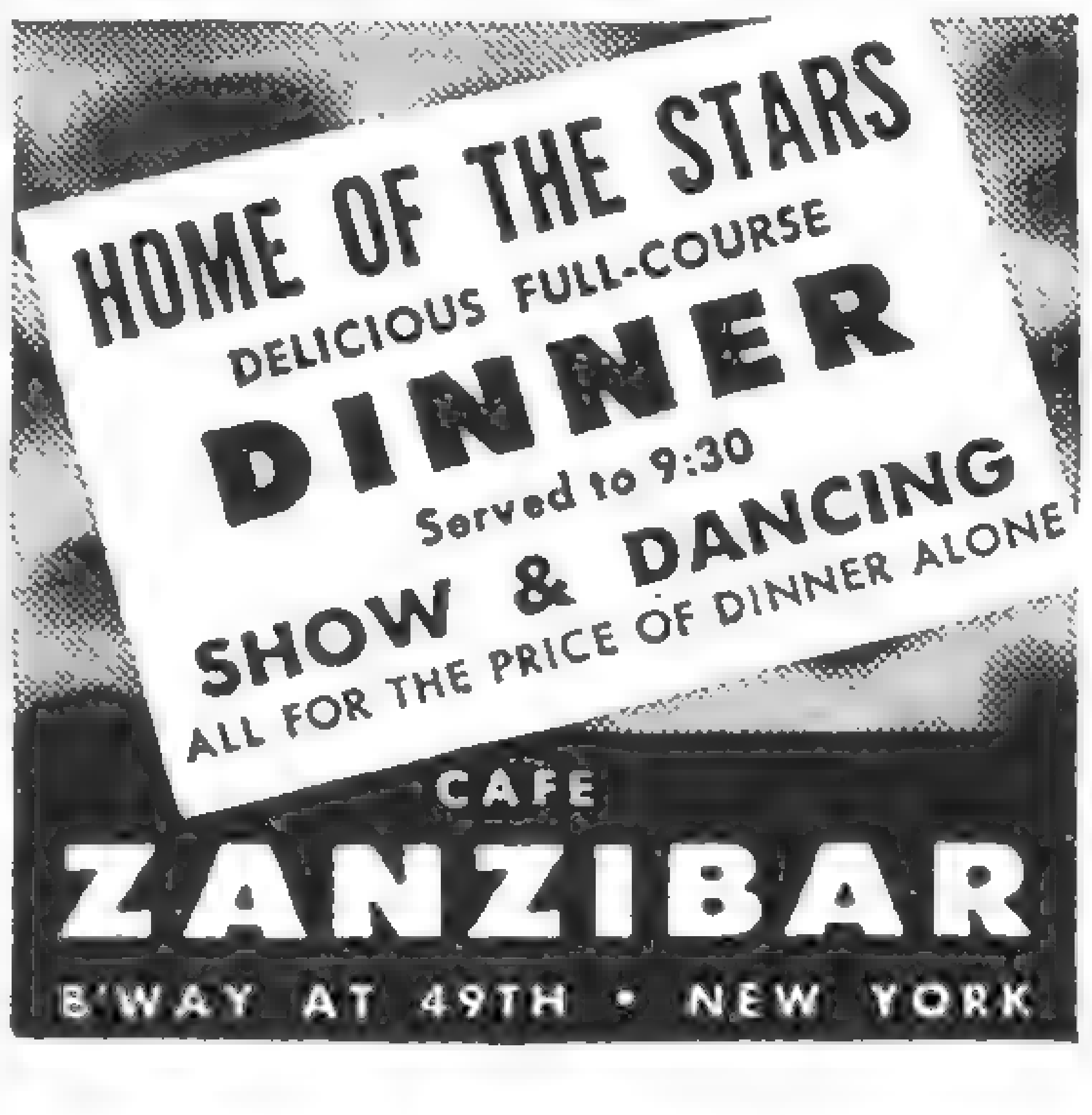

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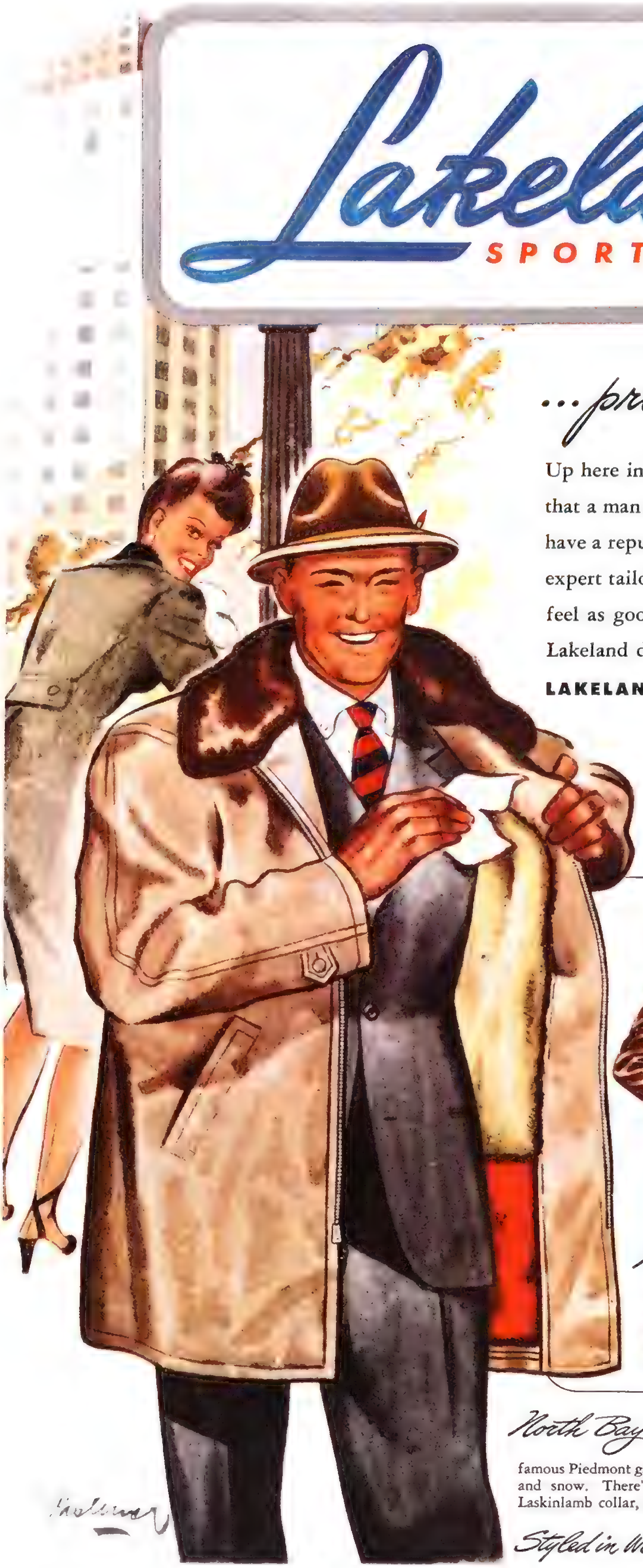

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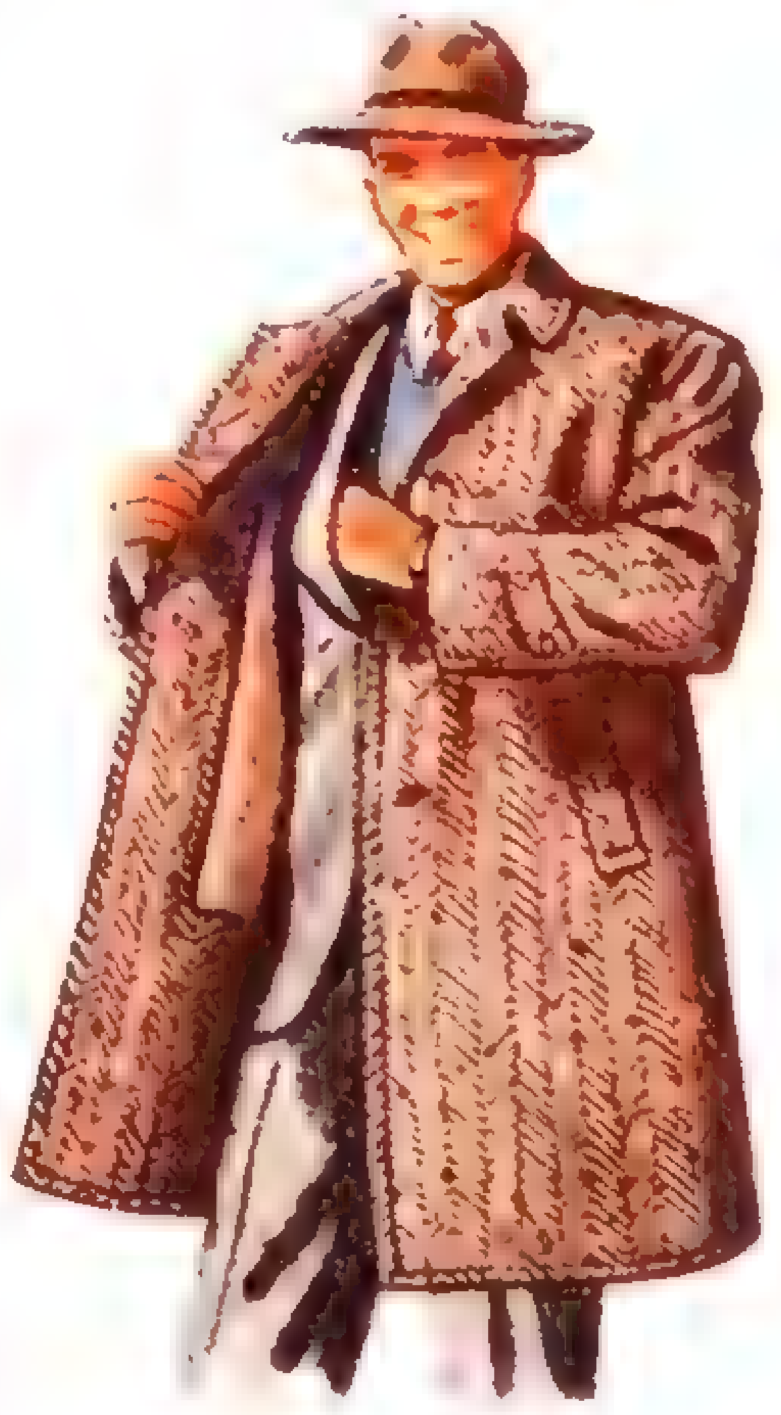

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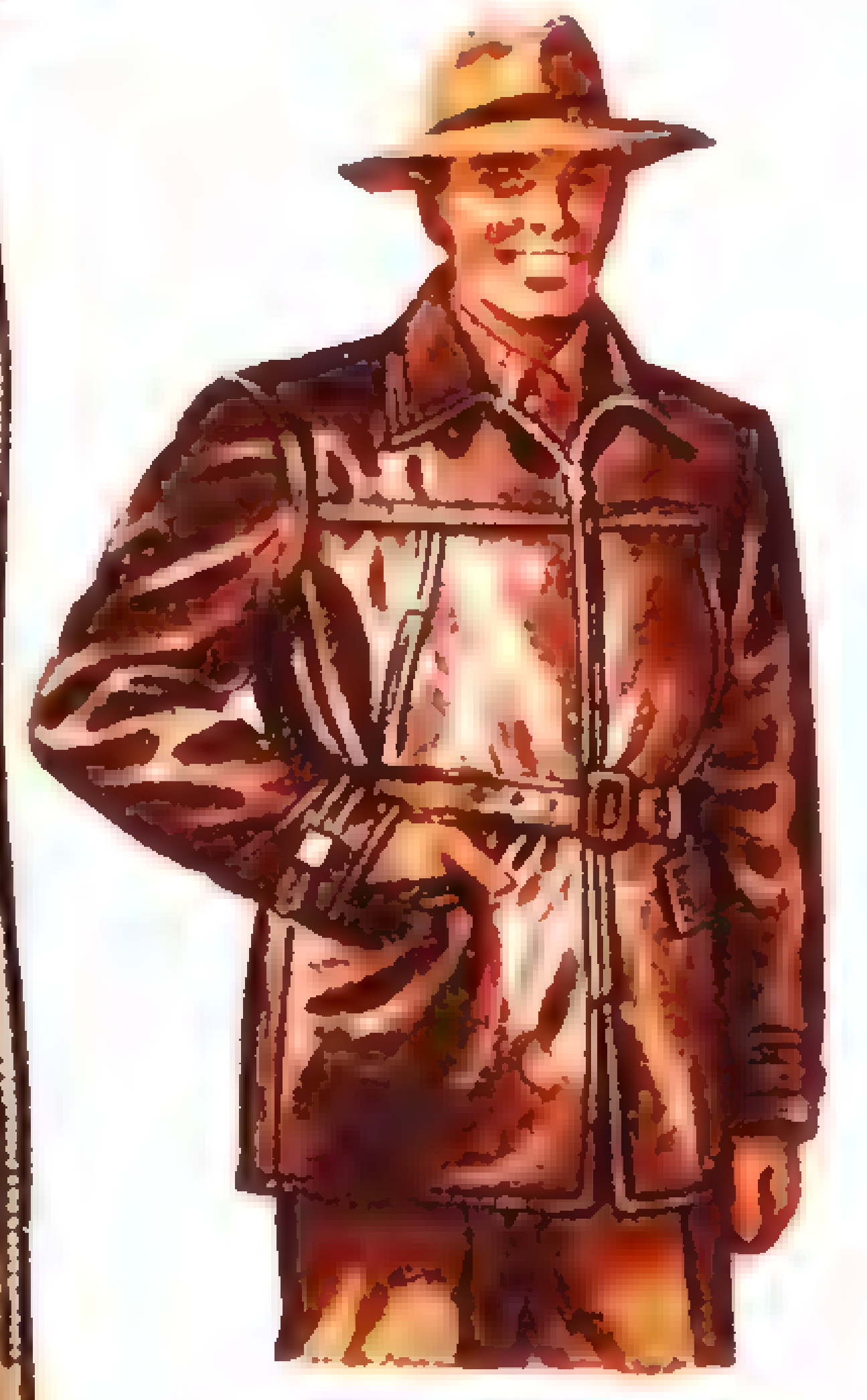

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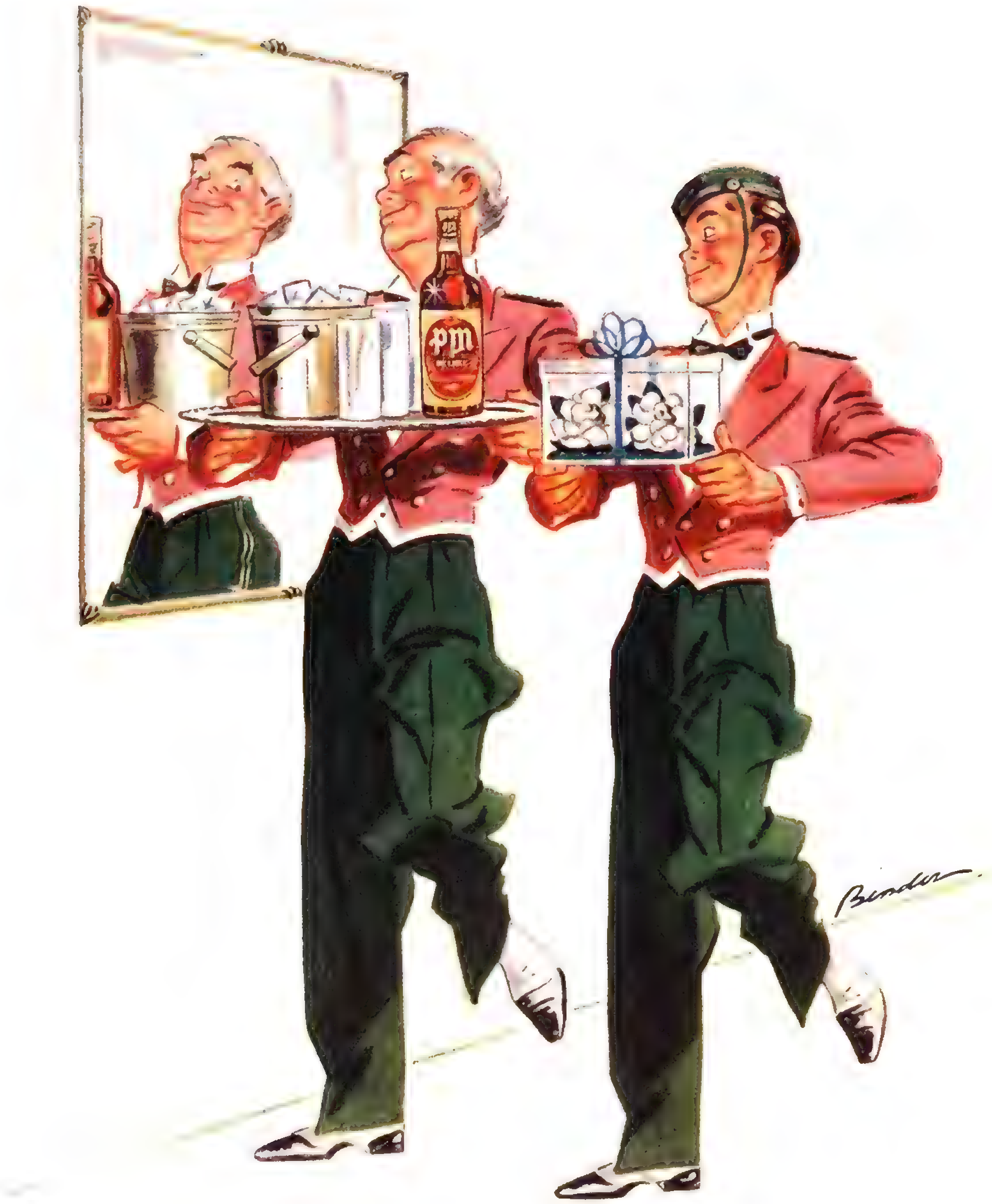

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Here's a quality so smooth it goes well with gardenias . . .
Here's fame so sure it's becoming to hosts . . .
Yea, here's whiskey so mellow
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to reflect a good fellow's good taste!

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

What in the World . . .

Esky reports on subjects timely and otherwise, including Wyoming's indecent mountains, a man who coaches osculators, another who talked to marmosets, and RKO's most lovely screamstress

Commercial for Comrades

Even knowing that millions must have heard Fred Allen recently when he broadcast his classic parody of a well-known commercial, we still think it well worth reprinting here:

Vodka-Cola hits the spot
Just the drink for the proletariat;
Twice as much for a ruble, too—
Vodka-Cola is the drink for you.
Ruble, ruble, ruble, ruble, etc.

Grand Tetons

We haven't asked them, but it might be that the men who run Western Air Lines are wishing they never took the route through Wyoming's Jackson Valley.

The point is that the Jackson Hole Country is the site of the famed mountains known as the Grand Tetons, and that is a very delicate point indeed. Vacationers keep asking what "Grand Tetons" means in English. Blushing flight crews know the answer, but they just don't know *how* to answer.

Embarrassed study of a variety of standard reference books gave Western Air scant comfort. Flight crews were finally ordered to say that the closest (or at least the most polite) translation seems to be "Sweater Girl Mountains."

As a matter of fact, there is considerable controversy in learned quarters over the true meaning of the mountains' name. Washington's Smithsonian Institution coyly translates Grand Tetons as an Indian word meaning "Dwellers-on-the-Prairie"—in direct conflict with the translations of the equally august United States Geographic Board and the National Parks Service who allege that the name of the mountains is of French origin and that it is frankly anatomical.

Western's pilots just fly high, and hope for a modest cloud bank.

Fight Talk

In *My Favorite Sport Stories* Bill Stern tells the following choice one about the late Fielding "Hurry-Up" Yost, the grand old man of the gridiron. As Bill tells it:

His mastery as a coach is practically a legend of the game. The record he established during twenty-five years of coaching at the University of Michigan will never be equaled. His teams there from 1901 to 1905 were the greatest and most destructive in gridiron history.

And during his twenty-five-year tenure, while such great stars as Willie Heston, Benny Friedman, Oosterbaan, Germany Schulz and many others passed through his hands, his teams won one hundred and sixty-nine games and lost but ten.

Besides being a genius as a coach, "Hurry-Up" Yost was a master at dressing-room oratory. His fiery words often inspired his players to perform heroic deeds. There are many tales about Yost's pep talks to his men, but none will ever compare with the famous half-time address he made one day. On this occasion, "Hurry-Up" pulled out all the stops in a fervent plea for victory. The players sat in the dressing room completely entranced. Yost reached the final grand climax of his oration.

"Go out that door," he screamed, "go out that door to victory!"

So carried away was he that Yost pointed to the wrong door. His obedient players, stirred by emotion and blinded by tears of rage, jumped up as their coach finished, and with an animal roar, stamped furiously through the door indicated—and into the swimming pool. Some of the players were almost drowned before they were fished out.

Life of the Gods

One of our friends who has seen many a game won with two down and the count three and two in the last half of the ninth informs us that Frank Merriwell, the stalwart sportsman-hero of boyhood fiction, was no mere clouting creation of Author Burt Standish's imagination.

Merriwell was patterned on one Louie Sockalexis, an Indian. Fifty years ago, Standish managed a baseball team in Knox County, Maine, and Louie was one of his players. The Indian, a strikingly handsome fellow, made one incredible play after another with the icy calm of Superman doing setting-up exercises. Standish was so taken by such brilliance that he began to write stories based on the redman's feats on the diamond.

When the managers of the Cleveland ball club discovered that Standish's hero was really doing that monumental ball-swatting outside the covers of a book, they immediately signed him up. His magnificent play clicked with the fans from the beginning. The team even called itself the Cleveland Indians in his honor, a name which didn't become public and official until a newspaper instituted a naming contest a couple of decades later.

Louie began to see his picture in the papers and Merriwell became his favorite character. But he followed a much-used formula Frank never would have given so much as a glance of his steely, forthright eyes. Lots of food, liquor—the works. From an almost perfect baseball machine that performed with coolness and daring, he became a clumsy, indifferent bobbler.

Only three years after he broke into the big leagues, Cleveland reluctantly had to let him go. He lingered on awhile, playing with various minor league clubs, but soon no club would have him. Louie Sockalexis had become a stumblebum. One day he dropped dead.

But Frank Merriwell still makes those glorious one-handed catches and woe to the pitcher who has the misfortune to face him with the bases loaded.

A Kiss Is Just a Kiss

Esky has already applied for the job as an assistant to Mr. Earl R. Graham, justly famed (in his own phrase) as "A great student of love, kisses, and married life."

Mr. Graham, a normal and chaste gentleman who is happily married and has three children, takes a purely scientific interest in his subject, which he studies when his more professional duties as a short-order cook in Didsbury, Alberta, Canada, permit.

The ingenious Mr. Graham has worked out twenty-three ways to kiss and he will part with his secrets by mail to any lovelorn or otherwise interested party who feels them worth a buck. So far over 4,000 untalented correspondents have queried him. He reports that he has a host of thank-you letters from well-pleased clients—probably dictated by the parties who have been kissed before—and after—the Graham method took hold. The system covers the

United States and Canada, Mexico, Scotland, Australia, and South Africa. No reflection on the love interest in these spots, of course, but a few lines to Didsbury may be worth more than the moon setting over a distant sea, m'lad.

Esky hates to tip his mitt on trade secrets, but some of the Graham specials have names any lover would respond to, gladly. A married lady in Toronto, for example, wasn't getting her full quota of husbandly kisses. Earl suggested "Graham's Original," to be alternated with "Dreamy" and a spot of "Improved Daily"—all choice samples of the great art. "Her married life became a honeymoon all over again," admits the master, with quiet pride.

Esky must confess that occasionally Mr. Graham (with his wife's permission) gives a personal demonstration, a bit of laboratory technique which sometimes results in a proposal, which he ignores.

Earl never ignores details, however. "Success depends upon the grip," says he, with scientific detachment. "It's the way she's held, or the way she holds him, that counts."

Lest we tread on sacred ground, Esky reveals no more. The names of Earl's patent kisses tell their own story: "Homecoming Kiss," "Fun Kiss," "Honey Dew," "Moonlight Kiss," "Hornet Kiss," "Graham's Original"... (should last as long as breath permits).

What else is there to say? Before he left Didsbury, Esky could only bow, respectfully and wistfully, to Mrs. Graham.

Ghreee! Keh! Wik!

It comes out now that dumb animals are not so dumb. In other words, when your Great Dane drops a few gutterals out of the side of his mouth to your neighbor's Peke, he is not merely air-brushing his molars, but is handing him a "Scram, jerk!" straight out of the S. P. C. A. dictionary.

Scientists Julian Huxley and Ludwig Koch have actually recorded a bit of animal talk. The panda, previously thought mute, when jealous emits a complicated whistle, gurgle, and whinny—as who doesn't. Lion cubs, it appears, are a bit more respectful in their yelping in front of the old man, home from his job at M-G-M, than when addressing Ma, to whom (if you can stand it) they probably whelp.

This all goes back to a French investigator, one Claude-Charles Pierquin, who squandered some of his most precious years round about 1844 doing what is usually termed a "definitive work" on the subject. This gentleman, otherwise in his right mind, succeeded in the useless but admirable quest to determine twelve words in the vocabulary of a marmoset. How he got them, we'll never know. We've never even shaken paws with a marmoset, much less discussed the Iron Curtain with one over a dry Martini.

But the twelve words M. Pierquin discovered do him no credit. We don't mind a few. "Ghreee" means "come." "Keh" means "I feel better." But we lost our respect for the Frenchman as we pictured him tugging, pinching, and bullying his furry little friend into squeaking "Ococo (I'm afraid);" "Wik" (help!) and "Iroo-whak-gno!" (Save me!). For the sake of Pierquin's memory, we hope that the conversation ended with a few Keh's.

Other students, such as Dr. Georg Schwidetzky, a contemporary, bandied words with the apes. In his book, *Do you speak Chimpanzee?*, the Doctor observes that lemurs on Madagascar upon rising say "Ur-ur" which is about what your Uncle Thorwald says at 6 a.m. in Madagascar or anywhere else. Doctor S. adds that the gibbon gives forth with "Hok hug hug hag kuag guaggak" when he means "Everything is fine." Dentists are used to hearing far worse.

We are worried about an orangutan called Priscilla, however, who reversed the process and learned to say "papa" and "cup." Just how Priscilla would make out at a beer party, we leave to your imagination. She might be wise to drag along a marmoset—he could yell "Wik" at the right moment if the boys got too rough.

Smörgåsbord

Enlivened by the thought of a groaning board Esky presents herewith a brief report on smörgåsbord.

The Swedes pronounce it smir-gus-boord. Literally translated, it means "butter table." A good butter table offers about sixty-five different items and it helps if you can call them by their home-town Swedish names. *Pytt i Panna*, for example, is pan hash; *Hackad Kalvocotlett*, veal cutlet. *Strommings Låda* is a smoked fish which is similar to smelt. One kind of potato cake has two names *Korvkaka* and *Kroppkakor*. No matter which one you happen to ask for, though, you get little potato cubes cooked in pork.

The hardest part of eating smörgåsbord is in deciding what to spear first with your fork when faced with sixty-five delectable items. There is one rule all good Swedes follow, and you might try it: Eat in three servings—first, herring and sea foods; second, tasty hot delicacies, cold and hot meats, and salads; and finally cheeses, fruits and other desserts.

The only trouble the Swedes ever had with smörgåsbord was one concerning (surprise!) German visitors. The Germans, complained the Swedes, would take one look at the table containing the sixty-five goodies and sit right down at the board itself for some heavy Teutonic trencher work. To stop this, the Swedes built the butter table up a bit, in fact just enough to make sitting right at it uncomfortable, no matter what your nationality. And that's exactly the altitude at which you'll find it today.

Tempelhof

Let's get this straight to begin with, that the Nazis were a bunch of bastards.

But Tempelhof, Berlin's dream airdrome and formerly pride and joy of the Luftwaffe, is still something to see. Its area of 1,333 acres isn't the whole story, since any B-29 base equals or exceeds that.

But any G.I. will admit that its twenty-four terminal buildings are unmatched anywhere on the globe for size and sheer grandiosity. Tempelhof's central hangar is seventy feet high, 170 feet wide, and three-quarters of a mile long; atop it there was to have been a sightseers' gallery, designed to seat 30,000 entranced Kraut spectators of the fabulous aerial traffic of Hitler's postwar, Nazi-happy Berlin. The other buildings are four to seven stories high and range out in all directions, like the arms of an octopus. They're made of buff stone, with swastikas worked into all the decorative bas-reliefs. The once-sleek lawn of the 1,000-foot entrance plaza is now very droopy drawers, a sorry expanse of sand, weeds and neglect. The Passenger Concourse, strictly a Grand Central Terminal proposition, has one wall which is seven stories high and is constructed entirely of panes of glass.

Fronting the great central hangar is a hard-surfaced apron 3,870 feet long and 900 feet wide. A hard perimeter track circles the immense landing area, which, but for track and apron, is made entirely of turf over sandy soil. The hangar roof was made into a sieve by Russian artillery, mortar fire, and small-arms fire during the Battle of Tempelhof, which raged for two violent days in April, 1945. The interior of all the buildings was, from the same cause, a fire-gutted shambles. The landing area had to be cleared of the Nazi planes that had crash-landed or had been destroyed.

However, no Allied bombs fell on Tempelhof, except a few overs and shorts of the 8th and 9th Air Forces. The field wasn't an Allied target because the Allies wanted to use it after V-E Day. Tempelhof, and the area around it, suffered little bomb damage in a Berlin that in general was bombed flatter than a pancake. Using only seventeen per cent of the space available in the Pentagon-like buildings, the field has, since V-E, been home to Transport Command, Troop Carrier Command, Aviation Engineers, Airways Communications, and Weather outfits. Even when the maximum number of G.I.s was stationed at Tempelhof, 2,500 of them, back in August, 1945, Col. Booth said: "We feel like a midget walking around in Primo Carnera's clothes!"

Tempelhof is doing all right for the U.S. Army. But everybody wishes the place weren't so huge. John Walter Wood, a noted engineer-architect, summed up Tempelhof pretty accurately in a recent critique of the world's airdromes: "Tempelhof was planned on too vast a scale to be practical"—which might stand as a description of, and epitaph for, the Nazis' entire program.

Natural

On his recent flying trip to Hollywood, Esky uncovered the pleasing news that Ginger Rogers does her own screaming. Normally, it seems, when a taxing screaming scene comes up, the star just makes with the jaw hinges and opens her flower-like mouth, while the yipes you hear emanate from a professional screamer who hasn't got anything like Ginger's looks.

Ginger is on record as saying she doesn't want to do a professional screamer out of a job—the fee for a good, ear-wrinkling yowl runs about $25—but the Rogers pipes recently produced five such hair-raising samples that old-timers on the RKO lot nominated her their favorite screamstress. It was nice to look down her pretty throat, says Esky, and know she'll make out okay if there's a fire. ⧺

Readers are encouraged, even requested, to send in ideas and reactions to the What in the World *editor, Esquire, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11. Contributors will be paid $5 and upwards for anecdotes and editorial musings accepted. Material must be accompanied by source of information. Sorry, but rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.*

REHBERGER

Because Paulo was a Yaqui, of the unconquered, he had to avenge the taking of his woman, Pilar

The Indian with the Knife

by ELI SEXTON

Paulo Gauti, the Yaqui, must have been about fifty; for he remembered the days of Porfirio, when the government at Mexico sent out expeditions to crush the free spirit of his people.

Now he was content to ride as a brakeman on freights between Nogales and Guaymas over the Southern Pacific of Mexico.

His parents were dead; his wife was dead; his children scattered or dead; the customs of his childhood vanished in the new civilization. Life in the mountains would be hard and dull now; whereas, as a brakeman, he rode contentedly on his run; and made good money; and supported a young woman in Nogales who wasted his substance wildly, and a thriftier and older one in Guaymas.

So it went for several years; when Paulo dropped his Nogales girl because he suspected she was not exclusive enough; but his older Guaymas woman, named like most women Maria but called Pilar, stuck to him and actually managed to save some of his money. Anyhow, he was older. One woman was enough.

An agreeable monotony might have ended only at death had it not been for the boxer Gómez, sent by the devil from Cuba to Guaymas.

Gómez liked to be called the Caribee Hurricane, though he was not accommodated in Guaymas on account of a sudden and easy defeat by a native stevedore. After the brief battle, while Gómez was shoving out of the disappointed and jeering crowd, this boxer lost his temper and did to an insulting spectator what he should have done to his opponent; and so, from the fury of an increasing mob, backed into a doorway and thence, under a shower of clods and stones, into the dim adobe interior—and there found the woman Pilar, who mercifully bolted the door upon the world until the clamor should die down.

Not even that brave rescue exhausted the compassion of Pilar, who was indeed a sterling woman, all-Indian and quite sure of herself. She bathed the cuts and bruises of the raging foreigner, and fed him. Incautiously, she gave him a cup of mescal. And he, to save his wounded feelings, being shut in with her and safe from outside interference, made himself master of the place, and, at nightfall and by force, of Pilar herself.

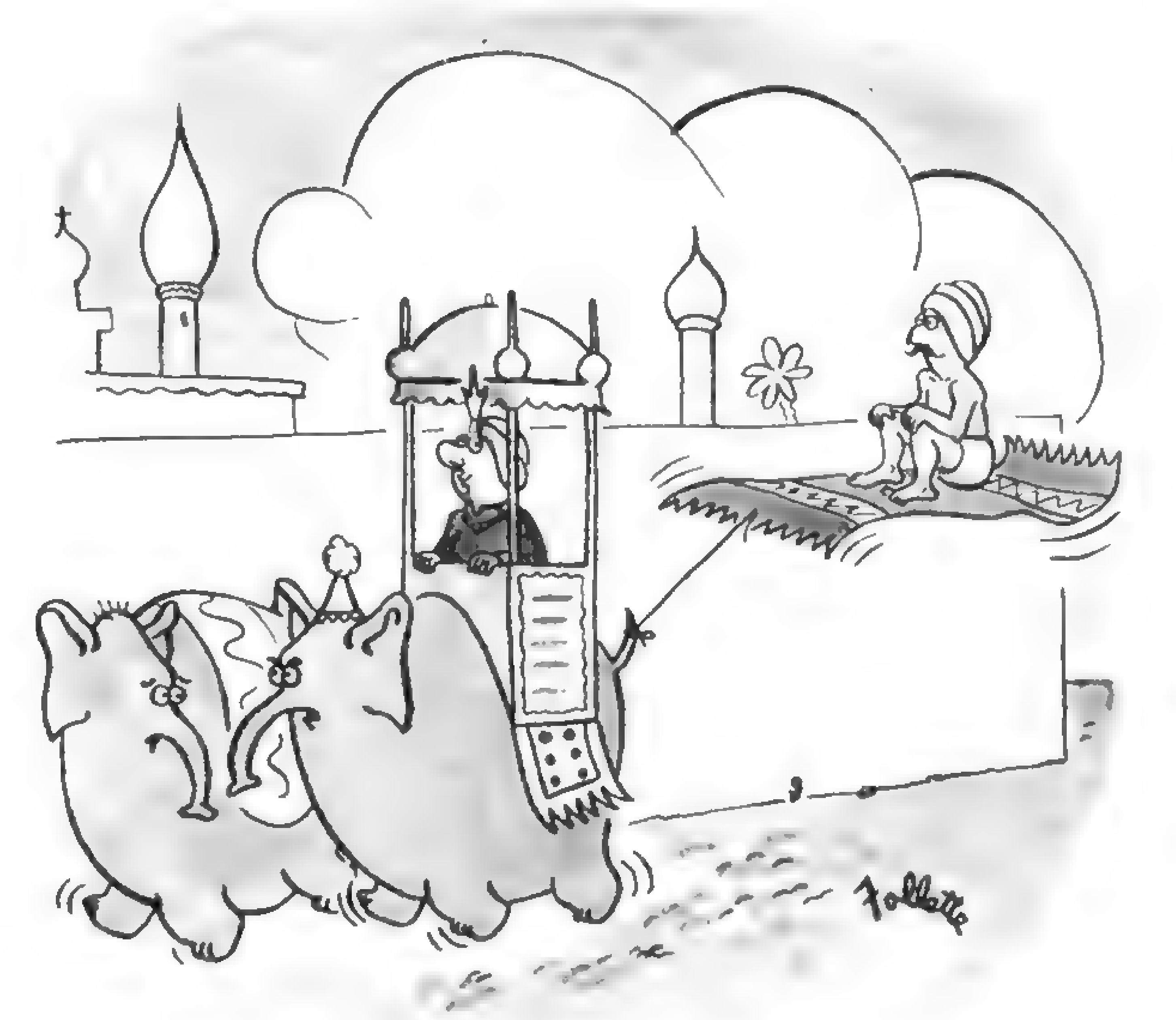
Only at daybreak, in the face of muttering neighbors, did he swagger out and to his hotel.

Then Pilar, recovering her womanly wisdom though a little late, hurried to the freight yards, there to meet her man and inform him, with tears, of what had occurred.

Beside him, she trudged home, up the sun-parched dusty street; while men, women and children regarded the two with grave forebodings as they disappeared into the dimness of the low, flat-roofed house. However, no sound issued from the place, despite the fierce gesture of Paulo; which was to draw his knife from its sheath in his deep pocket and grip Pilar by the neck, laying the edge gently across her throat.

"If you have played me false," said Paulo in a voice as gentle as everyday speech, "I shall see it in your eyes—and then—" Of course he addressed her in Yaqui, not in Spanish—which she spoke fluently, being herself a Guaymeña.

Without the least flinching or sign of fear, Pilar asserted in a quiet voice, "I was taken by force, evil pay for my kindness."



"He'll get in trouble yet, always picking up these darned hitchhikers"

Paulo conceded, "That is bad; but not as bad as the other," and he put away his knife with care. "Where shall I find this obscene object?"

"At the Gulf Hotel, he said that he stays. Go with God!"

Indeed, there was Gómez at a little round table, alone, drinking; while many spectators stood about at some distance, waiting—for one busybody had run up to warn that Pilar's *Indio terrible* was walking this way.

Very soon, Paulo was under the striped sidewalk awning and facing Gómez, stopping at a distance of several paces to take off his best hat, and bow, and say without a smile and yet with no outward sign of feeling, "Your Grace has done me a wrong, and I am here to make all right!"—this in Spanish, of course, and with perfect dignity, as a gentleman or the son of free mountaineers should speak to an enemy at the beginning.

The contrast was great between the two; for Paulo was, like most of his people, lean and fairly tall, with black straight hair and eyes so dark they appeared black; whereas the Cuban, though fairer-skinned than the Sonoran, possessed a broad and bulky build, with close-curled hair, brown eyes and a heavy face.

Instead of replying, Gómez reached a hand into the unbuttoned front of his shirt for a revolver which he had hidden there. Since the drawing of it would take a second or more, Paulo thereupon sprang with the quickness of a snake, his knife somehow in his left hand, the right hand spinning his heavy felt hat straight at the face of his enemy, who must duck it to save being momentarily blinded. As this left insufficient time for aiming and shooting, Gómez could only strike hard with his left fist—which proved his salvation.

Down went Paulo across the nearest chair, then upon the pavement among chair legs and tables; his knife fallen, his hands clutching his belly, his breath coming in gasps, his eyes wild. And helpless as the offended husband now lay—for husband he was, according to the easy customs of that region—he would have been shot in cold blood had not the aproned clerk thrown a chair, and then others thrown chairs also, and tables, at the cursing foreigner who retreated into the wine room doorway, and through it into the rear passage—and thence, away down a back street, zigzagging among many treeless streets in the direction of the edge of the city. Streaming sweat, Gómez trotted on beneath the blazing sun; out of the city, along the rough road beside the railroad track, eastward. A train came puffing after him, slowly up the grade to the mountains; and upon that he swung wearily; and so escaped Guaymas, and Sonora, and Mexico itself, back to Cuba—where he had no words but hard ones for the land of his recent misfortunes.

But Paulo, recovering by the aid of much wine forced upon him in admiration and sympathy, only demanded of the hotel proprietor, "Where did that vile object go?"

A clamor of voices assured him that the foreigner had fled—presumably far, since he had not paid his bill, nor reclaimed his baggage. The proprietor, more helpfully stooped to assure the suffering Indian, "I shall search his baggage for an address—or would Your Grace buy

(*Continued on page 185*)

These two women—one his wife, the other his *amie*—were too much even for a Frenchman

New York Is Full of Girls

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

There was a heavy turnover among the musicians on the *Ile de France*, which was the flagship of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique when I worked aboard as violinist in the early Thirties. Some members of the orchestra got drunk and pestered middle-aged American ladies in the corridors. Others stayed sober and were found in the staterooms of young ones. We had at least one new man on every outbound voyage among the nine of us who played in the first-class and the four who made up the tourist-class orchestra.

For a ship's musician the *Ile de France* was a plum assignment. The pay was the same as on the other French Line boats—one thousand francs per month, about the equivalent of forty dollars—but the *quête*, the customary collection at the end of every trip, which was evenly divided among all musicians, often surpassed our combined salaries. No wonder that in order to get the coveted job people fell back on graft and shady politics.

I remember a rather bad second violinist who stayed on for months because he happened to be a nephew of the chief engineer and played chess with his uncle. One trumpeter went sour on his high notes, but had to be nursed along. His wife was a distant relative of a board member of the French Line. And Alain, the *batterie* player, later admitted that he got his job by bribing a *sous-directeur* in the steamship company's personnel department.

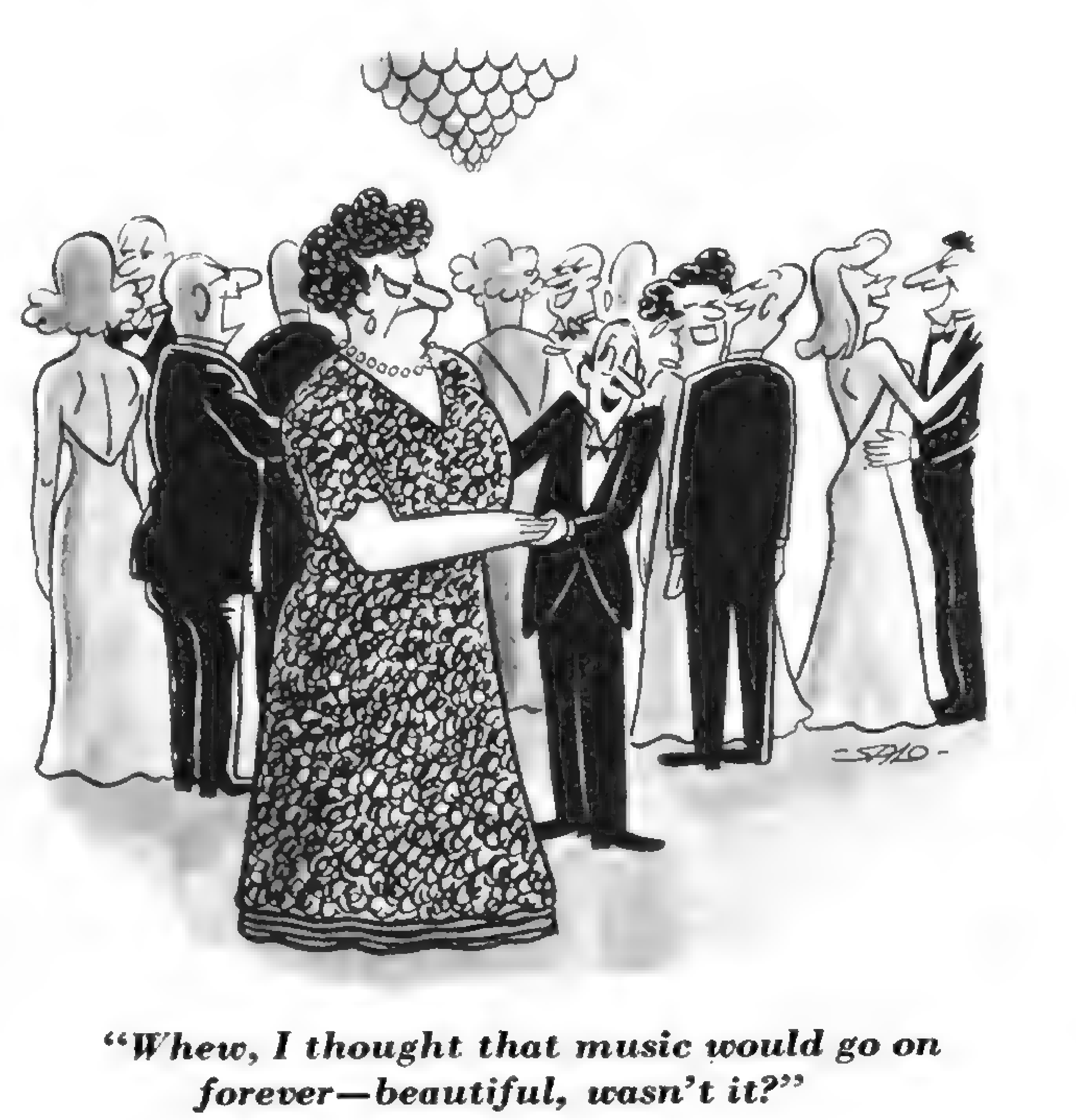
Alain was hired as a clarinetist and tenor saxo. By the time we found out that he played neither the clarinet nor the tenor saxo, the *Ile de France* was halfway through the Channel. Alain played the *batterie*, drums, cymbals, tambours, bells, castanets, all percussion instruments. He was a slim, disjointed fellow with friendly eyes and a shy, good-natured smile, the sort of man you would trust with your wallet, fountain pen or fiancée.

He had a weakness for all kinds of apéritifs, also kirsch, beer, brandy, gin, rum, Benedictine, wine, Scotch, champagne. He couldn't hold any of them. After three drinks he became talkative and started to tell us about his wife and his *amie*. He had a wife in New York and *une amie* in Paris. Things became complicated because his wife wanted to visit Paris, and his *amie* had a cousin in New York and wanted to go there. Alain had a hard time persuading the two ladies to stay where they were.

"I explained to my wife that Paris is no place for a lady," he said. "I told her that the men there either drink or play music, so she gave up the idea of making the trip."

We gathered that Alain's wife severely disapproved of both alcohol and music. She didn't like Alain's playing the *batterie* aboard ship and wanted him to stay in New York and get a more dignified job with her father, who was in the fur business. "I finally appeased her by explaining that we musicians aboard are not allowed to buy alcohol," he said.

I asked him whether he was in love with his wife. He looked at me in astonishment and said, "What a question, *mon petit* Joseph! One can see you are not a Frenchman. Of course I am in love with her. Is there anything more exciting for two people in love than to depart and meet again?"



"Whew, I thought that music would go on forever—beautiful, wasn't it?"

Alain always kept a couple of bottles in the drawer under his bed. He bought his liquor aboard by the half-dozen bottles because we had a fifty per cent reduction on the wholesale price. He kept lying on his back, reached down with his left hand, opened the drawer, seized the bottle, took a long swallow and put the bottle back. "My wife works for a group which wants to bring back prohibition. She's the treasurer. Makes me feel deeply ashamed," he said, and extended his hand for another drink.

On the day before the *Ile de France* docked in New York, Alain would stop drinking and start to wash his mouth with milk. Someone had once told him that one can smell alcohol on a man's breath for twelve hours. "I make it twenty-four hours," Alain said to me. "So would you, if you knew my wife."

I understood what he meant when the ship docked in New York and his wife came to pick him up. She was slim and slender and had very pretty legs. In fact, she would have been quite attractive if she hadn't tried so desperately to look cold and smart. She had a husky alto-saxo voice and spoke in brief, staccato sentences.

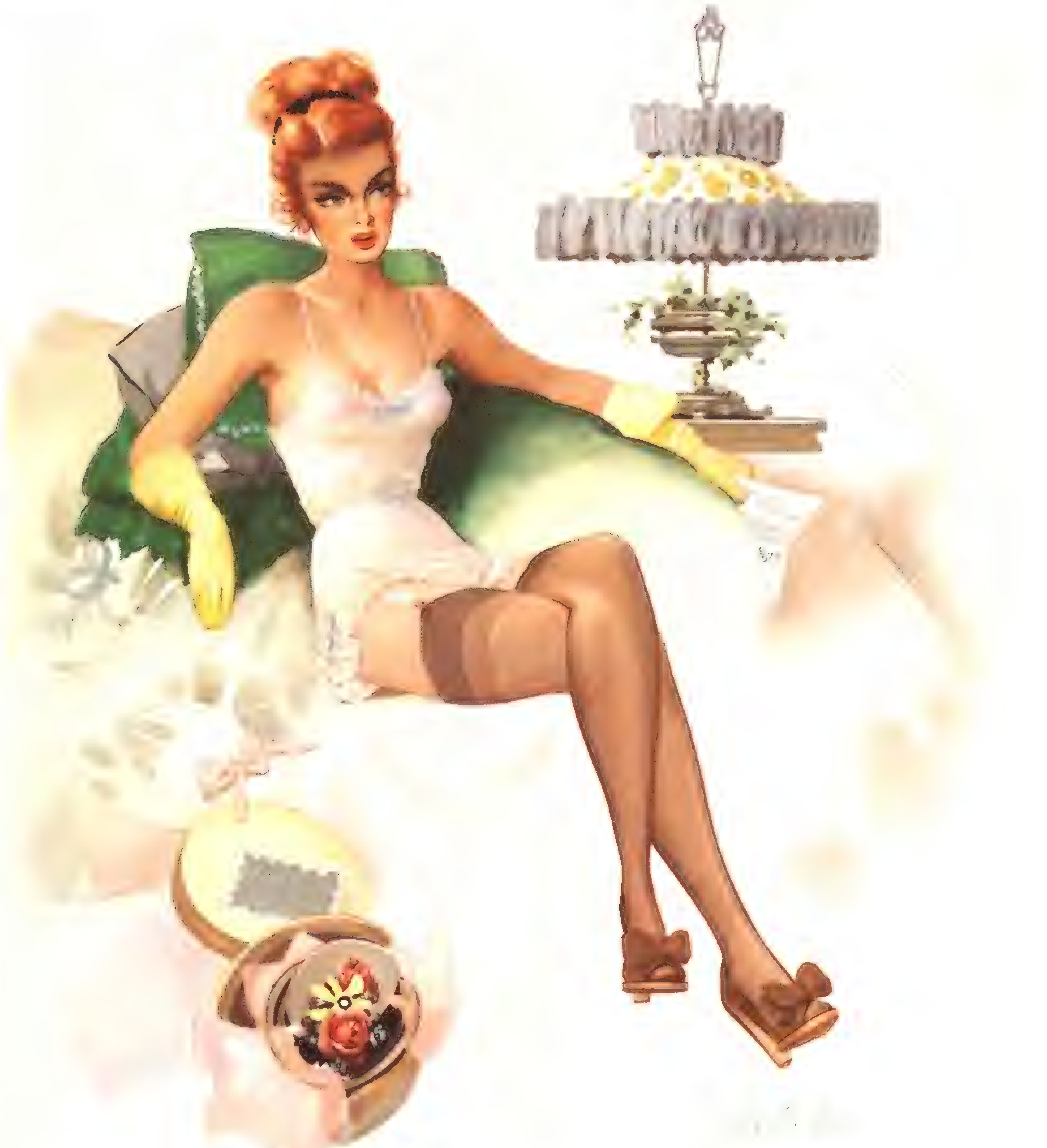
"Amelia never uttered a sentence that contains over ten words," Alain said. His wife didn't think this was funny. Nothing seemed funny to her. She probably thought that smiling was bad for a woman's complexion because she never did smile. She inspected his stateroom with the icy pitilessness of an eager second lieutenant who is out to restrict his men for the week end, but Alain had washed away every trace of alcohol.

Things were slightly different when the *Ile de France* left New York, eastbound. Usually, we would sail at midnight. As soon as the tugboats began to tow the ship away from the pier and Alain had waved the last good-bye to his wife down there, he went to his room and strengthened himself with four or five drinks. From then on he was never quite sober again. Like many musicians I've known, he performed best when he was pleasantly intoxicated.

We docked in Cherbourg where a vivacious redhead would come aboard. She knew everybody aboard ship and everybody knew her. She wore high heels and had electrifying hips. She always looked like she was in a bathing suit, no matter how many clothes she had on. Vivienne tenderly kissed Alain and kissed the rest of us, though not quite so tenderly, and said to Alain, "Couldn't you wait to get drunk until I came?" She poured herself a drink. She would turn on the portable gramophone in Alain's stateroom, and a moment later she would be in the arms of Emile, our pianist, who was an excellent dancer. "*Chéri*, I'm going with you to New York," she said to Alain once. "My cousin invited me again. She said I can get a good job in New York. They like French *chanteuses* there. Paris, *j'en ai mare.*"

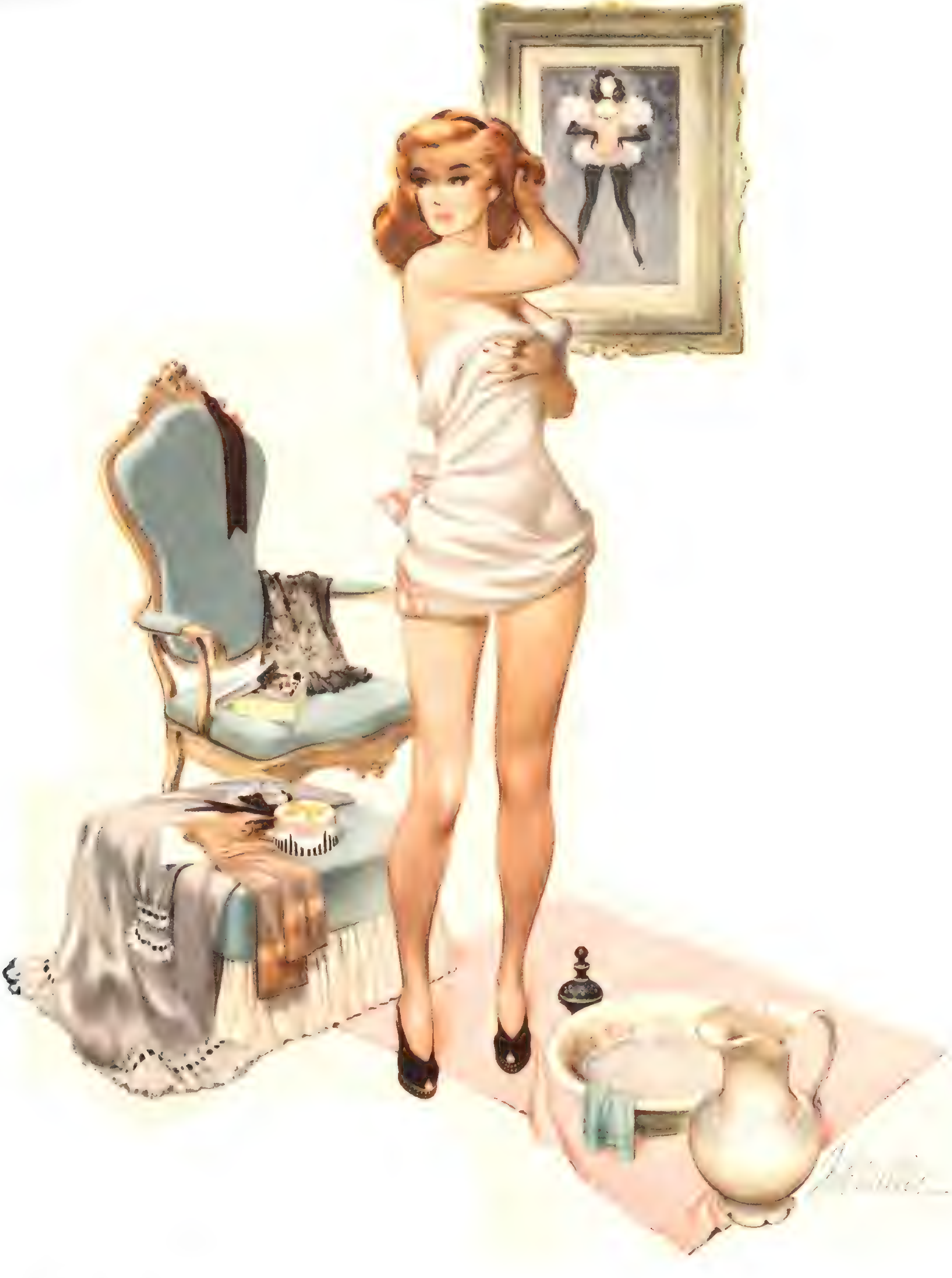
"Don't be silly," Alain said. "You've got a good job in Paris. What would you be doing in New York all day long? The days are very long in New York. People get up much earlier than in Paris. It gets boring."

Vivienne shrugged and continued to dance again with Emile. Alain watched her, a tender expression in his eyes. "She's a good kid," he (*Continued on page 197*)



Petulance by JOE DE MERS

Some women are born to disturb, distract, and—perhaps—destroy, in proof of which observation Joe DeMers offers the present devastating female. Angelic in form, her face is the undisguised secret to the pleasure-hungry acquisitiveness of her nature. Men have thrown away all their sacred reserve because of such a woman; yet empires might be built to keep her happy. Her pique of today, born of disappointment in a newly-purchased hat, may well be turned against some unfortunate male tomorrow. For she is a kitten with claws whose unreluctant victims—whatever their fate—are forever grateful for it.



Preparation by FRITZ WILLIS

This lovely Esquire Girl making ready has about her an aura as compelling and heady as that of a lovely woman already preened to the ear lobes. A short while hence, and the legs will be nestled in nylons, and the body draped in something craftily molded to fit and to flatter. Latched comfortably to the arm of an escort, she will elicit the soft, polite wolf whistles men use in proper society. But, the artist asks, how choose between the muffled whistle and the uninhibited growl? How, in short, improve on the instinctive flattery of the bath towel? However cunning the hand of man, the lily gilded pales before the lily *au naturelle.*

An ex-All-American and present-day pro star reviews his fifteen years on the gridiron and finds them not so sweet

What Price Football?

by ED FRUTIG

In a college English class, I once used the word "nimbus," which I had come by honestly when I opened a book in an unguarded moment. The professor was startled. His eyebrows shot up. "Would you mind repeating that, Mr. Frutig?" he asked, leaning forward like a district attorney about to prove perjury against a witness. I quickly stepped back into character and substituted a less incriminating word—"cloud," I believe it was.

The reason I was suspect was that I had a certain campus identification as a football player. And the professor, like a great many others, regarded a football player as a physically talented nitwit. It isn't true, of course. College football players can read and write and most of them talk intelligibly. But now, as a player for pay, with fifteen autumns of bashing heads behind me, I find myself thinking often about the old prof. Was he an ogre or a prophet? Has it been worth-while to spend from four to six months a year knocking myself out in competition with other sportive giants in high-school, college and professional football?

My answer to the latter question is an unqualified "No!" Yet I haven't quit. I've signed to play another season, this time with the Los Angeles Dons of the new All-American Football league. Why? Well, there are two reasons. First, because in college I concentrated on football and I'm ill prepared to do anything else to keep my family in feed (paging the professor!). Second, and most important, this new league gives every evidence of furnishing me with the opportunity to find a spot for myself in the business world.

Although that promise prompted my signing, I'm still resolved that Junior, should my family someday be blessed by his likeness, will be thoroughly indoctrinated against playing football after he leaves high school.

Before explaining the evolution of my convictions about football, permit me to offer a few credentials. I played four years in high school in Detroit and three years at the University of Michigan. In 1940, I was selected on several All-American teams, with watches as yet unpawned and miniature gold footballs to prove it. I took part in two All-Star games—the East vs. West game in San Francisco on New Year's Day, 1941, and the Chicago All-Star game the following August. Then, before the war claimed me as a Naval pilot, I played professionally with the Green Bay Packers. Last year I was with the Detroit Lions. During all this time I was associated with players from colleges all over the country, and for the record I want to say they're a great bunch of boys, with but a rare exception. I haven't met more than a handful whom I wouldn't want to marry my sister . . . if I had a sister.

Many of these boys share my opinion that football ceases to be a sport after high school. High-school football I recommend—provided the boy has just enough ability to enjoy playing and little enough to escape the eyes of big-league coaching staffs, made up of well-meaning alumni and opportunistic coaches. But if there's a possibility that the boy might develop into college material, I'd hustle him out of the pads and into a baseball uniform or golfing togs or else I'd doll him out in a zoot suit and introduce him to the boys in the pool hall. For nowhere else will he encounter the hypocrisy and the assault upon his sense of values that he'll find in college football.

Frank BEAVEN

"You're building yourself up? For what?"

I defy a player to go through a big-time college today and play the game strictly for fun as an extracurricular activity. It can't be done. The game is too large. It's dressed up to make money. There's too much emphasis on winning, for the coach to permit it to remain simply a sport.

The University of Chicago tried to keep the game in its proper perspective in a league boasting huge stadia and high-geared productions. Badly beaten by less scrupulous competition, Chicago's officials decided to hew an honest path and drop out of intercollegiate competition rather than play the game by subsidizing players. They recognized that college football as it is played today is incompatible with the major job of a university—teaching.

Colleges themselves generally avoid the finger of suspicion in subsidizing athletes. For the most part the gratuities to an athlete come from an enthusiastic alumnus who "adopts" the high-school star as "my boy." By sponsoring his boy's tour through college, the alumnus proves his devotion to Alma Mater. Only rarely does a coach or university official implicate himself in paying cash on the line, and then only when a player becomes restless and threatens to enroll elsewhere for his "education."

The methods of paying off the player vary, from the "bet-you-can't-jump-over-that-suitcase" routine to such a practice as related to me by a big, rough, good-natured tackle from the South. He said, "Man, Ah chased home 'bout every month so's Ah'd be sent for and given a little extra bonus money to come back to school. Yo' all have to get it while yo' can. They don't care 'bout you after yo' finished playin' ball for 'em."

There was a player who received $25 a week for running a grain elevator near the campus. The elevator, of course, didn't work. A good many players get theirs by watching to see that no one steals the athletic stadium. A star halfback from the South told me how ardent alumni entered the locker room before games waving $100 bills, promising one to every man who scored a touchdown in the game.

It will be noted that however the money's paid, it's always sub rosa. And the athlete is led to expect it . . . and to forget why most people go to colleges.

There is another form of underhanded compensation which is more deplorable. A friend with whom I lived while playing in Green Bay told me of a coach who approached him when he graduated from high school with a generous offer of board, room, tuition and spending money if he would play football at Whoozis College.

"I told him I was interested in getting an electrical engineering degree, not in playing football," my friend said. The coach replied, "You come and play ball for me and I'll get you a degree in anything you want."

The promise of a degree in exchange for football talents is a cynical subversion of a college's purpose and fortunately it isn't widely practiced and never will be.

There are a few boys who play the game sheerly for fun. I remember one little fellow who determinedly went out for football five months

(Continued on page 256)

Author of *Latins Are Lousy Lovers* describes her shipshape marriage with a merchant seaman

Sailors Make Wonderful Husbands

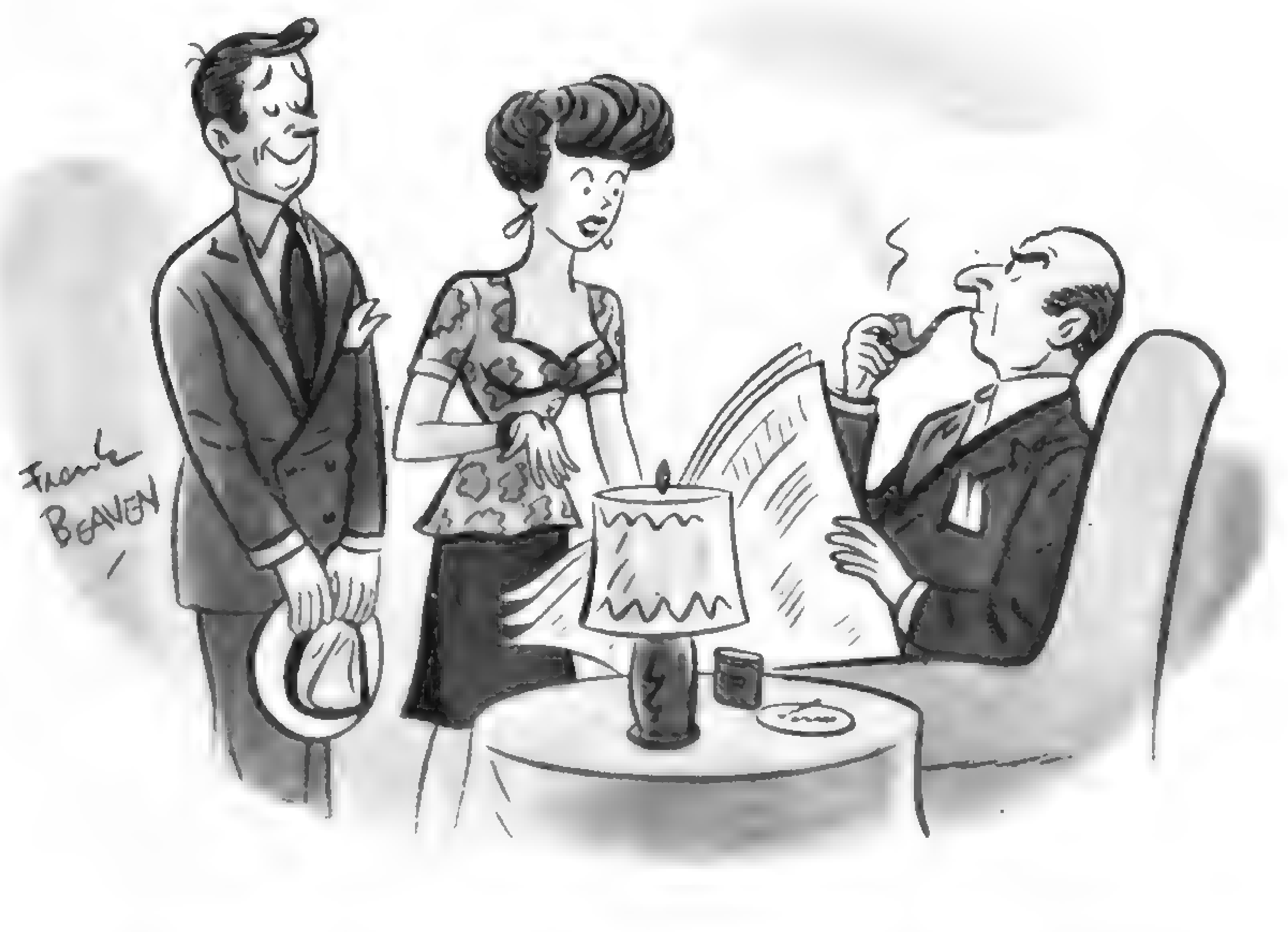
by HELEN LAWRENSON

Latins Are Lousy Lovers
BARER

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the October '36 Esquire, Helen Lawrenson fired the shot which shattered the Latin-American world when she wrote an anonymous article, cryptically entitled: *Latins Are Lousy Lovers.* Candid Miss Lawrenson stated that she based her precept not only upon her own "field work" in Cuba, but also on the rueful reports of many a thwarted sister returned from Mexico, Spain, Puerto Rico, Central and South America. Thereupon she cited case histories to prove that the vaunted prowess of Latins in amorous dalliance was a hoax. While she conceded that our neighbors to the South "talked a great game," she alleged that they lacked the technique and the stamina to score against any North American team in their over-publicized indoor sport. The rest, as the saying goes, is history. The article added a new aphorism to the English language, and revealed one amazing fact about the Latins. They cannot take a joke.

Smarting from this verbal thrust at their most vulnerable point, thousands of Latin readers in both hemispheres deluged the editorial offices of Esquire with letters, telephone calls, telegrams and cablegrams. Some of them challenged Miss Anonymous to name the time and the place. Others proclaimed that the author was certainly a man, and dared him to come out and fight like one. Still others advanced the strangely snobbish argument that our writer had certainly not met the Latin men of the upper classes. But they all agreed in soberly deploring this "gratuitous insult to the Latin race." Esquire's editors were sharply chided for sabotaging our president's Good Neighbor Policy. Furthermore, several United States consuls in Central and South America had to interrupt their morning *cafe con leche caliente* to receive delegations of inflamed citizenry and to state that they, the consuls, did not share the opinion of the author and that our State Department in Washington had nothing but admiration for our Latin American cousins in every field of endeavor.

The storm rose to its highest peak in Cuba where an avenging police force arrested eight Havana newsdealers and clapped them into jail "pending an investigation." Just what form this punitive investigation finally took and whether the innocent newsdealers were ever released or whether they still languish in prison, we cannot say. But we are happy to announce that Helen Lawrenson, writing in a mellower mood, has contributed her own sequel to her still memorable story of ten years ago. The title of this autobiographical piece is self-explanatory. And here it is:



"Ronald and the personal loan companies can support me in the style to which I'm accustomed, daddy"

WOMEN are always complaining about their husbands, and whenever two or more of them are gathered together, the shortcomings of their various mates provide what is apparently an endless topic of conversation. As far as I can make out by eavesdropping, these discussions seem to be based on a conception of the inevitability of male faults, as if men were the weather and nothing could be done about them. I am quite ready to concede that men are all anyone has ever said about them—and then some. But as I grow older, I have also come to the conclusion that men are what you make them. In other words, you get out of a husband just about what you put into him.

That does not mean, however, that there is no variety in the type of husband material you can start off with. Obviously, you can make a better cake with fresh eggs, good flour, and whatever else it is you put in a cake, than you can with sawdust or other ersatz materials. Similarly, I suppose you cannot just take any old man and make a good husband of him—although you would be surprised at what some women can do with very little. I once heard of a man who was apparently a dream spouse. Some acquaintances were describing him—how he had "settled down," how kind he was to his wife, how he adored the baby and even washed the diapers, and all this "after working so hard all day, too!" "What kind of work does he do?" I asked innocently.

"He's a pickpocket," was the casual answer.

I don't know enough pickpockets personally to go on record as saying that they make the best husbands. But I do know a lot of sailors and a lot of sailors' wives, and from my observation, I can say quite confidently that sailors make wonderful husbands.

I have known many girls who have married lawyers, bank clerks, bond salesmen, advertising men, and so on, and who wouldn't have been caught dead with a sailor. But to hear them complain about their respective mates you get the impression that they would have been a lot better off with Dracula. On the other hand, the girls who married sailors remain obstinately happy; and even though their husbands on occasion drink like a sailor, swear like a sailor, have a sweetheart in every port, and all the rest of the favorite clichés, their marriages retain an enticing glamour long after that quality has worn off the others. So I have just about decided that a lot of women don't know the kind of man who makes a good husband, in the first place. In the second place, when they do get married, they concentrate on bringing out in their husbands the very qualities which will eventually destroy the last vestiges of glamour in their marriage. Then they spend the rest of their lives griping about it.

Because husbands, being anxious to please at first, usually co-operate with their wives in digging their own marital graves, I believe that they could with great benefit examine just what it is that makes sailors such unexpectedly satisfactory husbands. (And it is not for the obvious reason that they are seldom home!)

I am not speaking of Navy sailors, however eminent their own marital qualifications may be. I am speaking of merchant seamen—the men in dungarees, the tanker stiffs and those who sail the tramp freighters over the Seven Seas, the very men, in short, whom Jack London, who was one himself, once bitterly called "the alley cats of the world." They have been every place and seen everything, and they're gay and colorful and swashbuckling. Although they no longer sport a gold earring in one ear, a colorful bandanna on the head, and walk around with a parrot perched on a shoulder, theirs remains the last romantic profession outside of gypsies—and what can *they* do but tell fortunes?

But a romantic character does not necessarily make a good husband, you will argue. That is, you will argue that way if you are a man. For right there is one of the clues to why men are always complaining that they cannot understand women. From time immemorial, they have insisted that what women want is a good steady husband who will take care of them, come home on time every night, stay sober, and be kind to the children. They have got women to believing it, too—until they try it out and discover differently. Despite all evidence to the contrary, they are always pitifully surprised when this formula does not work out. Women are capricious, and from Eve on down they have always looked for excitement which a model husband like Adam failed to provide. Look at King Arthur, another ideal spouse. All he managed to do was to bore Guinevere. The result was that the moment the dashing Lancelot came along, she fell head over heels in love with him. What do women really want from marriage, anyway? Financial security is certainly no longer the important thing. Many a model husband has found that out. You can be a good provider year in and year out, and still glance up some night at dinner to find your wife eying you over the coffee cups with that curiously contemplative look of contempt which only a bored wife can project.

No, a steady meal ticket is not the answer. Women want love, romance, exciting companionship. More than anything else, they want a man who can symbolize to them the eternal dream of the knight errant, the gay adventurer. The average marriage goes stale because of dullness, boredom with each other, monotony. You see each other every night; you know each other's past history backward and forward; you've heard all the favorite anecdotes and you're sick of them. In the case of the husband, he is very apt to have a humdrum job which he doesn't particularly like, and he comes home every night and tells his wife about it. Or, he has a job which he does like—say, doing electronics research or driving a bus or selling hydraulic pumps—and he comes home every night and tells his wife about it. Either way, the wife is bored stiff. Sometimes he is a professional man—a corporation lawyer or a dentist. It's still the same. Is the wife really fascinated by the ins and outs of the excess profits tax? Does she give a damn how hard he worked on Mrs. Higginbottam's upper inlay? Of course she loves him, *but* . . . Has she ever heard a merchant seaman talk about Port Said and Singapore and Saigon? Ah, the mermaids sing a siren song. No one voyage is quite the same as any other, and no seaman ever runs out of material for illuminating conversation. For this is the stuff of which dreams and adventure are made. Here is forever the humor, the strangeness, the drama of the world brought to her own hearthside. And every woman, deep inside of her, is a vagabond at heart. She thirsts for romance and glamour. If you doubt it, look at the movie heroes she adores and those of fiction which most entrance her. If she can't have it herself, in person, she can at least get it by proxy. But the man who can give her that in her home is the one who can hold her spellbound.

JUST
MARRIED
LEO
GAREL

"You'll find my slippers in my big bag, dear, and my pipe in my coat pocket"

It isn't only the ability to talk that gives zest to the sailor. His type of life enhances and enriches his personality. There's no doubt about it, merchant seamen have genuine glamour. They have been places and seen things. How many average husbands have been to Zanzibar? After all, what is it that makes anyone interesting? Travel, wit, information, curiosity, enthusiasm, perspective, gaiety? Merchant seamen have them all. They have been to all the strange, far places with the glittering, legendary names, and something of the romantic luster of those names becomes a part of their own personality forever. They know how people live in Indo-China and along the Persian Gulf, as well as in their own home towns; and they thus acquire the tolerance and perspective, the understanding, which make them truly citizens of the world. Their lack of provincialism or bigotry, their familiarity with the world as their highway, gives them an ease of manner, a sureness of themselves, often lacking in men who lead more circumscribed lives

Life with such men can never become commonplace. Even men who would have been mediocre and drab, had their lives been spent in other trades, take on, as sailors, a color and a dash which otherwise they never would have had. Marriage to a merchant sailor is *fun.*

It is not only fun. There is a practical side to it as well. For one thing, sailors can do almost anything around a house—and will. To women who are used to men who couldn't even open a window if it's stuck, this comes as a delightful boon. All seamen can paint, build shelves, put in electric light outlets, tie wonderful knots in clotheslines, and clean house like crazy. They can wash and iron and sew, and practically all can cook. Further, they do not regard such talents as effeminate, for they are used to men doing such things for themselves.

What is more, they not only are handy and helpful in the home, but they love domestic chores. To most wives, the business of getting a husband to put up some extra clothes hooks is a major project, requiring constant prodding over a long period, during which the husband's stock reply to all hints, demands, or pleas is invariably, "For God's sake, Emily! I just sat down to read the paper." Not so the sailor. He is never happier than when proving, for example, how much better he can wax the floor, and his pride in his finished work is something beautiful to behold.

So you see, in the aggregate, they are not only fascinating companions, but good husbands as well. The wife of a sailor combines the advantages of a gay liaison with that of a practical marriage—the nearest any woman comes to having cake and eating it too.

It is true that a sailor who works at his trade must of necessity be away from home a great deal. But at least he never has a chance to get bored with his wife—or vice versa. When he does come home, it's an adventure and a honeymoon for both. There is always freshness and excitement, something to look forward to and plan for. And, eventually, many sailors quit the sea after marriage. But whatever they may choose to do in shoreside life, there will always remain about them something of that bright aura which keeps them from being humdrum.

But what about the other women in his past—or maybe even his present? Well, what about them? Who cares, as long as they're in some place like Burma or Rio de Janeiro? The completely faithful husband is pretty much of an anomaly, anyway, and it certainly is better for a wife to have her rivals in the form of casual encounters in the far corners of the earth than to have them popping up in her daily walk of life, or among her own friends! At least she can be sure her husband will never form any serious attachments. He doesn't have time enough ashore in any one place. As a matter of fact, the man who has had women all over the world is more apt to be a faithful husband than the less experienced male. He isn't half so likely to go to pieces over the first siren who gives him the eye. The flattering excitement of a woman on the make is for him an old story, and it is a well-known platitude that when sin becomes a commonplace it is even more boring than virtue. As for the women in his past, the sailor's wife is in reality their debtor. They add luster to his glamourous role of the gay and experienced adventurer. When a woman marries a man she thinks knows a lot about other women, she feels that she has really got something!

Sailors are not afraid of women. They understand them, in a sort of intuitive, illogical way. Women are quick to despise and take advantage of the man who feels insecure with them. Whatever misgivings about women a sailor may actually have, his manner is sure and confident, with just the right blend of toughness and tenderness that all women are fools for. In this, the sailor's profession is a great asset. The average broker's man would feel sort of silly acting like Humphrey Bogart, but when the sailor does so, he is right in character and no one questions his pose.

In addition, seamen are fantastically generous with whatever money they have. They encourage their wives to dress well, use smart make-up and good perfume, and consider money expended thus as well spent. They love to bring home expensive gifts and they are suckers for a flower shop. A sailor is the type of guy who would rather have his wife buy a fur coat than a washing machine. Unlike many men, they do not draw a line of demarcation between courtship and marriage. They treat their wives with such gay, almost bawdy, gallantry that it gives a woman the feeling that there is something delightfully illegal about her marriage.

But do sailors get married, as a general rule? That is, admitting they make good husbands, is it possible to get one? Well, a United Seamen's Service report recently showed that of the men surveyed, 40% were married. A survey made last year by the National Maritime Union, CIO, largest seamen's union, indicated that 61.4% have dependents. This figure was broken down into 42.9% with one to two dependents, and 18.5% with three to six dependents. Thus the merchant seaman emerges at long last as a family man. You get to talking with one now in a bar and after the first ten minutes, he will pull out his wallet and show you, not French postcards, but snapshots of his kids. And Sunday morning in his home port frequently finds him not sleeping off a hangover, but pushing a baby carriage in the park.

Who marries sailors, anyway? The answer seems to be, anybody who is smart enough to know a good thing when she sees it. Among the wives of merchant seamen whom I have met are four dancers (concert and modern dance type), four writers, one lawyer, one magazine editor, one psychiatrist, two bookkeepers, one photographic developer, five social service workers, one receptionist, one statistician, one orchestra violinist, two artists, one switchboard operator, one advertising agency executive, one child psychologist, three librarians, one Western Union clerk, three teachers, two nurses, one architect; numerous secretaries, stenographers and clerical workers; several waitresses and factory workers; a sprinkling of former department store employees; and a large number of home girls.

The above are not married to men who went into the merchant marine during the war and who will probably leave it now that the war is over. Their husbands are bona fide seamen, men who have chosen this service as their calling. It is thus evident that more and more women are discovering the connubial desirability of men of the sea. Home is the sailor. I don't know exactly what other mere men can do about this matrimonial menace. It is probably not practical for them all to rush out to sea posthaste. My only advice, therefore, would be that if you already have a wife or a sweetheart, you'd better keep her away from the waterfront. Sailors get lonely. And so do bored women. #

Performers for Pennies

A seasoned and successful producer of plays turns the spotlight of candor on his sometime adversaries, the critics

by JOHN GOLDEN

WM. DUBOIS

THE most interesting sidelight on the case against the dramatic critic recently tried before the public court was the fact that the Defendant at the bar was the Creature of the Prosecution. We—and this is not an editorial "we"—made him what he is today, and we're not altogether satisfied.

Some producer years ago, before even my time in the theatre, liked what an appraiser had to say of his play and thereupon rushed the approving appraisal into print. So came into being the critical Frankenstein whose screeds, often hurriedly written, have within the space of twenty-four hours made or destroyed the work of years.

DAILY
BUGLE
COMICS
GEO.
RECK

"Darn it, Crane, can't you wait until you get home to read the funnies?"

Is there another trade, business or profession whose creators, producers and portrayers may work for thousands of hours and invest hundreds of thousands of dollars and have its fate dependent upon the report of some member of a circle, guild, group, gang, sect, clan, bund or tong whose judgment is, in all truth, no better than that of the average theatregoer?

Yet here he is, the Dramatic Critic! cockily wearing his crown (a certain one of them will tell you it's a halo), and here he will remain despite Maxwell Anderson, Harold Clurman, Elia Kazan and all the Playwrights' Company and others who sought to bring the critic into public contempt through fulmination, satire or scorn.

Lest you think this is written in complaint against these Chosen Creatures, let me say at the outset that many of them have been not only my severest critics but my best friends.

The late Percy Hammond (then on the Chicago *Tribune*) had been a guest in my home. A few evenings later he passed me in the lobby just as the curtain had rung down on the opening of my *Two Girls Wanted*, at the Golden Theatre. "Too bad, John," he said, "I cannot say much for it"—and he *didn't.*

Personally, as one who has endured the slings and arrows of outrageous criticism together with occasional compensatory bouquets—as one whose presentations over the course of years have been treated as well as they deserved—I long ago reached the conclusion that the only logical attitude is one of philosophical detachment. It is my firm conviction that finding fault with critics is no more effective than complaining about the weather which, as Mark Twain once pointed out, is beyond the power of anyone to regulate, however displeased he may be with meteorological conditions.

So it is with no reservation whatever that I acknowledge this factor in the life of the theatre. And I sedulously avoid fighting him, not because I lack an average man's courage but because of the futility of any such

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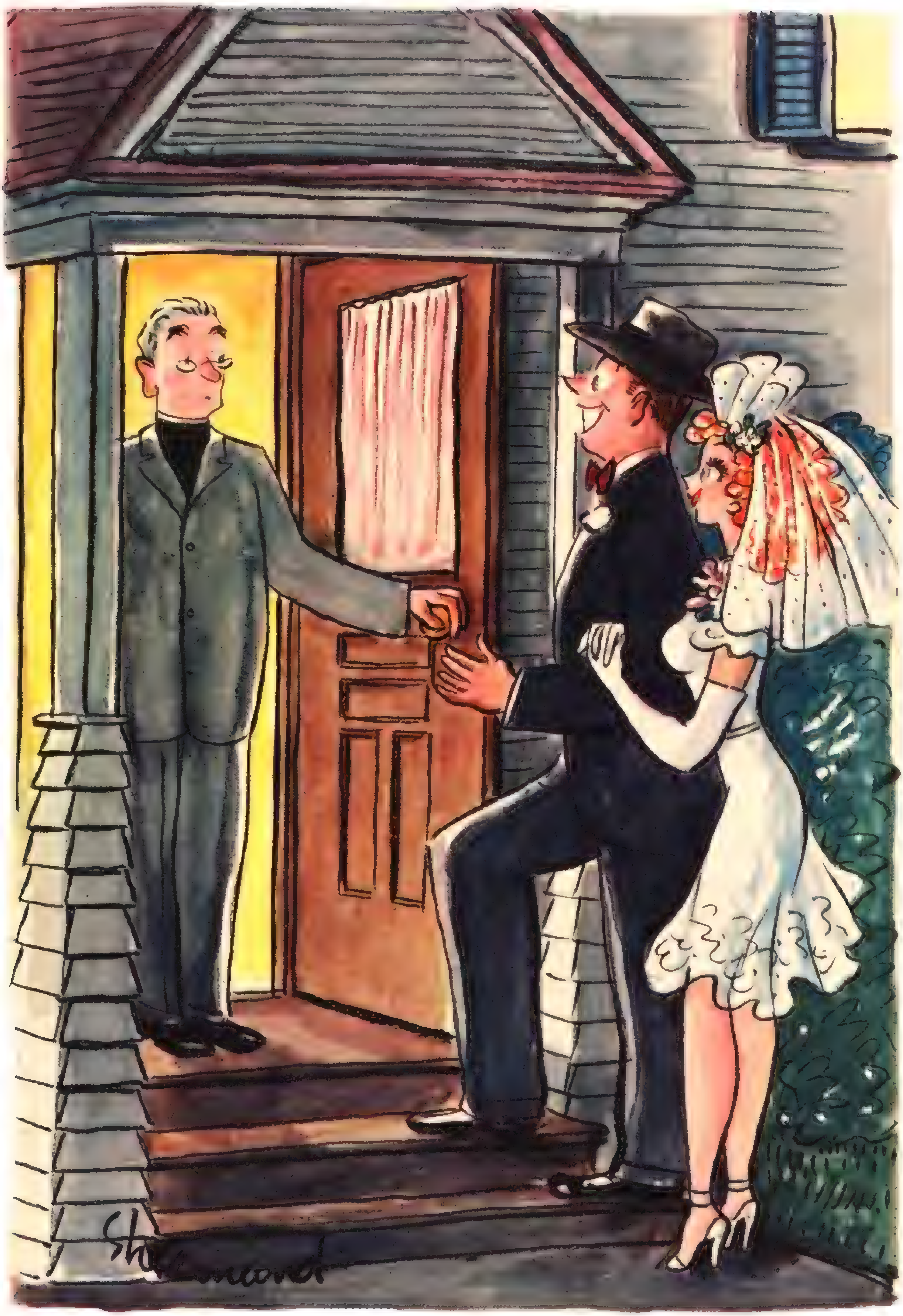
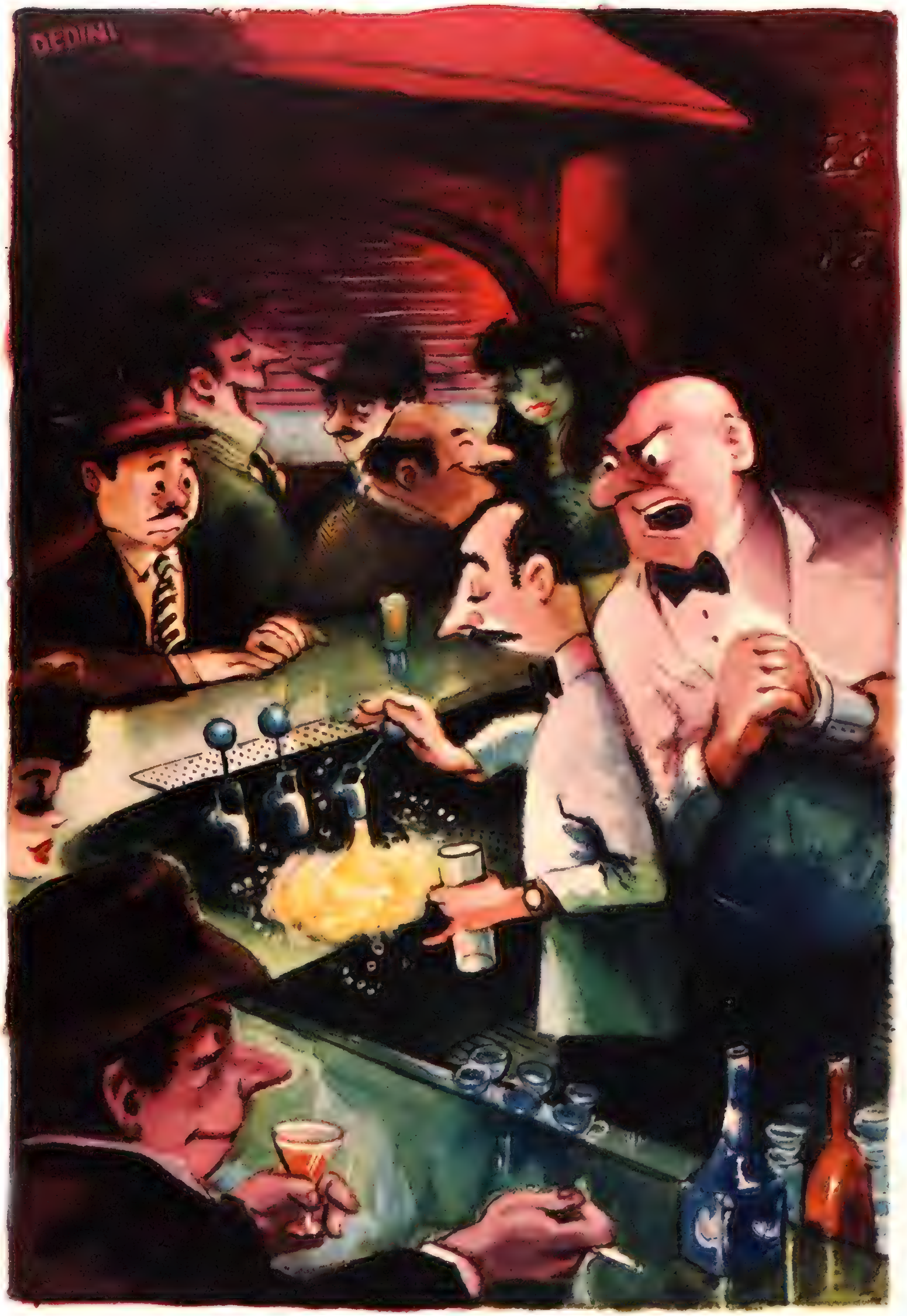


"We stumbled onto a house—and both of us being young and in love, and quick to grasp the situation—"



"That beer is cold enough, Henderson! You don't have to let it run"

The move from a Broadway tab to screen writing on the coast wasn't the waltz on velvet Pinkie thought it would be

The Two-Eyed Trout

by OLIVER H. P. GARRETT

In his day, Pinkie was the smartest tab reporter in New York, bar none. Of course, general work on a tabloid newspaper doesn't require very profound culture or intellect, but within the limitations of the tinsel trade Pinkie was as sharp as an ice pick. He knew the town, and the town knew him. He was what's known as a personality, meaning there were several bartenders who'd pick up the other guy's dough instead of his, some cops out of the West 47th Street station house who'd tuck him in a cab when he got drunk, and a couple of hotels that'd cash his checks up to any amount not exceeding $25 once a week.

Up to five hundred words, which is the usual tabloid limit, he was the best man in his line. To Pinkie, writing was just a trick, like flicking up dice from a bar with a downturned leather cup; either you had the knack, or you didn't. If, like Pinkie, you had it, you just slung together a flock of fat words, the kind people in the subway mouth as they read, with all the ease and speed of a fast man back of the counter in a diner. So far as Pinkie was concerned, writing amounted to about that much as a means of personal expression.

Talking was Pinkie's way of expressing himself. True, he always stuttered until he got warmed up, and often you could hardly understand him because he kept giggling at his own cracks, like a high-school girl in stitches, but that was all part of his unique flavor. He constantly made up words as he went along, mixing them in with his usual gangster lingo, vaudeville gags, and Broadway jargon with a bewildering result. Sometimes his creations were too bizarre for anyone's tongue but his, but a lot of them had a vivid quick glint which led other people to repeat them.

His six-foot-three frame, pinkish hair, half-stutter, shrill giggle, and peculiar argot made him a highly engaging character to the kind of people among whom he generally plied his trade. Touts, gamblers, show girls, homicide detectives, playboys, and similar tabloid meat would spill stuff they didn't realize they were saying, while they were laughing at him, and his childlike innocent air always cleared him of any suspicion of putting on the squeeze or faking.

Everybody liked Pinkie, except his wives. In ten years of newspaper work he was divorced twice. It takes a special breed of woman to put up with a morning-newspaper reporter indefinitely. If she hopes to see anything of her husband, except in bed, she has to sit up half the night with him and his newspaper pals at Tony's or Childs, listening to them boast how much they know that they can't print.

His first wife tossed him because he didn't come home often enough, and his second wife because of what he brought home with him when he did come, including a lady ventriloquist she found in the bath tub. Pinkie tried to throw his voice to establish the basis of the relationship, but his wife wouldn't believe that stuttering makes it tougher.

Double alimony and a reporter's pay soon convinced Pinkie that he'd either have to quit drinking or the newspaper business. It was a tight pick, with Water Wagon and Press Agent at even money going to the post, when he ran into an Irishman from Hollywood, with a sense of humor and thumbtacks for eyes.

Pinkie was working on a phony tip that Wallie Simpson was an unlisted passenger on the *Normandie*, and he'd gone down the bay on the cutter to meet the incoming liner. Pinkie heard that reporters were being entertained with champagne in an A-deck suite. He was always at his best on bubbles, and he soon had his Irish host, whose name he hadn't caught, rolling in the aisle. By the time the ship docked, the movie mug had offered him a job as a writer in one of the big Hollywood studios. But Pinkie wasn't any one-eyed trout, who'd snap at worms.

"What's the b-bait, Bud?" he countered, taking the whole thing as a rib anyway. "I'm pulling down two C's a week right now."

"Never mind the fancy string," said the Irishman with a knowing smile. "I used to be in the newspaper game myself. I'll start you at three hundred, which is two hundred more than you ever made in your life. D'you want it?"

Pinkie grinned warily. "You're b-breakin' my ribs. You d-don't make that much yourself, or you ought to be in jail."

A couple of days later, the Times Square office of a Hollywood picture company called Pinkie and asked him to drop in and sign the contract. He thought the gag was getting a little thin, so he didn't go. Finally, they mailed him the contract. It was on a printed form, not just typewritten, so he signed it and sent it back.

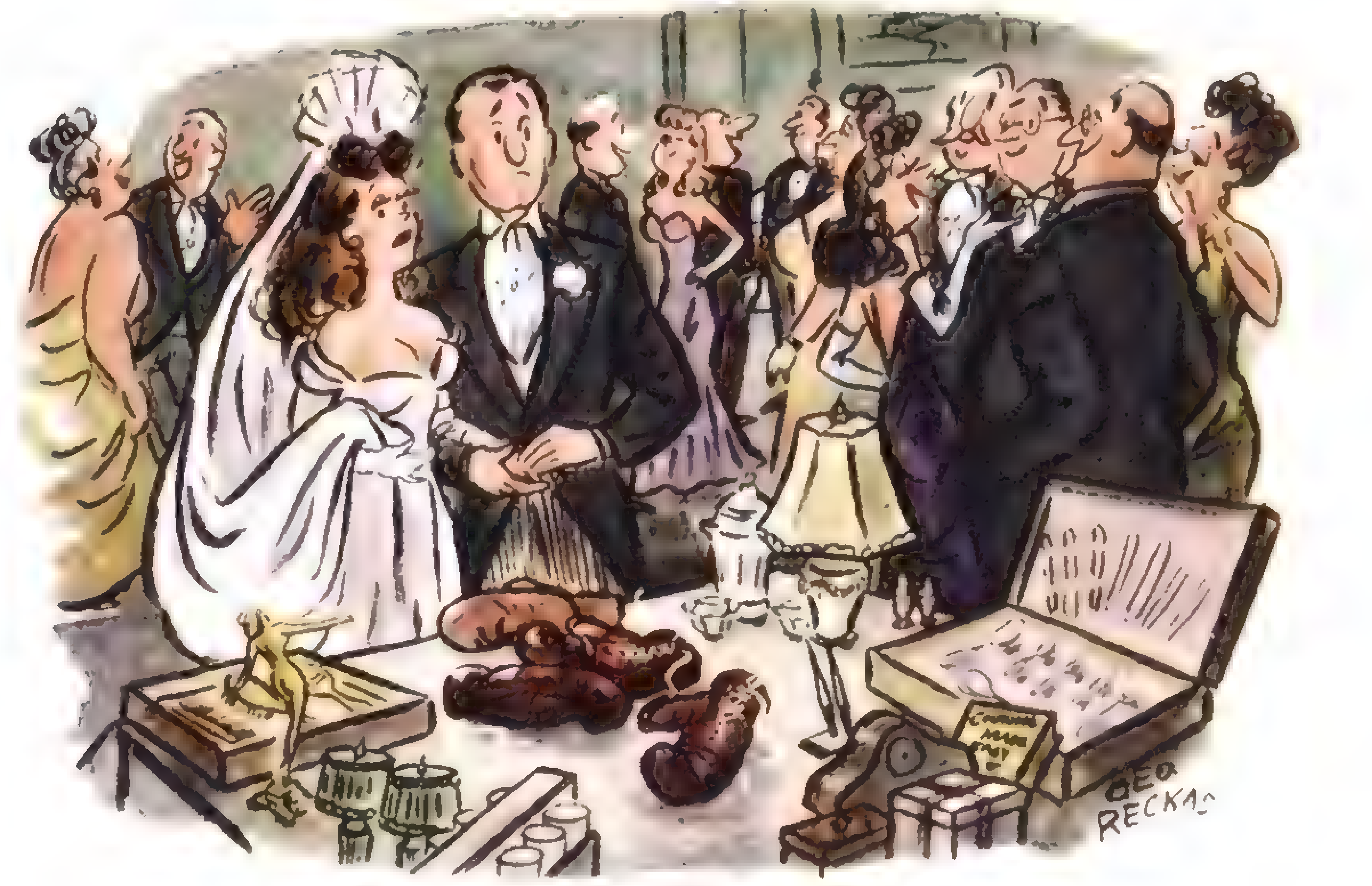
A week later, a man's voice on the telephone asked Pinkie to call at the company's office to pick up his transportation to California. He waited two days, until an assignment happened to take him near Times Square; he wasn't going out of his way to give anybody a laugh.

Not until the engines had been changed at Harmon did Pinkie admit to himself that perhaps the whole routine was on the level. Then, for the first time in weeks, he let his lips relax from a half grin, and became absorbed in the lead story of the Pink Edition, with the pleasant feeling that everybody on the copy desk was probably reading it right then, too, and wishing that he had been there to write it.

When he swung off The Chief into a land of palm trees and lemon sunshine, Pinkie took it in his stride. He grabbed a cab and told the driver to drop him at the Press Club. It was only about nine o'clock in the morning, which was too early for the afternoon-paper men and too late for those on the morning papers, and it was during Prohibition, but he figured there'd be a bartender somewhere around.

"Gin," ordered Pinkie, "with ginger ale an' a c-coffin. I just b-blew in from New York for a tab."

By noon, Pinkie had the low-down on the entire State of California, as well as a bartender's view of the picture business. Satisfied that he had the right touch on the throttle, Pinkie drifted out to the studio in time for lunch. He had to eat alone in the commissary,



but he amused himself by figuring his salary on a paper napkin.

After lunch, he sauntered across the lot to the outer office of the Irishman who'd hired him, mildly relieved to confirm the fact that at least the guy really worked there. More than a dozen people were waiting, but that never hampered anybody used to carrying a press card.

"Tell Mac that P-Pinkie's here," he instructed the prettiest of the three secretaries.

"Mac?" she repeated, in a tone suggesting that he'd put his hat on in church. "Who are you?"

"A writer," he told her.

"A writer!" she echoed again, her voice telling him all he needed to know about where script writers stood in a studio. "I'm afraid he can't possibly see you today. He's very busy."

"I'm a reporter," said Pinkie. "I j-just got in from New York."

Her expression did a quick dissolve and the sound track smoothed out. "Oh, I'm sorry. I misunderstood you. I'll try to slip you in next."

He gave her his number-two grin for females, meaning no passes just pals. "You call the signals, honey. I'll carry the b-ball."

In a couple of minutes, a platinum blonde in an evening gown and full panchromatic make-up came out of the inner office. Pinkie swivel-hipped past her, like Cagel in a broken field, and was through the door before the pretty secretary could change her mind. The Irishman with the aluminum eyes was seated behind a desk as big as a skating rink, at the far end of a room somewhat less than a city block long. He didn't glance up even when Pinkie closed the door.

"If th-this is your office," Pinkie opened up, "what's the B-Boss got? An armory or just the six-day bike track?"

The Irishman gave him the metal eyes. "I'm the Boss around here. What do you want?"

That was the first time Pinkie knew that he'd been hired by the head of the studio. It rocked him, but he kept swinging.

"I'm w-workin' for you, or did you have a s-snootful that day on the *Normandie?*"

The other's pale eyebrows twitched, and then straightened out again. "Oh, you're that picture paper reporter."

"I w-was. I'm in your corner now. Your hired men in New York gave me a contract as a script writer."

"Well, I haven't time for you today. Speak to my secretary."

For the first time in his career, Pinkie backed out of an office. He recovered enough to wink at the pretty secretary, but he didn't say anything to her; that could wait. He found out from a cop on the lot where the nearest speakeasy was, and he spent the next few hours telling the bartender about the Hall-Mills case. When the joint folded at midnight, he remembered suddenly that he hadn't checked in at any hotel and that his suitcase was still parked back of the bar at the Press Club. When he got to the club, he found the card room pretty well filled with men from the morning papers. He started talking to a copyreader from the *Herald-Examiner.*

"So you're the famous Pinkie?" said the copyreader. "I've always wanted to meet you."

It was like being back in Bleeck's or Tony Monetta's again. By the time he left they were all calling him Pinkie, and he had a card tucked in his wallet entitling him to all the privileges of an active member.

The next day, Pinkie lunched alone at the studio again. He'd heard that several ex-newspapermen were writing for picture companies and that the cafés on some of the lots had writers' tables, but he didn't recognize anyone he knew when he came in.

Later, when he was in the middle of a cherry parfait à la Alice Faye, he spotted a pudgy character in a canary-yellow sports jacket, who looked vaguely familiar. He was seated at a little table in a corner across the room, talking to a dark-haired doll who was dressed as if she were lunching at the Colony.

The way the elegant sportsman used his hands as he talked, as if he were caressing every word, convinced Pinkie it was Charlie Bald, who used to be the movie critic on the *Mirror.* If he'd run into Charlie in New York, two years before, he'd have given the critic a nod, just to be nice, the same way he would have to a copy boy, and Charlie would have been flattered. Now, when Pinkie pulled up a chair and sat down with them, Charlie and the girl both gave him the slow freeze.

"When did *you* get out here?" Charlie asked.

"J-just yesterday."

"What are you working on?"

"N-nothin' yet."

"This is Pinkie Regan, Miss Shaw. We used to be in the newspaper racket together in New York. Sandra Shaw is one of our starlets. We were just discussing her part in an original of mine. As I was saying, Sandra, sweet, in the chase sequence the camera holds on you all the time. It's a continuous dolly shot."

"Some d-dolly," said Pinkie, but she didn't give him a tumble.

"Then comes a terrific love scene," Charlie went on. "You're in a barn with Ameche—"

"A moo-moo, you m-mean."

That didn't get anywhere either. When Pinkie left the table, neither of them noticed him go.

Every morning, for more than a week, he telephoned the front office from his hotel for an appointment with Mac, only to be put off each time by the pretty secretary. Finally, Pinkie tried the story editor. That executive took time out from studying some stamp-collection catalogues to advise Pinkie that he hadn't any assignment for him and wouldn't have any until "the Chief" made certain decisions.

"The Ch-Chief?" replied Pinkie. "Any relation to the one I rode on?"

"I don't know what he has in mind for you."

"If he has anything in m-mind," Pinkie commented, "it rattles."

"Maybe he wants you to do an original. How do I know? I can't get in to see him myself."

Pinkie took another look at his first week's check, for three hundred smackers, which he was still carrying around. "Okay, Joe. I'll play these."

The story editor offered to get him an office, obviously impressed by the fact that Pinkie always referred to the head of the studio as Mac.

The first time he walked into his new office, he found a girl sitting behind the typewriter in the tiny anteroom. Her name was Sylvia, and she'd been ordered to report to him as his secretary.

"If they ever g-give me anything to write," he told her, "which I hope not, I'll b-beat that machine to death with my own f-fingers. I can't dictate; my k-keys stick."

"You need somebody to answer the phone and do copying," she said. "Please, don't send me back to the pool."

He could understand why she didn't have a steady boss; her mouth was so big she looked like a jack-o'-lantern when she laughed. But she had nice legs, so he let her stay; he was tired of always going to lunch alone.

Nobody put Pinkie to work. Sylvia tried to induce him to read old scripts, to learn how they were written, but he found them dull.

One night, when she'd had a new permanent and looked almost pretty, he took Sylvia to the Press

GLANTZ

Modern Prolific—at home with a pen

Ben Hecht, writer, man of accomplishment, man of moods, once said with a smile that when he sat down to work in Hollywood he put on a sport coat and took off his brain. But such modesty doesn't have quite the right pitch to describe brilliance at an eight-hour clip. From the time publication of The Front Page *first brought him national recognition he has produced prose in an ever-widening stream: short stories, books, plays, movies, sometimes in collaboration with Charles MacArthur, more often alone. Pictured here at home in Nyack, New York, in his favorite working pose and costume, you see the author, producer and director of* Spectre of the Rose *carefully careless amid some of his 5,000 books. His latest big work is* Guide for the Bedevilled. *His autobiography is next on his working schedule.*

GLANTZ

Ylla: Photographer-extraordinary of animals

Her last name is Koffler and she's considered the world's best photographer of animals. Her father was Romanian, her mother a Yugoslav. She was born in Austria, spent her youth in Hungary, and, after a false start as a sculptress, set up her photography studio in Paris in 1933. Moved to New York in 1941. She's unmarried (although glamour personified), speaks five languages, and has taken photographs in the thousands of cats, dogs, monkeys, birds, lions, tigers, giraffes, llamas, turtles, tapirs, elephants, penguins, pandas, gazelles, hippopotami, wart hogs, and asses. Does half of her work—on pets—in her West 57th Street studio. For the larger and wilder fauna she haunts zoos. She has published six books of animal pictures, has had dozens of exhibitions, dislikes to photograph human beings.

Club. It was during a big murder trial—big for L.A.—and the reporters covering the story sat around listening to Pinkie's stories about Bill Fallon and Darrow, and about the time he beat the whole town on the Justice Crater disappearance, and how he was the first to suggest using an ankle-camera to photograph Mrs. Snyder in the electric chair. As he drove Sylvia home in his U-Drive-It sedan she kept looking at him admiringly.

"You must have been some reporter!" she said, when he stopped the car in front of the bungalow court off Pico, where she lived with her parents.

"I was g-great, in a mediocre way," he answered, wondering if it was the soft curl of her hair that made her mouth look so much smaller.

"It's been a lovely evening. I never met any newspapermen before."

He trotted out the number-one grin, which means the business. "You've only seen part of him. There are other things on his mind."

She pretended not to get it, but when he kissed her it was obvious she'd understood all right and things would have been fine if there'd been any place for them to go. The next day, Pinkie rented an apartment.

Although he still wasn't assigned to any picture, by working all the dodges Sylvia arranged for Pinkie to see some run off in the projection room occasionally. Usually they'd see the pictures together, then drop by the Press Club for a few drinks before dinner. And whenever she dared to telephone her family that she had been asked to work late, they'd have dinner together and spend the rest of the evening at Pinkie's apartment.

It was all play and no work, and Pinkie would have been tickled to death to go on indefinitely collecting every Wednesday for doing nothing. He wouldn't listen to Sylvia when she urged him to keep after Mac's secretary, or the story editor, or both, for an assignment.

Early one morning, after lapping up gin all night, Pinkie insisted on driving Sylvia home, although he was caroming off walls like a billiard ball. She suggested that they take a taxi, but he wasn't having any.

"If a cop catches you driving while you're this way," she warned him, "they'll throw the book at you."

"I g-got a letter from a publisher to an Assistant D.A. that'll square any b-beef, raw, medium or well-done," he boasted.

They were making better than sixty, heading north toward the Hollywood hills, when they saw the lights of an oncoming streetcar, southbound. Since the two vehicles were going in opposite directions and had nearly the whole width of the street for clearance, Pinkie didn't slow down. What he'd forgotten was that the car tracks turned the corner ahead of them, directly in their path. He didn't slam on his brakes until the streetcar was making the turn. The rented sedan folded up like a paper cup, showering Pinkie and the girl with glass, but miraculously not hurting them.

"B-beat it!" he ordered her, as quick on the uptake as if he'd been sober. "I'll handle this."

"No!" she protested. "You're not in any condition."

"Don't be the village c-clown," he said, knowing that would wrap her up. He wasn't being noble; he didn't want any of her four brothers to show up at his apartment some night with the family shotgun.

Sylvia thought he was thinking only of her reputation, so she did what he told her. Of course, everybody in the streetcar saw her running away, but Pinkie hadn't figured that far ahead. In her excitement and hurry she left her handbag on the front seat of the sedan.

Nobody had been hurt, and there wasn't even a trolley window broken, so the motorman and the conductor were inclined to be reasonably friendly, until Pinkie started handing them the Broadway treatment.

"Why d-didn't you s-stick out your hand, Hick?" Pinkie demanded of the motorman.

"I've always said there ought to be a signal on this corner," the conductor put in, giving Pinkie an out, but he wasn't in the mood.

"They wouldn't need s-signals if they didn't hire f-farmers to run their cars," said Pinkie, just to make things cozy.

"He must be drunk," commented one of the passengers.

Then the cops showed up. Pinkie gave them the old tab routine, the we're-all-in-the-same-racket approach, and was moving along as smoothly as an escalator, when the motorman mentioned the girl, and the conductor said he was drunk.

"They're f-finks," Pinkie told the cops. "They're afraid I'll s-sue the company. There wasn't a g-girl, an' I only had two b-beers."

The cops looked in his car and found Sylvia's handbag and a half a bottle of gin.

"Somebody p-planted 'em," Pinkie told the cop who'd found them. "Maybe it was you."

That fixed Pinkie, so far as the police force was concerned. All cops are sensitive on the subject of faking evidence, and especially Los Angeles cops. They herded Pinkie along to the station house, and booked him on a drunk-driving and illegal possession of liquor charge, which happened to be a felony and could carry San Quentin with it.

Pinkie squawked like Donald Duck, boasting about the influential friends he had at City Hall, and the lieutenant added a few more charges, including resisting arrest, assault and battery, inciting to riot, and vagrancy.

When it came to the drunk test, Pinkie played cute. "N-nothin' doing," he informed the police surgeon. "I'm not w-walkin' any line until you p-prove you can do it." The cop went ahead and walked the line. Pinkie put up such an argument that the guy had stepped off the chalk that they locked him up just to shut his face.

Altogether, he'd worked up a first-class case for the prosecution by the time he was bailed out the next morning. But he sauntered out of the cooler as cockily as if he'd just dropped in there to interview a prisoner for the *Herald-Express*. His lawyer, Mr. Miller, whom Sylvia had dug up in a hurry, met him for the first time as he came out of the cell block. Pinkie's carefree air convinced the lawyer that he didn't know the whole score, so Miller waited until he had his client in his office in the Law Building before breaking the news gently.

"I fear," said the lawyer, gazing solemnly at Pinkie through his thick-lensed glasses, "this is a somewhat more serious affair than you appreciate. Are you aware of all the charges against you?"

Pinkie didn't answer. He was glancing around the office, which was lined with books on corporation law; it was obviously a high-class firm.

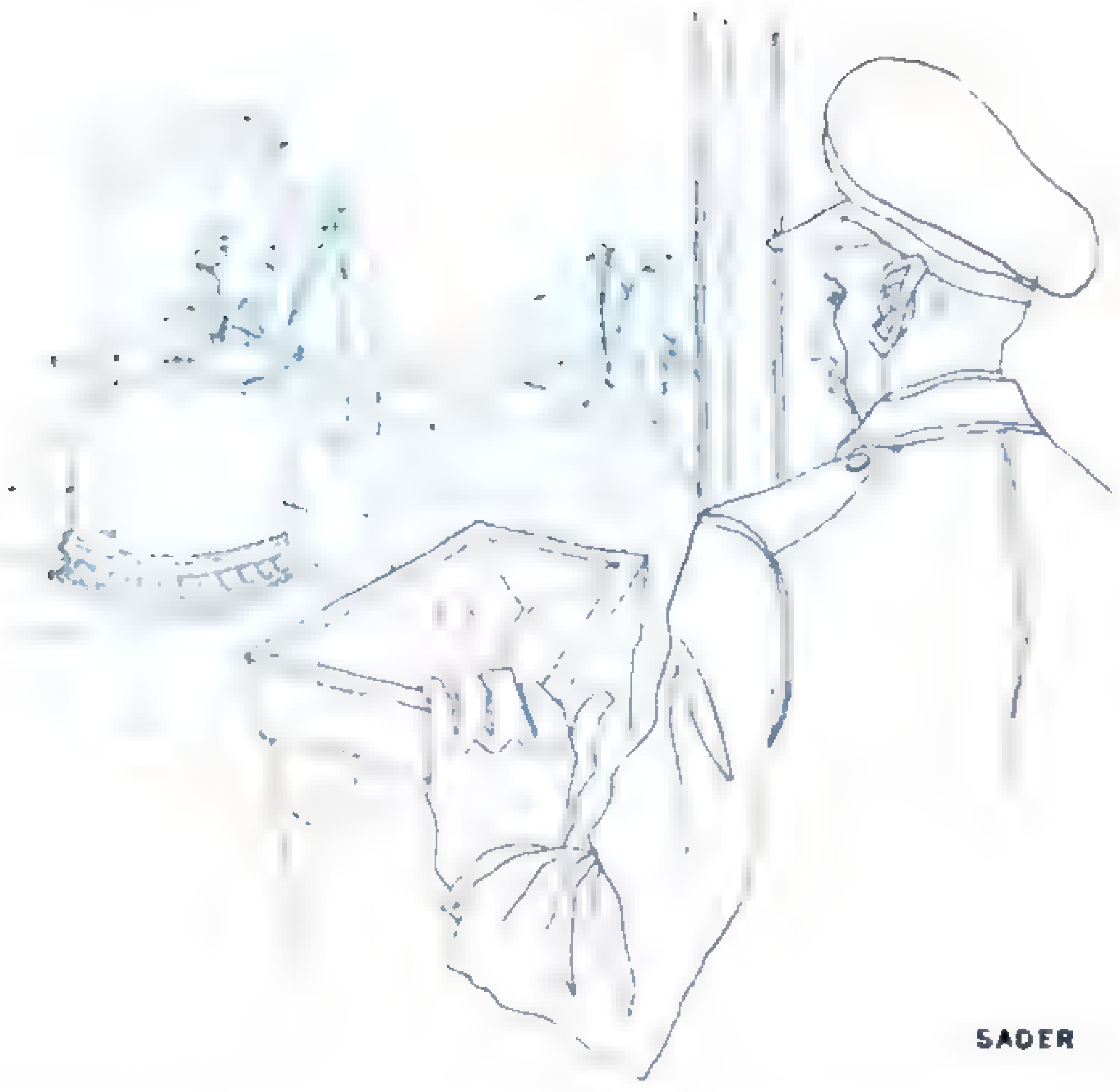
"Fortunately," Miller went on, in the same burial-service tone, "my relationship with the street-car company is a very friendly one. I've been of some assistance to them in the past, and I imagine they'll prove co-operative."

"This is k-kind of off your b-beat, isn't it?" Pinkie asked. "I mean p-police cases."

"Quite," said Mr. Miller. "But the young lady who telephoned me asking me to arrange your bail went to school with my daughter. Under the circumstances, I'm delighted to do what I can."

"From what I hear," Pinkie replied pleas- (*Continued on page 250*)

In which critic slaps the wrist of the great G.B.S. for asking 1946 audiences to trust in his 1898 political theories


SADER

Previews and Reviews

by **JACK MOFFITT**

Long years ago, as a young reporter living on "space rates," I did a grand tour of the Old World, which soon led to my being accepted as a bon vivant and gourmet in all the worst eating places of Europe. In the hope of assuaging a fine set of London-made ulcers, I sought an interview with the great George Bernard Shaw, feeling that any wisdom I was able to wring from the Irish pundit might be peddled for sufficient wherewithal to purchase a succulent mutton chop and pickled walnut at Simpson's.

At that time, the Sage of Adelphi Terrace already had moved to the swankier environs of Whitehall and was living in an apartment reached by a metal elevator (or "lift" as they call it over there) large enough to have served as a bird cage for an ostrich. Since Mr. Shaw even in those days was celebrated for his bluff and hearty ill nature, I took the precaution of arming myself with a letter of introduction.

I took the greatest care in writing this letter, listing all my brilliant qualifications as a journalist—and having no claim to most of them. To this flowery forgery I appended the name of an American editor, who I knew full well would condone the fraud if he were given first crack at the results. All of this was undertaken in the hope of making myself a better man, for Mr. Shaw himself had said that no human being could be truly righteous if he were hungry.

But no matter how the criminal seeks to glorify crime, it very rarely pays. My eulogy failed to impress Shaw, since he never saw it. But it knocked his maidservant for a loop.

It seemed that even in London she had heard of Kansas City steaks, and since she lived in a vegetarian household, she was wont to look with shining eyes upon a pilgrim recently arrived from a land flowing with fat and suet. I soon learned that Mr. Shaw was out of town but, inasmuch as the world had been telling itself that "no man was a hero to his valet" since the days of Plutarch, it occurred to me that mankind might be interested in finding out whether or not a philosopher was a hero to his handmaiden. Failing in my efforts to interview the master, I determined to interview the servant.

The preliminary conversations having been conducted in my courtliest manner, I returned the following day and made the lady a present of the handsomest boiled pig's head that money could buy in the neighborhood of the Elephant and Castle. She was a good girl with a yearning for carbohydrates and a deep desire to be understood by somebody. She found both my pig's head and my attentive ear to her liking.

The interview was held in a room filled with spotless white woodwork, carved to make it resemble a sort of ante-sepulcher in the Albert Memorial. It was an extremely decorous meeting, made more so by the fact that she insisted upon our dropping the ashes of my last American cigarettes into the pockets of her stiffly starched apron. She seemed to be extremely apprehensive lest some housekeeper or other Brahma of the Shaw household should return and find evidences of my visit.

However, she gave a bully good interview, full of the trivialities the American public loves to know about its idols—particularly an idol that makes a consistent practise of insulting it. I left loaded with journalistic trophies, and was able to tell my readers what kind of a nightshirt the great man slept in, at what date he changed to heavy underwear, and many domestic remarks on the subject of how he trimmed his beard.

Of course, I had no trouble marketing this nonsense. It was received by the editor whose name I had forged with great enthusiasm, and re-piped by him, through a syndicate, to all the more enlightened dailies of the civilized world. As a result of my perseverance and enterprise, everything that was not worth knowing about Shaw was revealed on a globe-drenching scale. It was a scoop in the fullest sense of the word.

It makes me rather happy to reflect upon the fact that there are millions of men and women still living today who read that article, and can't remember a single word of it. I can't remember a syllable. This makes me more happy. For it is only by writing things that no one can remember that newspapermen can be sure that they have done no harm, and that their lives shall be blameless. Because there is always the danger that the smallest thought transplanted to paper may survive for years and cause blunders as monstrous as a two-headed bison to be born in the human brain, a great many otherwise roistering members of the press scrupulously pursue this path to rectitude and devotion every day of their lives.

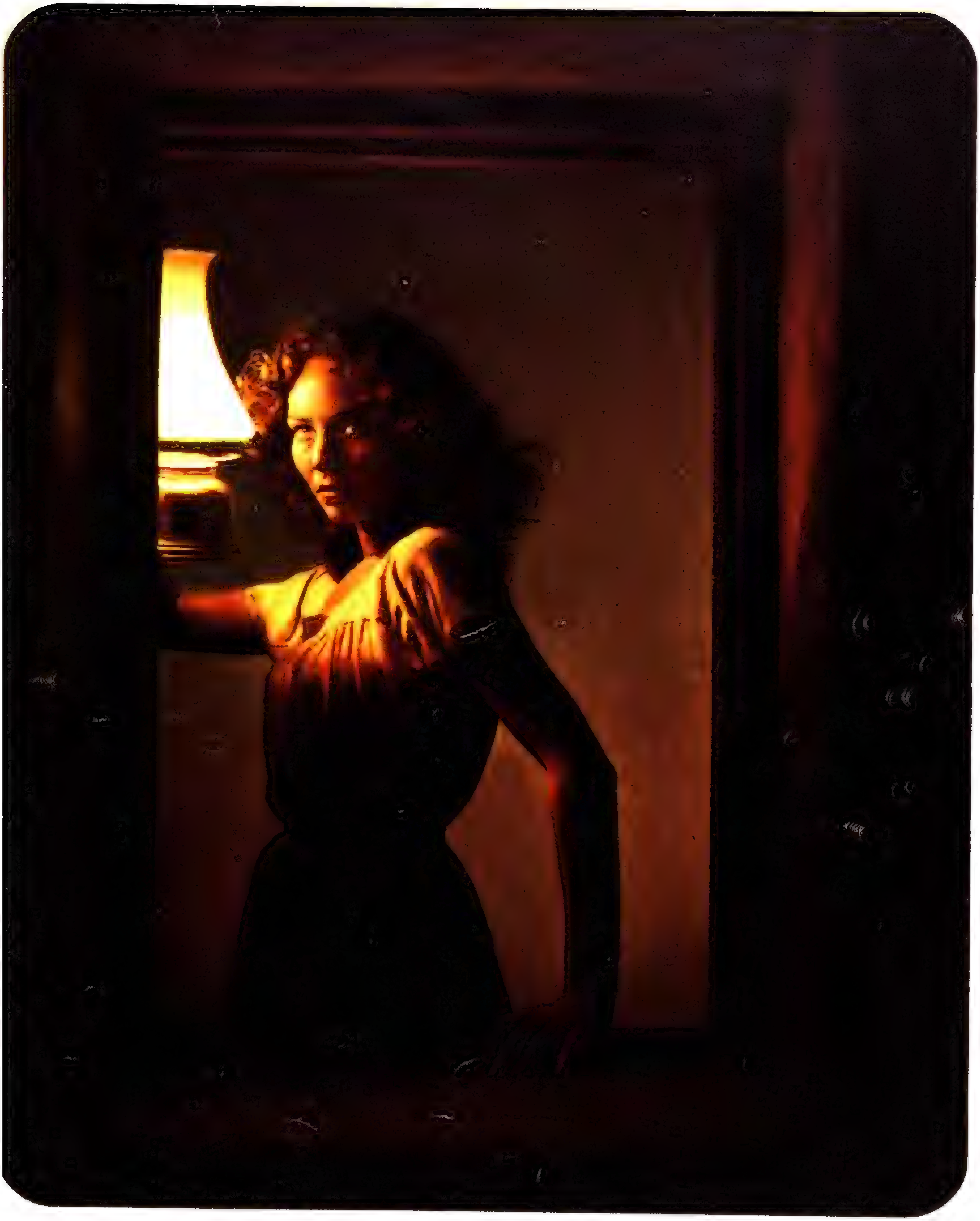
MICHAEL BERRY

I was reminded of this long-dead interview recently (which I had secretly kept in my heart of hearts, pressed between two old banana leaves) when I saw the film version of Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra*. This picture, brought to the screen in blushing technicolor by Gabriel Pascal, served to emphasize the enormity of Shaw's career when compared to that of Moffitt, the upright forger of introductory letters. This, of course, sounds a little like self-exploitation on my part—and there can be very slight doubt but that it is. But I learned self-congratulation from an able master.

When Shaw was my age, he filled the press of the world with shameless contrasts between himself and Shakespeare. In these, Shaw always impartially declared himself to be vastly superior to the Bard of Avon. Nobody believed it. But it drew a lot of attention to a young man with red whiskers.

I trust that the evils of this opportunist policy are now apparent to him. Since Shaw was smart-alecky enough to exploit himself at the expense of Shakespeare, he can have no complaint when lesser smart alecks exploit themselves at the expense of Shaw.

Shaw always has shown a reckless Hibernian impulse to put any idea (*Continued on page 263*)



SAINT INTO SIREN

Jennifer Jones

Photograph by Geof. Morris

Let it not be said that Hollywood has "typed" the ever versatile Jennifer Jones. After her supremely successful picture debut in the role of a saint, she kept admirers in a state of perpetual wonder by emerging in subsequent movies as a teen-ager, an amnesia victim and a plumber's helper. Behold her now in *Duel in the Sun*, the $5,000,000 Selznick dramatization of Niven Busch's novel. As Pearl Chavez, a sultry half-breed, she walks and rides horseback Indian-style, stirs the assorted emotions of Gregory Peck, Charles Bickford and Joseph Cotten. On Arizona location Jennifer scrambled bare-legged up stony mountain slopes in weather which ranged from 118° to freezing. Bruised and weary, she needed a month to get over the arduous role.

STAGE DOOR ESQUIRE

State of the Union

Photograph by Wm. Stone

Herewith Ralph Bellamy as Grant Matthews, the hope of the Republican party, who finally and reluctantly concludes he would rather be right than be you-know-what. By his side, Ruth Hussey, who opened in the part of the candidate's high-spirited wife. This lady employs her wit, wisdom and other more obvious talents to rescue her occasionally backsliding mate from the united forces of the Other Woman and Political Expediency. The Lindsay-Crouse comedy, which won the Pulitzer Prize for 1946 and was conceded by critics to be the best of the season, is playing in Chicago and on the West Coast as well as in New York. It has the rare virtue of combining entertainment with a political message, leaving its audiences in a pleasant, patriotic glow.

There is a place where they keep unfulfilled dreams, a place for wishes that have lighted the minds of men—and then have gone out

The Sad Room

by RAYMOND E. BANKS

"THEY have to have some place to go. They have to have some place to go." Something was wrong. Peternell leaped from his chair, pulse pounding, dropped his pen, stared about for the source of the voice. It was all right. He was in his room; there was the calendar girl smiling from the familiar wall, the papers on his desk, the lamp's yellow light touching the bedspread, his overturned chair.

Nerves. The war had taken something out of him, but the tension wasn't from that. Tomorrow he'd take the job with Mr. Burke and become Peternell of Purchasing; in two months he'd marry Eva, and it would be the Peternells—then a house, a car, a . . .

The cover of the bulletin was grey, and it blurred before his eyes. The college bulletin—couldn't read the words on it. My God, was he hysterical—was he going to cry?

"It's too late because you're twenty-five, and it'll take seven years. *Seven* years. You'll be thirty-two and just starting—Dr. Peternell with no patients, no office, no money, nothing but a piece of paper that says you're a doctor. I don't want to wait seven years to be a doctor's wife."

So said Eva with passionate sincerity, and wasn't she right though? Her figure came into his mind so that he felt he could reach and touch her image, the youthful flesh, the warmth, and feel the something special that made her different to him. Why couldn't she wait—what was wrong with her?

No!

Him. He was afraid. He'd clung to the dream that someday he'd be a doctor, clung to it all of his thinking life. Now it was possible, but it was too late, too late; he wanted Eva and a home and an income; not college, not seven years of hard study with Eva sentenced to his penury—or possibly without her. She'd waited too—what was there to decide? He'd already decided in favor of Peternell of Purchasing. He really wanted that.

"You have to grow up sometime, quit dreaming."

"You have to quit dreaming."

"God damn it, you have to quit dreaming!"

SO WHAT THE HELL, PETERNELL?

Quietly it happened. It pulled out of him but something stuck, hooked him, held, drew him past the chair, the walls, the great green oaks and the clouds. Somehow it hooked him when it wasn't supposed to. No dream about it. One minute he was in the room and then he wasn't. No hallucination because he could see, hear, smell, touch, feel . . . It was hard to stand before the building because his earthly body wasn't intended to be there. Just happened that something hooked that time, and there was Peternell before the great building.

Sunset, it seemed. Over the top of this great grey building banked with windows a crimson glow, over the roof line, the line of a building that was five times five thousand feet long, and he stood before a door in the shadow of the building and looked up. It was five stories high and five times five thousand feet long.

"They have to have some place to go," said the man. He had a uniform on, dark material, black buttons, no insignia. Had a lined face, a shock of white hair. But how the eyes lived—they were luminous, round, blue as the ocean's depth.

"Who are you—where am I?" asked Peternell.

"This is the place where we keep dead dreams," said the old man. "Yours must have got snagged and pulled you here. I don't believe that ever happened before, no sir."

Like standing on water, up and down, sink and rise.

"I'm crazy," said Peternell. "I want to go back. I've cracked!"

"Call me Mort," said the man serenely. "I like the name."

He wouldn't be Peternell of Purchasing. He'd cracked and now he couldn't marry Eva, nor—

"Come on in," said Mort. "You can look at some of the dreams. When people die, that's the best time to collect your dreams, because then you don't get Returns. When they return, the dead dreams, it upsets the records and leaves holes in the stacks. The best way, we've found, is to take these dreams and staple them together and file them by country, by section, by locality, by person.

"Out of one person you get two, four, even a half a dozen dreams, but molded as they are by a personality they fit together all right. They come all the day and night long like ants fanning into an ant hole. They come here because they have no place to go. Sometimes you get 'em before people die, though, like Peternell's.

"Some of them are as big as the Empire State building, but they all can be folded. Folded and stapled. The colors are high, but they have a certain beauty—a bold conception and a spirit of majesty. They are odorless, but solid to the touch."

Mort said all that while they went in. After that Peternell didn't hear what Mort said for a minute.

There was this room five times five thousand feet long, five stories high, and all along it stacks. Stacks disappearing into the haze five stories high and running the length with neat sections of folded dreams. Steel stacks with shelves pigeonholed for the dreams. Out of the stacks they shone in all the colors that man—all men—ever conceived. Yellow and red and green and blue and violet; riotous, subdued, bright, subtle. All of these colors leaped at him from the stacks, glowing, throbbing—but up at the top they came together in the mellow red of a dying sun.

"Sometimes I think that's symbolical," said Mort sententiously.

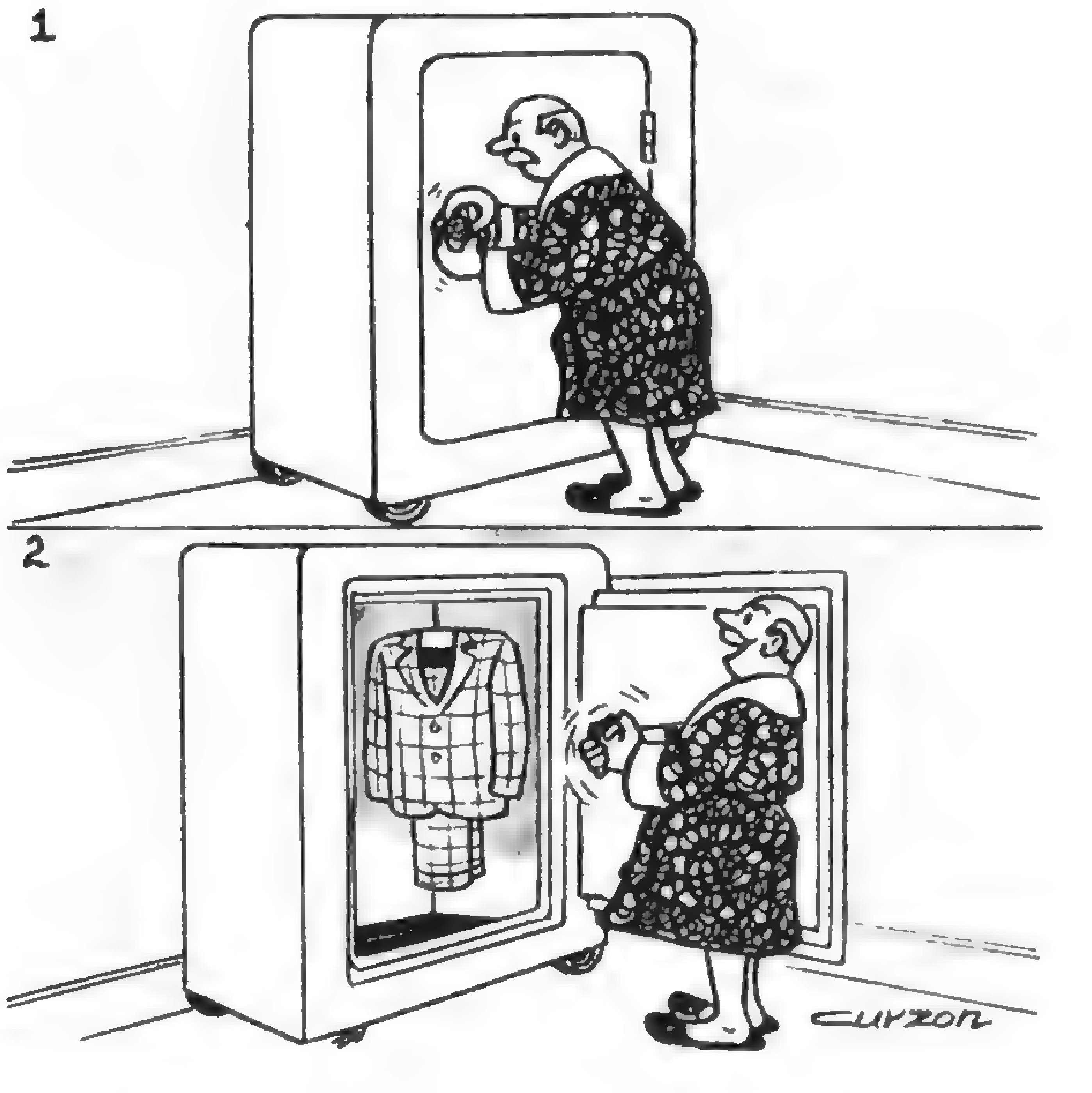
Peternell caught his breath twice and the tears sprang out of his eyes, maybe because he was mad, but more probably because this was a place to cry since these were all of the dreams that didn't happen, shimmering in their place, at rest, unused, done.

"Here's a tiny dream," said Mort. He gave Peternell a small composition that quavered green of a countryside. Looking at it Peternell seemed to feel mellow summer sunshine, smell clover, see meadows and yellow flowers, feel warm earth, hear bees hum.

"It's a little boy's dream. All he wanted was to go back go his uncle's farm, but he died last night. It's quite a well-formed specimen.

"Here's an egotist's dream, a collection of medals, of press notices, of people who bowed to him; this man dreamed a good deal.

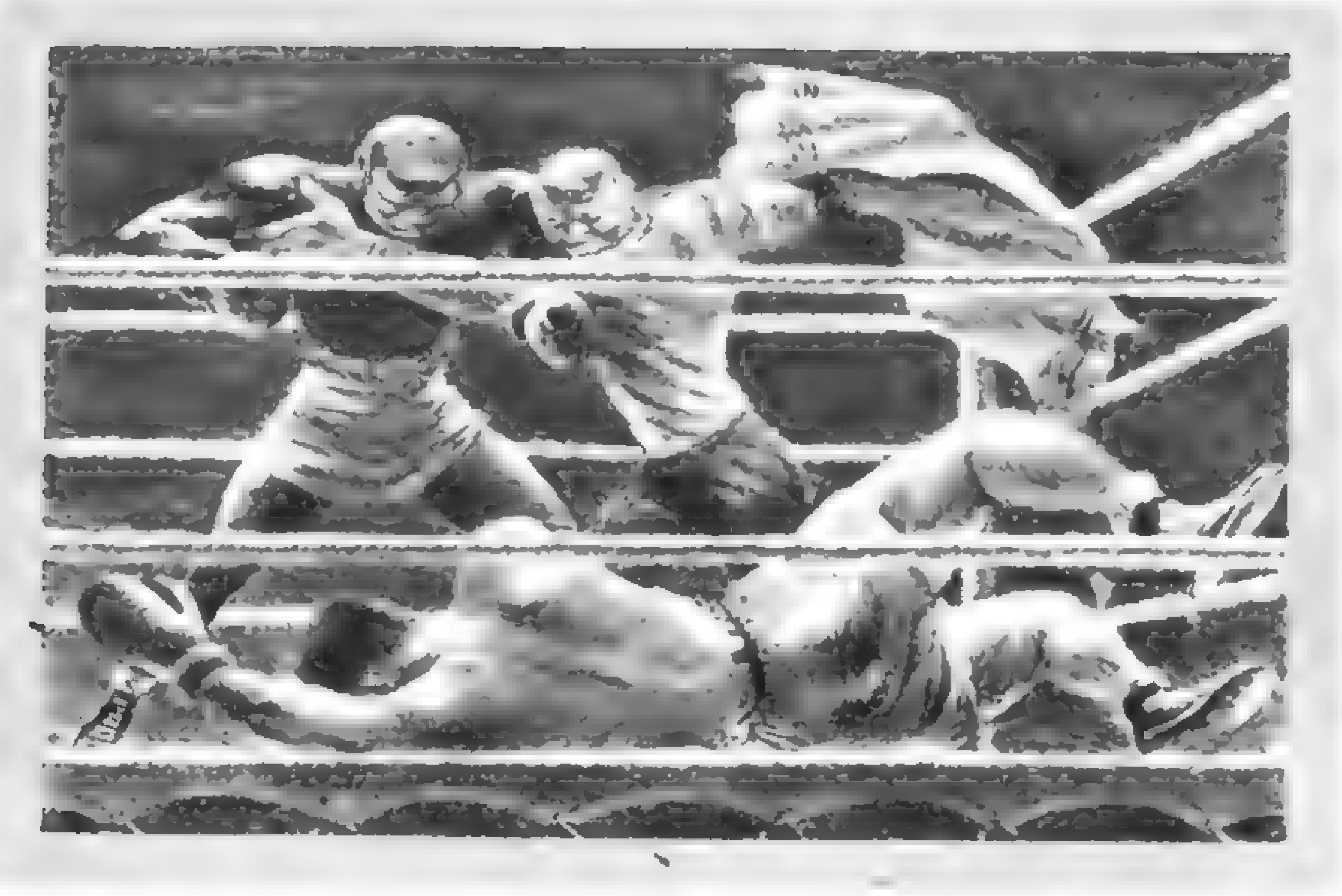
"Here's a poor man's dream, heavy ma- (*Continued on page 262*)



A brace of boxing tomes sets our critic to reminiscing re Greb and Griffo, two utterly fantastic pugilistic characters

Who Did They Lick?

by A. J. LIEBLING

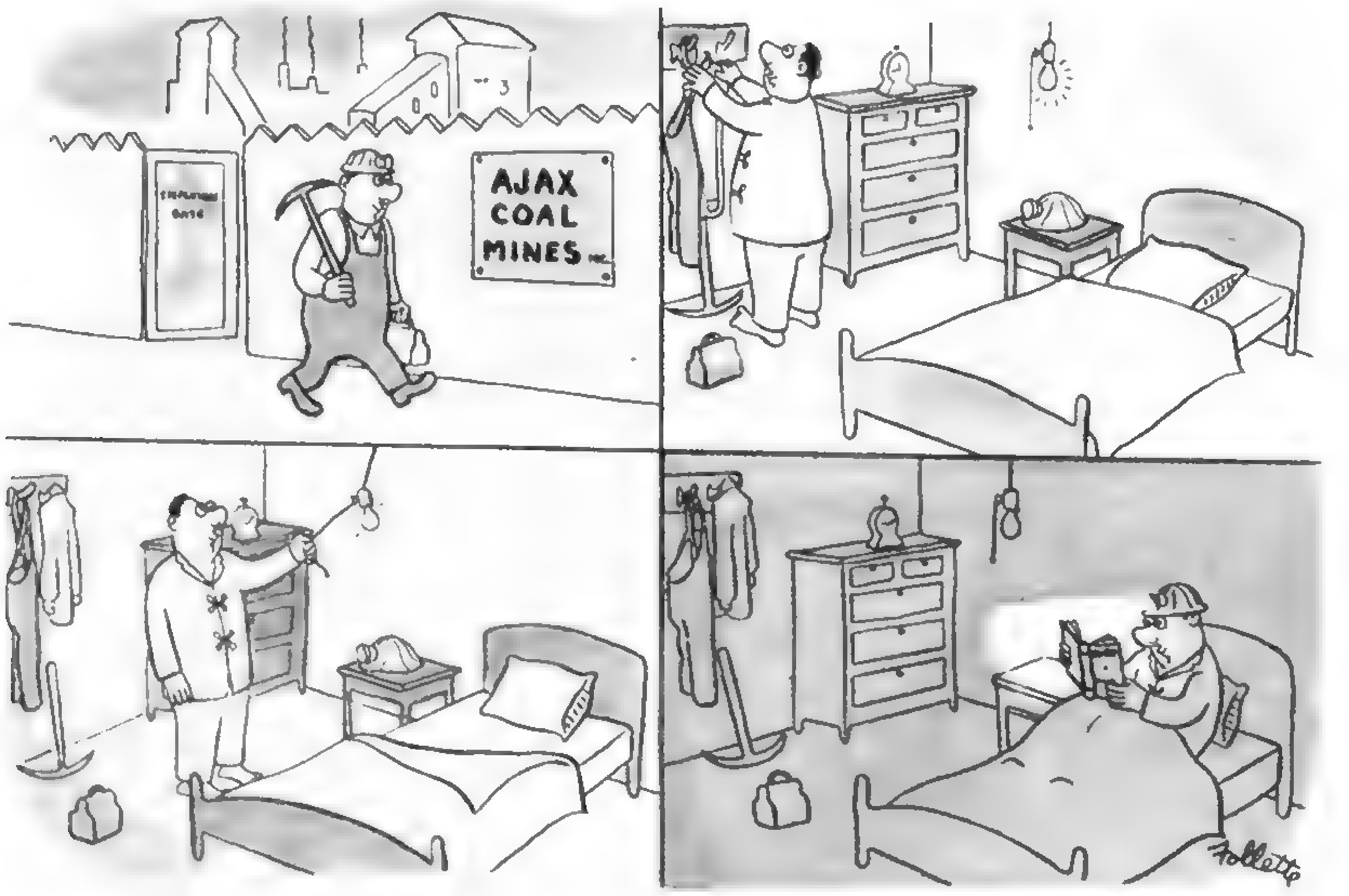


MARTIN

With *Who Did They Lick?*, Esquire is proud to welcome A. J. Liebling as a staff contributor. Henceforward, Mr. Liebling's steady wit and learning may be enjoyed regularly in these pages as he covers developments in the book world. For more on Mr. Liebling and his unique qualifications as writer and critic, we refer you to his autobiographical note following.—*The Editors.*

"I was born in New York City on October 18, 1904, and have never earned my living as a dishwasher in a restaurant or as a professional boxer. I have never ridden the rails, preferring parlor cars. Had five newspaper jobs in ten years from 1925-35, breaking exactly even: got fired twice, quit twice and had one newspaper, *The World*, shot under me. I then joined the staff of *The New Yorker* and have lived off Fleischmann and Ross ever since. I was *The New Yorker's* war correspondent in France, 1939-40; Britain, 1941; Britain and North Africa, 1942-3; Britain and France (again yet) 1943-44. Married, bald, overweight and gluttonous. I've written three books—*Back Where I Came From* (a gag title, it means New York. Nobody got the gag, if sales are any index); *The Telephone Booth Indian* (another bad title; customers used to ask for The Cigar Store Indian, or The Telephone Book Something), and *The Road Back to Paris*. They are all out of print but I am proudest of *The Road Back to Paris* because it is out of print in England too. I live in New York City; can't stand country air because it isn't pasteurized."

Everything about boxing is open to dispute, which makes it the most fascinating subject of argument there is, if you give a damn about it. There are no batting or fielding averages you can look up for any given year, and even a knockout in the record book is a trifle to true believers in the genius of the man who was knocked out. They will go to their graves explaining that it was an accident, or that if the same two heroes had met a couple years earlier or later the result would have been exactly the opposite. This tendency to identify with a pugilist is so strong that there are plenty of old-timers who believe in their hearts that Terry McGovern was never beaten (it wasn't the *real* Terry, anyway; he was only a shadow of himself), nor Jim Jeffries either (a hollow shell it was that Jack Johnson clipped). And millions of men my age think of Benny Leonard as an unbeaten fighter (well, he blew a couple when he was a kid, and Jimmy McLarnin knocked him out when he was an *old man*).



Fight followers form antipathies to fighters they have never even said "hello" to; their hates are as unreasonable as their affections. Hostility to a boxer is invariably expressed in the basically rhetorical question, "Who did he ever lick?" As used, it has the implied meaning: "The bum didn't never lick nobody."

"So even before the war who did Zale lick?" I heard a lug ask another lug in Stillman's gym not long ago.

"So who?" the second lug said, "so so many. So Alostic." (Al Hostak.)

"So who did Alostic lick?"

"So Solly Krieger."

"So who," began the anti-Zale lug again, when the pro-Zale lug, impatient, blurted, "So who did anybody lick?—So if this is an argument who did Tunney lick?—Hah?—Only Dempsey."

He may have thought this was a crusher, but the other lug didn't. "So Dempsey fights Tunney in 1921," he said, "and Tunney is lucky to stay three rounds." This meant, in Stillmanese, that *if* Dempsey had fought Tunney in 1921, Tunney *would have been* lucky to stay three rounds.

Realizing the inexact and subjective character of all statements bearing on the ring, boxing writers seldom strain after precision. Two books published during the past semester illustrate this prettily. *Come Out Fighting: A Pictorial History of the Ring*, by John Durant and Edward Rice (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, $3) says that Harry Greb, the Pittsburgh middleweight, had a glass eye during the last few years he fought—"a secret known only to his trainers," and that after he won a decision over Mickey Walker on July 2, 1925, he and Walker went out together and had a street fight. But James R. Fair, the author of *Give Him to the Angels* (Smith and Durrell, $2.50) a book devoted entirely and exclusively to Mr. Greb, denies the glass eye and says he doesn't know about the street fight. He allows that Greb was blind in one eye after 1921, but says that the battler continued to wear the original orb in the socket. As to the street-fight story, Fair says it was not out of line with their character but that Greb never mentioned it and Walker says he won. Fair, who covered scores of Greb fights as a sports writer, is, as one might expect, a Greb Man.

Lest you get the idea that he is too accurate in any way, however, I may say that he carries on over Jimmy Slattery's state of nerves in Greb's dressing room on the same evening (Slattery fought Dave Shade on the same card and got knocked out). Slats was all keyed up, Mr. Fair says, because it was his first appearance in New York. Greb, although he had troubles enough of his own, tried to steady him down, but it was no good. As a matter of facts and history, Slattery had fought two main bouts in Madison Square Garden during the previous winter, winning decisions over Jack Delaney both times. I saw the first of those bouts, and it was one of the finest bits of boxing I've ever watched. And who did Delaney ever lick, only he knocked out Tiger Flowers twice? And who did Tiger Flowers ever lick? Only Mr. Greb's unexpectedly hollow shell twice within a year after the Greb-Walker bout. And did that make Slattery such a country kid that he needed Mr. Greb's pep talk? That's just to show how arguments start.

Mr. Fair, like many other Pittsburghers, thinks that Greb could have beaten Dempsey for the heavyweight title because he once kept ahead of him in a sparring match. To establish Greb's greatness he makes much of his having beaten Walker in what he freely allows the reader to understand was an epic struggle. But the same Dave Shade had already beaten Walker, and he only a welterweight. Lou Bogash and Jock Malone and Phil Delmont had done the same thing officially and Georgie Ward had beaten Walker twice in no-decision bouts. Shade and Ward both had dropped decisions to a Dartmouth boxing instructor named Eddie Shevlin, and on a line through them Eddie, who was a light welterweight teaching freshmen one-two-feint, had as good a chance with Dempsey as Greb. In a word, none.

The most important "who" Greb ever licked was Gene Tunney. He did that in 1922, beating him for the light-heavyweight championship. Greb weighed 162 and Tunney 174 for that fight. Tunney, as he grew bigger and stronger and more knowing, beat Greb three times after that. It is awful to contemplate what Dempsey of 1920 would have done to the Mike McTigue of 1920, or what any Dempsey would have done to Kid Norfolk of '24, both of whom decisioned Greb.

There is no doubt Greb was a good fighter. His record, which Fair omits (a slight oversight like leaving the battles out of a life of Napoleon), would show more clearly than Fair's stories how good he was. It would also indicate his limitations. Nat Fleischer's *All-Time Ring Record Book* credits Greb with 280 fights (and he probably had a lot more in his early years that aren't included). He lost exactly ten times, once when he broke his arm. But he won only forty-three by knockouts, not one against a "name" fighter. He won sixty-three by decision and one by a foul—despite his frankly nasty ring manners he never lost on a foul. He drew two, and fought 161 no-decision bouts under the law that obtained in Pennsylvania and some other states during most of his fighting life. Most of his matches were against men his own weight, and he didn't let them stay because he was tender-hearted. He just moved so fast that they couldn't get set to punch. He was smart and a good showman, strong in clinches and effectively careless with head, thumbs, and elbows. Also he had it, as the boys say, under the left arm as big as a melon.

But what makes Greb a great subject for a book—and Mr. Fair has at least written one that reads easy—is that he was one of the ring's most genial eccentrics. He was in a class with Young Griffo, the Australian phenomenon, although his eccentricity was not the same as Griffo's, which came in bottles. Greb, as Mr. Fair explains shamelessly, liked dames. On the night of a fight he would eat a good dinner and relax with a woman friend until time to dress for what he considered his less important bout. He had no women enemies. His tastes were not uncommon, but their gratification has been deemed incompatible with athletic endeavor. It was Greb's chief service to American young manhood to prove that one need not live chastely to be a champion. To aspiring boxers as actively heterosexual as Harry, his memory is a perpetual reassurance. His death in 1926, of a hemorrhage occurring on the operating table, was a final symbol of his devotion. He was having his nose remodeled so the girls would like him better.

Come Out Fighting is stronger on pictures than text. To supply even an outline history of the prize ring in space so limited is a grim project, and most of the life of the book shines out of the excellent photographs. Among the latter is a fine portrait of Young Griffo, looking small and dumpy and sad like Jimmy Savo, the comic, and holding by a leash an approximation of a fox terrier much smaller but only slightly sadder than himself. He must have been all through with fighting when the picture was taken. He died in December, 1927, when he was fifty-five, in a basement room on New York's West Side. The landlady let him live there for free because when he was a fighter he had brought so much trade to the saloon her late husband had kept. A great part of the trade must have been his own, for in his ring days he had seldom been sober. A fat, puffy little man, weighing nearly twice the old featherweight limit he had fought at, he had lived for almost thirty years on handouts.

In the same year that Griffo died, I met an old bare-knuckle fighter named Joe Murphy in Providence who had knocked about with Griffo in Chicago as a young man. Griffo had fought his first matches with bare knuckles in Australia and then made the transition to gloves and set rounds in America. "Griffo was the most talented man in the world and the most ignorant," old Joe used to say. "He could catch a fly between his thumb and finger without bruising a wing. He could stand on a handkerchief and let you hit at his head, him keeping his hands at his side, and you couldn't touch him. But he couldn't read or write or count. He would go into the ring dead drunk and fight himself sober, and as soon as he could see the other fellow he'd start to win. But if he never sobered up enough to win he got a draw anyway, because no man in the world could hit him. ' 'Ere's me 'ead,' he'd say, ' 'it it.' And him too weak with drink to hold up his arms."

Griffo's actual boxing accomplishments grow in retrospect because he was such an amazing fellow. He didn't really win so many important matches, but few men were able to beat him. A featherweight, which in his time, 1890-1900, meant 118 pounds, he fought two draws with Kid Lavigne and one with Joe Gans, both great lightweight champions. Gans later knocked him out. He also drew three times with George Dixon, the featherweight champion, and won a decision over Ike Wier, an ex-champion. In addition, he drew with a dozen fellows whose names would win for the house in a sports quiz test. Those must have been the fights in which he didn't have time to sober up.

Nat Lewis, a spry octogenarian who handled Griffo in several bouts, told me the phenomenon could not be kept on the wagon even when in the ring. He had to taper off with a shot after each round. Lewis remembers one fight when the corner ran out of liquor and Griffo refused to continue. His seconds begged him to fight one more round while they sent out to the nearest saloon for a quart. "All right," Griff said, "but remember, if you don't 'ave it for me by the time I gets back, I'm through." They had it, and he boxed a twenty-round draw. Toward the end he was trying for a knockout, because he was sober enough to feel he was wasting time away from a bar. He seldom threw a hard punch in the ring, Lewis says, but he was a slugger in a saloon, and when closing time came he would take the whole joint out in the street with him, including fixtures. His best saloon trick was to stand with his hands on the bar and eyes fixed on the backbar mirror, and invite anybody who wanted to take a punch at the back of his head. He would see the blow in the mirror and slip it every time.

Greb, according to Mr. Fair, didn't drink, but fed liquor to women to warm them up. Griffo, a man of more catholic tastes and, I suspect, a more civilized person all around, did not eschew the company of dames, however. The only thing he didn't do was sing. In Chicago in 1893 he developed quite a crush on a girl called Kentucky Babe who worked a café where prizefighters broke training. But she would have none of him because she considered his language vulgar. He habitually used the adjective for which "bleeding" is a euphemism. The word had just been introduced into this country by the Australian fighters. Joe Murphy, who told me the story long ago, served as Griffo's ambassador, to tell the Babe Griffo's language was not designed to offend. When Joe had squared his pal, Griffo went over and said, "Lydy, I'm bleeding sorry my bleeding language shocked yer." And with his next words, he really shocked her.

The episode has its parallel in *Give Him to the Angels*, but the principals are Greb and Olive Thomas, a Ziegfeld beauty of the early twenties. The scene is a New York speakeasy circa 1923 instead of a Chicago saloon circa thirty years earlier, but the dialogue is not much different. Greb, like Griffo, spoke too frankly and the dame walked out. I'm sure Greb never heard the Griffo story, but it just goes to show that great boxing minds work along the same lines.

I wish somebody would write a book about Griffo. ⧺

When Yank paratroopers invaded ivy-covered Oxford, something was bound to happen

Gentlemen Wore Gowns to Chow

by **MEL R. SABRE**

Shortly after the war, as part of a complicated program to occupy its idle occupation troops, the Army chose a group of startled G.I.s and informed them that they were no longer latrine orderlies and battalion commanders, but gentleman scholars of Oxford University. The idea was a happy one: Oxford has weathered about eight centuries with comfortable indifference to alien invasion, and the American soldier, having plodded over five continents without changing his mind about steam heat or chewing gum, was not expected to suffer any violent effects. University officials met with our military chiefs and decided that the charges of each could safely withstand exposure to the other. And so arrangements were made for the admission of about eighty gentlemen in steel helmets . . . and bewildered Pfc's in motor pools received polite letters from their colleges, requesting them, as first year Oxford men, not to bring their menservants, motorcars or riding stables to the University.

At that time I was occupying a choice flat in London and brooding over a change in my redeployment status that suggested a winter of guard duty in the mountain passes of Bavaria. I had just emerged from a year behind German wire and the prospect of returning to that romantic country had little charm. The doleful captain in our local personnel office had hinted moreover, that ETO headquarters maintained grimmer posts than Bavaria, even for an ex-PW paratroop sergeant such as I. The sergeant should have known better than to volunteer to stay in the European Theater. My university application was a desperate measure against the military fates, and when it was accepted and orders came through directing me to Oxford, I returned my newly issued rifle to the supply sergeant and caught the first jeep out.

There were twelve of us assigned to New College and we'd all jettisoned most of our baggage and raced to Oxford to establish roots before saner and sterner military authorities set their typewriters to hacking. None of us was quite sure of the score at first—all of us vaguely suspecting that the Army had requisitioned a college for the Armed Forces Institute and was going to cement Anglo-American friendship by marching us to class across the lawns and cricket greens. We were afraid to infer much from the note about our menservants and motorcars, and the first awareness of our status came at New College gates when one of our captains asked the porter where we were to be billeted.

"He says I'm rooming in the garden quad with Mr. Ruskin. Who the devil is Mr. Ruskin?" We searched for warrant officers until a Pfc threw his mind back across three olive-drab years and remembered that he was—why Hell, of course he was Mr. Ruskin. The porter paired off the rest of his new gentlemen with charming disregard for rank, and sent us off to dress for Hall dinner. "If any of you hasn't a gown as yet," he said as we left, "I'm sure the dons will overlook it on your first night."

QUICK
LOANS
NO CO-SIGNERS
OR
RED TAPE

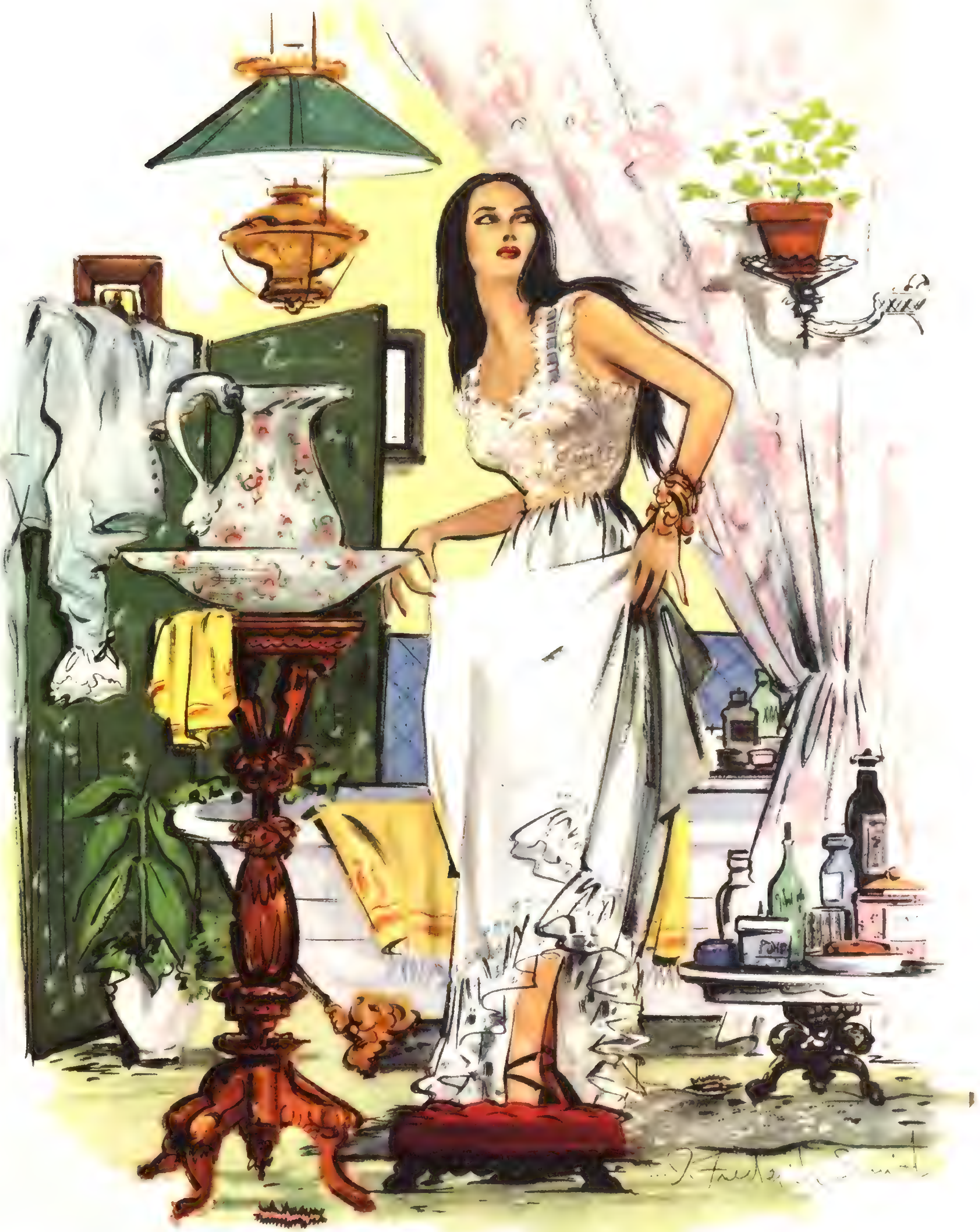
Most of our colony moved into the designated rooms, leonine majors and lamblike corporals bedding down together with fine Oxonian respect for the authority of the porter—whose niche in the hierarchy, we later learned, approximates that of a battalion adjutant and his sergeant major. The rest of us organized just as we'd done in countless requisitioned schlosses and chalets, and raced about the halls seeking more congenial plumbing facilities and roommates. By reversing two nameplates I collared a room with Bob whom I had known at college and who had been a reluctant public relations officer with the Ninth Air Force until the post-hostilities training program opened wider vistas.

He had initiated a warm friendship with two less transient scholars living in our house when I returned from placating the lieutenant who had wanted the room with a garden view and was certain that the porter had meant him to have it. The two in reefer jackets were arranged about the study in postures of casual dignity that must surely have been prescribed by William of Wykeham who founded our college and wrote the corollaries to *Manners Makyth Man.* We seldom entered the study of a genuine undergraduate without noting the unvarying, graceful position of its occupants and it wasn't until the term was nearly over that Bob learned to cross his feet just that delicately across the fire gate, and I to lounge gently against the mantelpiece and blow my cigarette smoke upward.

From Humphrey and David we learned that the college was as vague as the Army about what we were there for and just what was to be done for us. The authorities had decided to matriculate us with the new crop up from Eton and Winchester, assign us our tutors, classify us as ordinary undergraduates or commoners (regular-paying undergraduate students), and let things take their course. Thus we were theoretically bound by the statutes inscribed in eleven ominous medieval tomes and were denied such excesses as drinking beer in public houses, attending public dances, staying outside the gates after midnight and holding more than four sherry parties in the course of a single term. Bob and I thought grimly of life disciplined by the articles of war as well as the Oxford code of undergraduate conduct. As it turned out we were really bound by neither, each authority fearing to infringe upon the supervisory domain of the other. It was only a matter of telling the local MP's that you were on your way to an early morning tutorial, and convincing the proctors (after you had hidden your gown in your greatcoat pocket) that you were Sergeant O'Donovan of the Rangers, on furlough from Le Havre.

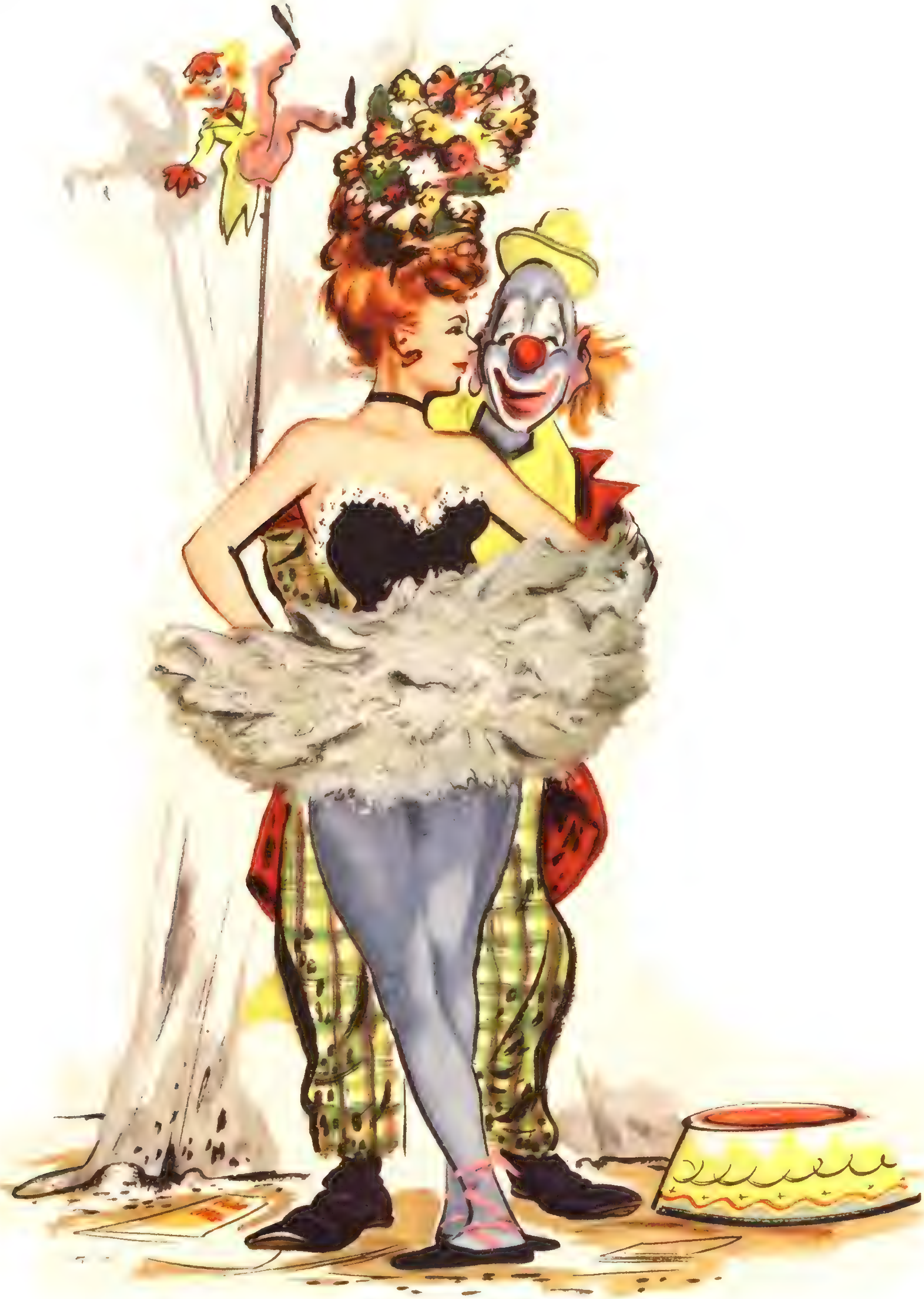
As commoners we were authorized only the skimpiest of gowns—they concealed Bob's bars but not my stripes. One of our boys spent most of the next morning arguing hopelessly that a Ph.D. from the University of Chicago should certainly be worth a Bachelor's gown lined with fur length drape, if not the gayer Master's model that sports a red silk-lined hood. His tutor maintained, and the decision was broadened to categorize our position in all things, that gentlemen who have just arrived at the university are first year men, regardless of the provincial schools at which they prepared for Oxford study.

Humphrey had begun to sketch the sites of the women's colleges and dormitories on my Oxford city map when Mr. Ruskin thundered into the room. He swore solemnly that somebody had just entered his study, said "Good evening, sir, "*(Continued on page 241)*



Nocturne by J. FREDERICK SMITH

The endless confusion of a lady's bath with all the bric-a-brac it entailed in another less efficient day has here bemused the artist. But not enough, very fortunately, to keep him from bestowing on his canvas the graces and provocative promise of a lass who seems very much a creature of this moment. For a matter of that, who said that woman was ever anything but woman, enough to make a mockery of calendars and such with the simple and tantalizing flicker of a modestly lifted skirt, or a flash of black eyes framed in a somber aureole of blacker hair? Banish the crockery and the rubber, throw out the patent medicines and the oil lamp, we say to Progress, but let us have more girls like this at eventide.



Reminiscence by J. FREDERICK SMITH

Here is adult proof that the boy who gave his heart to the bareback rider was a creature of fine instinct. Who but another man can tell for sure the emotion behind the Harlequin's mask of insane amusement? Who but a boy or man playing hooky from school or work can appreciate the poetic fulfillment of an afternoon spent mooning over the pulse-pounding glamour of the lovely lady of the circus? In a mood of pleasurable reminiscence, Smith has recaptured every man's juvenile thrill in his Esquire Girl of the moment, who incidentally demonstrates beautifully the wisdom of Wordsworth when he said, "The child is father of the man."

Madame Jolly's husband had been gone for ten years and, despite what she said, she was frightened now that he was coming home

An Affair of Honor

by SARAH GIBBS

MADAME Joli-Coeur was printed on her business cards, but the people of Mont St. Pierre in Quebec Province called her Madame Jolly. That is the way she herself pronounced her husband's name. She spoke both French and English with a fine Cockney accent that gave her speech its own charm. She said her father had emigrated, when she was a child, from one of the Channel Islands. There, she claimed, she had learned both languages. But Madame Jolly gave so many romantic accounts of her past life that the people of Mont St. Pierre had long since stopped believing what she said, on general principles.

She had come to Mont St. Pierre ten years before—allegedly from the town of Trois Pistoles. None of her near neighbors had ever traveled abroad more than a few miles, so they really had no way of checking that information. Anyhow, for ten years she had kept a little shop in Mont St. Pierre, where she sold coffee, spices, buttons and thread, and a curious potpourri of other small luxuries. To eke out her living, she also gave lessons in English to the Habitants (very few, however, desired them) and French to the Canadians of British descent.

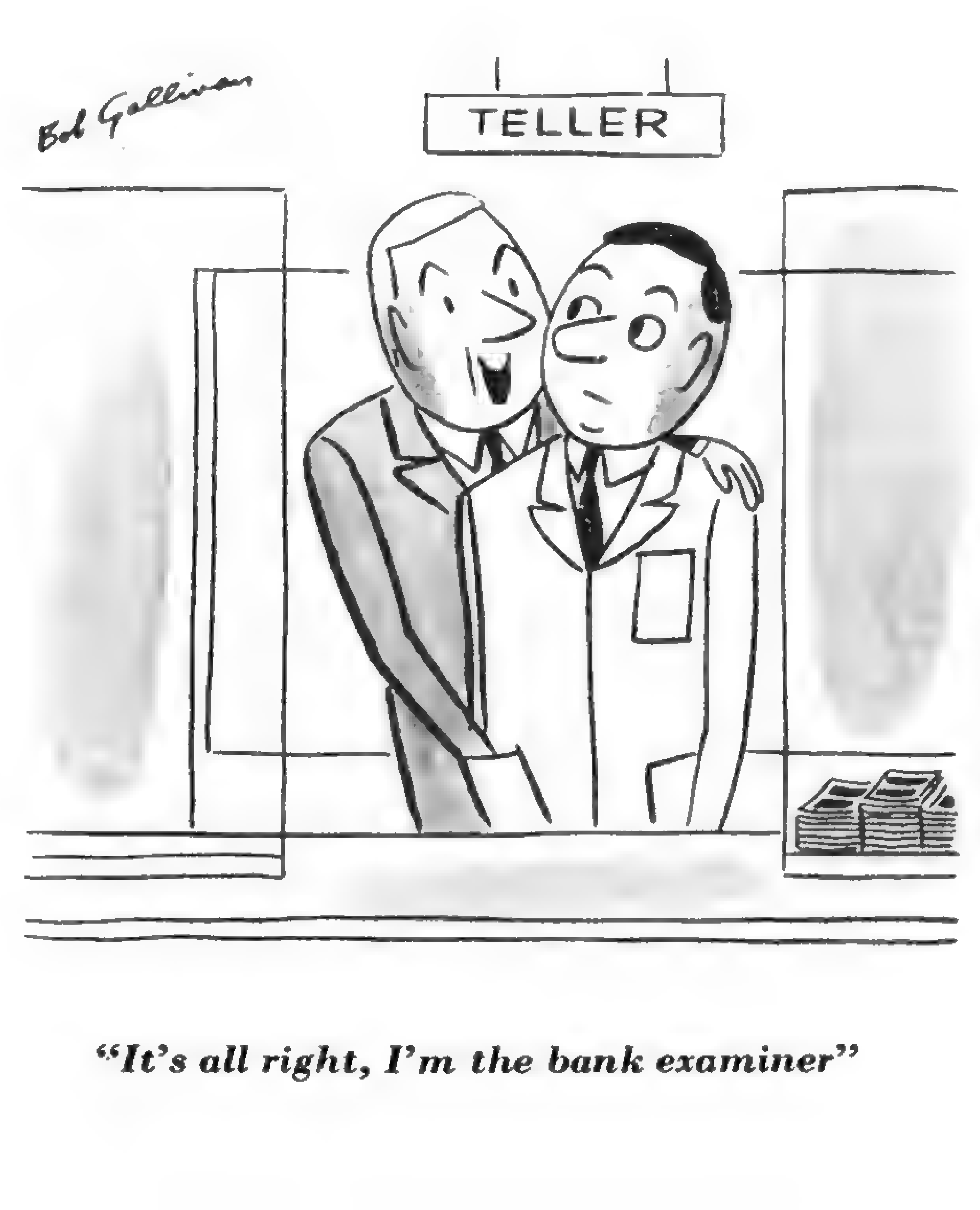
She would also teach diction, voice and piano to sullen children of ambitious parents of both extractions. Altogether, she managed to pay the rent on her shop and on the small apartment at the back which served her as bed-sitting room.

Both the shop and the back room had an absolutely delightful atmosphere. Shy Habitants and proud British colonials alike found many excuses to drop in and buy some small article they did not really need, in order to enjoy a chat with Madame Jolly. Theoretically of course she kept both business hours for the shop, and professional hours for her lessons; but both were liable to interruption for gossip and refreshment.

She always seemed to be preparing excellent coffee—at all hours of the day—which she would offer cordially to almost any customer who dropped in. And if they came after ten in the morning, they were likely to be greeted by the delicious smell of a stew, simmering slowly in the back room. There was hope of being invited to share it—if they lingered long enough, and Madame Jolly began to feel hungry. Her meal hours were irregular and unpredictable; when Madame Jolly felt the pangs, she ate—with excellent appetite. Whatever her true origin, she cooked in the French manner, and could make a Burgundy beef stew with the best of them.

Her material attractions being so great, it is no wonder that the rather naïve inhabitants of Mont St. Pierre were able to accept her eccentricities. Besides, a flamboyant personality is a nice change to people who spend the long winters in the bleak fishing villages of the Gaspé Peninsula.

Among more critical people, she might have been looked at askance, with something besides friendly amusement, because of her habit of dressing and talking like an actress or vaudeville queen of bygone days. Or even perhaps like a woman of an older profession. It was her custom to trail around the house, and even to church, in garments that suggested Lady Macbeth rather than a shopkeeper of Quebec Province (where nice French women wear rusty black, and nice British colonial women wear tweeds in winter, changing to dismal voiles in the short, hot, dusty summer).



"It's all right, I'm the bank examiner"

Her manner of speaking was likewise that of classic tragedy; she addressed her customers and pupils in vibrant, husky accents, and frequently in the words of the great poets.

"Get thee to a nunnery, Antoinette!" she might admonish a bewildered girl who showed no promise in reading Shakespeare. Or again, when entertaining Mrs. Cartwright over a cup of coffee, she would address her absent husband in dramatic apostrophes, like this: "Jacques, ah, Jacques! And I know not where thou art!"

No one in Mont St. Pierre had ever seen the absent Jacques, and they had come to regard him as a friendly ghost, a phantom creation of Madame Jolly's lively imagination. She said she and Mr. Jolly had kept a small, cozy, respectable inn near Amqui, before his mysterious departure. It might be true, of course. No one in Mont St. Pierre had ever been to Amqui. They were fair people, willing to admit that, if they had traveled so far, they might have seen him. And certainly, if the inn had indeed existed, it must have been just as Madame Jolly described.

They could picture, as she talked, the sparkling dining room, with its walls painted white, and vines trained in festoons from ceiling to floor; the distinguished, satisfying meals; the perfect beds; and Mr. Jolly bringing up a bottle of good wine from the small but excellent cellar. Mr. Jolly had been, it seemed, a connoisseur of wines—not only of French ones, but the Spanish ones, too.

When asked, as she often was, what had caused Mr. Jolly to leave such a congenial and profitable business (not to mention a wife like her) she would murmur that it had been an affair of honor. A less refined person might have called it a tavern brawl.

"Jacques was the kindest-hearted of men, you understand—oh, such a tender nature! But there was a quarrel about politics—you know how men are on the subject of the government—and it came to blows. The man died in the scuffle—I don't say Jacques exactly killed him, you understand, but anyhow he did die. The police came nosing around—I suppose it is their *métier*—and he ran away. He could have come back, I think, by the next year, in safety; he could surely come back now, if he only knew. But I have no way to reach him. I've written to the General Delivery in a little place in Alaska where he once went to look for gold, thinking he might have returned there. But he has not answered yet. It's very sad and lonely for me, Mrs. Cartwright, let me assure you."

"Of course it is, dear Mrs. Jolly! I do so feel for you. But I'm sure you've done better than any other woman on the Gaspé, managing for yourself and running your business and all. I wonder if you know what a wonderful example of pluck you've been to us here in Mont St. Pierre."

What Mrs. Cartwright said was true. They might smile at Madame Jolly's odd ways, but the village valued her. They took an affectionate interest in her destiny.

One day when she went to the post office (as she did regularly every week, although she never got any- (*Continued on page 161*)

Gomez ruled Venezuela with all the cruelty common to dictators but he had a sure-fire formula for success

COVARRUBIAS

El Brujo Grande

by JOSEPH E. SHANER

One of the drawbacks to dictatorship, commonly overlooked by its practitioners until, invariably, it is too late, is the gloomy fact that dictators rarely are delivered into the next world after having enjoyed such sweet amenities as a flower-scented bedroom filled with saddened kin and a helpful medico to ease their last moments.

This occupational disease has been avoided, however, in this, the Twentieth Century, by one who, when the late, unlamented Adolf and Benito were still toddlers, was bossing his own show with a brutality they most surely must have bloodily applauded. Surrounding himself with fabulous wealth, this amigo died abed in 1935, still top dog in his own country, of uremia and diseases incident to old age.

Agreed, he never left the livid scars on so much of the earth that the ruthless Adolf did, but the old man had the distinction of *getting away with it.* There are those who would say, after a careful perusal of the batting averages of the dictators, that that was an unshared mark of genius, a rare kind of success in a singularly unsuccessful business.

Don Juan Vicente Gomez, rusticating his last years on his 3,000-acre hacienda, held Venezuela in sway until his last unexcited breath put an end to twenty-seven years of firm and vicious rule. He amassed so many hostiles that for two days after his death was announced the populace refused to believe it, fearing a trick. His enemies had branded him *el brujo*—witch doctor—and he'd been around so venomously long they didn't think he'd ever die. But it penetrated at last and rioting mobs, unmindful of the rifles of the *soldados*, ripped Venezuela apart.

Gomez, seventy-eight when he died, did not see his work crumble. Two lessons, learned at the turn of the century, helped make that possible. Lesson One, which dictators are ever loathe to commit to memory, was: Stay in your own back yard; and Lesson Two: Whisky and women don't mix—take one or the other, but never both. Gomez chose the latter.

Gomez' instructor was his neighbor and predecessor as President of Venezuela, one General Cipriano Castro. Standing by as Castro's right-hand man, Gomez patiently waited while Castro debauched and defied the big powers. Came 1903, and Castro thumbed his nose at Germany, Italy and Britain, who, with the backing of the Hague Tribunal, sought payment of a Venezuelan debt of approximately $4,000,000. The big boys shoved their warships into Venezuela's ports. Gomez watched Castro embarrassedly try to ante up. Later, when he ruled Venezuela, Gomez was prompt in his settlements with other lands, particularly with those which might unseat him. He had no desire to conquer any of them.

Castro's love for *vino* and *señoritas* occupied most all his time. Gomez, who didn't drink, decided to stay off for keeps, and later, perhaps, to indulge himself with the ladies. Therefore, shortly after he grabbed the governmental reins, Gomez clutched onto a sixteen-year-old miss but retained his old mistress for other tasks. In due course, Gomez added another eighteen women to his harem and fathered nearly 100 children, bothering not once to call in the padre. One son, Gonzales, resenting the apt Anglo-Saxon and Spanish noun for one of his status, got himself shot while attempting to stage a marriage with his mother and Gomez when the latter was on his deathbed. Gomez, as with the educated Spaniard who sired him through a beautiful Indian girl, never did marry.

Gomez was a late starter, but natural instinct for leadership shoved him high. He rode out of the Andean foothills when he was thirty-five, uneducated but wise among men, and at the head of a regiment of hard-riding *gauchos.* He and Castro galloped to support the then President Aldueza Polocio against revolutionaries. They picked the wrong side. For seven years they were exiled. Then Castro led a revolt that put him on top and Gomez became vice-president and minister of war.

Castro became an international nuisance. He'd rather dance. For the last four of Castro's seven years in office, Gomez quietly tended store. Finally, Castro, stricken ill, sailed for Germany for an operation. Twenty-seven days later Gomez, with urging of plenipotentiaries of enraged governments who believed that Gomez was the only sane man linked with the megalomaniac Castro who was fit to rule, decided to act. He consulted no one, confided in no one, but handled the matter quietly and with dispatch.

He strolled into the barracks in the capital at Carácas, where Castro's nephew had been left to stall any attempt to overthrow him, and arrested the nephew in front of Castro's armed followers. Returning to the presidential mansion, Gomez slapped the face of the first official who dared protest. The coup threw out all Castro's followers. When that worthy steamed home from Berlin, he was not permitted to land.

Among Gomez' first acts was establishment of a political party, the *Causa Rehabilitadora.* Gomez had a sharp argument for joining. Venezuela's twenty states each had powerful families which from time to time sought to seize, by bloodshed or mayhem, the presidency. In 100 years Venezuela had had some seventy revolutions, and by the time the machetes were tucked away after each one, the land was poorer than before. The population was at a standstill.

Now, said Gomez, no more revolt. That was sensible, except that you joined the party, or else.

Gomez sat down with the French minister. He settled the debt with France on the basis of ten per cent, and the French minister left friendly and cheering for Gomez.

Next Gomez jailed two judges who had sentenced his half-brother Eustoquio on a charge of murder. Eustoquio, who became the infamous hatchetman, was made prison commandant, with duties of the judges up to him. By and by, Gomez turned over to sons, nephews, cousins and other

NUDIST COLONY
MEMBERS ONLY
AJAX BAKERY
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-ALI-

of his kin, the juiciest posts in the government, but he was boss.

Crafty, domineering, a tyrant while Hitler and Mussolini were schoolboys as yet heedless of keeping an eye on the main chance, Gomez never made a speech. He also saw to it that no one else did either. His noiseless efficiency became one of the most terrifying attributes of his protracted dictatorship. Spies, largely his relatives and men from the mountains, were in garrisons and prisons, State houses and town halls, barbershops and bakeries, on steamships and near-by islands. Carácas had ten spies for every uniformed policeman. He ruled the press.

With writers from other lands, he was a genius. Gomez' practical accomplishments could be sung. He became a thorn to liberals. If, as he said, the nation was better ruled by his strong arm —and he was not building a war machine to fight his neighbors—and he was cutting his nation's debts while building schools, roads, museums, etc., who could howl?

Gomez entertained the foreign writers at his hacienda, Las Delicias, at Maracay, seventy-seven miles from the capital. There, his small eyes flashing beneath his broad, bronze forehead, well-groomed in a simple military uniform lacking gold lace or flossy adornment, Gomez was ready for interviews. No, not in the regally paneled salon, but under a cluster of trees. Writers sang panegyrics. Gomez led a Spartan existence. He ate sparingly, never smoked or drank. The correspondents, eating and living as he ate and lived, contemplated his simple habits and austere manners. Gomez let them ride along on his daily inspection of agricultural installations, showed them his zoo of three hundred wild animals, pointed to the great roads he'd built, the happy faces of those around him, the school children singing songs about him.

On the surface, Gomez looked good. All those things had been accomplished. Correspondents, coming to check occasional rumblings as a trotting parade of approximately 1,000 fled Venezuela each year, never could seem to find anyone *inside* Venezuela who would talk.

Hadn't El Benemerito—the well-deserving—as his hand-picked Congress had designated him, stabilized the economy? Wasn't Venezuela on a paying basis? What other nation was? If a Gomez enemy occasionally vanished or died road building, so what? Telling blows, every question! Venezuela was bothering no one, why should the world snoop into her affairs?

By World War I Gomez had greatly lowered the national debt he'd inherited. By the time he died, 200,000,000 bolívares of foreign and internal debt had been wiped out and the treasury showed a balance of 97,000,000 bolívares. The money was sound. In addition to this, every government bond was owned by a Venezuelan.

"My fingerprints, sir—I like to give the authorities a sporting chance"

Union, Paz y Trabajo—Union, Peace and Work, was the old man's slogan. Humorlessly, the "outs" twisted it: Union, in Prison; Peace, in the Cemetery; Work, on the Roads. Even they underestimated.

The roads the gaunt dictator had built were military roads, each fortified, so that in case of an uprising his troops could reach any Venezuelan sector quickly to quell it; Gomez built the roads, using political prisoners, then sold the roads to the government at a neat profit. Gomez built magnificent clubhouses for his henchmen and kin—and then he sold them to the government. Gomez got into the cattle business, into cotton, coffee, hides. And finally he went into oil!

Most anything Gomez touched was his through monopoly—and his fingers, darting for money, probed everywhere. Yet he was at his uncanny best when oil was discovered under Lake Maracaibo. The law was as fair as the big companies had ever seen! No tricks! Come in and survey, Gomez invited, and he let the companies pay for it. For every gallon the companies produced, they paid seven to ten per cent royalties. For every gallon, they sent a gallon to the "national reserve." By a quirk in the law, the reserves in turn went to a company owned by Gomez. The reserves were then sold to the same oil companies. Gomez' pockets bulged. Optimists estimated he piled up a personal fortune of $250,000,000 from oil and other interests.

Cattle? Gomez, from peonage to power, was a cattleman. He had his Congress pass a law heavily taxing cattle shipments over state lines. A large foreign concern, feeding its stock in the interior and driving it to seaports over three state lines, was forced under. Gomez became the nation's leading cattleman—and then improved the skinny Andulusian breed by importing Holsteins and Brahmans.

Gomez ran gambling, gaming and vice. He took a slice of butter, soap, salt, cement and other businesses. His pictures beamed down benignly in every *botiquin* and shop. Yet, while he added to his own wealth, the national treasury was lush; income taxes, export duties and land taxes were abolished.

Belgium, France, and Holland bestowed orders on him. The Pope made him Cavalier of the Order of Piana. For every word spoken ill of him, Gomez had an artful reply. Condemnation never really stuck until his death. Then the lid blew off. Then the gruesome tales mounted.

His fine Indian hand had meted slow death often to those who opposed him! General Penaloza died in prison, lying in his own filth, eaten by flies. Around his legs *grillos*—irons weighing seventy pounds, which in time chafed the ankles until it meant gangrene or amputation. Students who had demonstrated in behalf of free scholarships—died while building roads in mosquito-infested jungles. *La Rotunda*, an ancient Spanish prison, for the plotters, for torture, for the works. Relatives of prisoners were called in to watch Eustoquio's men jab meathooks under their chins and haul them to the ceiling. The relatives were then asked to squeal—or receive the same treatment. Or be strung up alive to be eaten by buzzards. All through the years!

Gomez hung to his power at Maracay, while aides and his packed Congress ostensibly ran the nation. He was up every morning at six. So was everyone else in town. Down the blue and shell-pink streets went a martial band each dawn, strident and blaring. Everyone should rise and work, decreed Gomez.

Yet the iron in his blood sometimes melted. He had a special fondness for trees and shrubs. He had architects redraw plans for a girls' school so that a tree did not have to be cut down; he had them remake plans for his house to save a small gardenia shrub; his highways took astonishing detours so that large trees were spared. Again, he ordered a bunch of bananas hung daily in the public square—for birds to eat.

Sometimes his blood boiled. He sent a son to prison for two years on the complaint of the father of a girl. He exiled another for a year to a distant ranch for demanding credit from tradespeople. Another, whom he trained for twenty years to follow in his footsteps and continue his political life, was exiled to Europe.

The dictator had a passion for Bolivar, the liberator. His birth certificate was altered to show him born on the same day (July 24) as Bolivar. When he died, the death was registered officially as December 17, the anniversary of Bolivar's death. The old man died on December 7, 1935, but the official records still say December 17.

"*Viva la Libertad!* The Catfish is dead!" The news echoed throughout Venezuela.

Once they realized the report was true, haters in Carácas embattled soldiers. They tore Gomez' picture from the walls and brick by brick leveled Gomez' houses and clubs. Eustoquio was shot dead in the Government House. Ninety-seven of the Gomez clan escaped by sea from Maracay to Curaçao. Rioting swept Venezuelan towns. Homes of Gomez adherents were looted. At least fifty persons were assassinated.

Yes, but the old man had passed on quietly. Those who want a moral get none. General Don Juan Vicente Gomez led a full life. No other dictator, completely his own boss, had done likewise in this anti-dictator century. ##

A veteran newspaperman shades for innocent voters the peculiar jargon of party politics

Our Handy Political Glossary

by STANLEY WALKER

Are you the common man? The uncommon man? No matter. Whatever you are, to enable you better to understand what is going on in politics we present herewith an abridged dictionary, or glossary, of common terms. This should allow the citizen to read his newspaper and listen to the radio with more perception, or savvy. Democracy can't work unless you have mastered the lingo, and we believe this feature will prove a great convenience to the electorate during all political upheavals. We present it as a public service and as an aid to a better world:

Boodle. The swag our opponents will get if you are crazy enough to elect them.

Canard. Any dirty, unfounded story started by our opponents. Eventually it will do them more harm than it will us. It resembles a boomerang in this respect.

Caucus. A huddle of like-minded political leaders who meet, in a room with or without smoke, in order to make up their minds.

Clean Government. We are not quite sure just what this means, but all our candidates are for it.

Clubhouse loafer. A term invented by ex-mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia of New York to describe political workers he didn't like.

Cohorts. Supporters. If they support us they are "unterrified cohorts"; if they are for the opposition they are "vile cohorts."

Crossroads. That's where we are always at. Cartoonists like to draw pictures of the crossroads. Take one direction (ours) and you will have prosperity; take the other and you'll regret it.

Demagogue. Practically any speaker on the other side.

Democracy. Search us. We don't know what it means. Good stuff, though, in campaign literature and speeches.

Democrat. This term seems to depend on geography and the circumstances. For example, Bilbo is a Democrat and so is Henry Wallace. Sorry we can't help you more on this.

Fear or favor. A phrase our candidate uses to impress people with the idea that he is an independent cuss. Means nothing much.

Floater. A bum who takes up a temporary residence in order to vote for a certain man. The opposition makes use of floaters.

Franchise. Instead of saying, "Be sure to vote," the smart politician says, "See to it that you exercise the priceless privilege of the franchise."

Grass roots. This term is used to describe the opinions and philosophy of the American yokel, especially in Kansas. Grass roots opinion is high class indeed. It represents the soul of the nation.

Integrity. A strange quality which prevents a politician from stealing much.

Our great cosmopolitan city. Used by orators in addressing crowds in New York, Chicago, or any other polyglot community.

Policy. A group of general principles, agreed upon in a smoke-filled room, which sound fine and brave but which, when examined, don't seem to make much sense.

Prejudice. Something that the opposition, in their scoundrelly and un-American fashion, is always trying to stir up. Such tactics must be nipped in the bud. Our man would never stoop to such stuff.

Red herring. This is something that is always dragged across the trail, usually by the opposition, which is afraid to meet the issues head-on. These obfuscous herrings are always dragged—they never swim or leap or crawl.

Republican. An oddity, possibly becoming obsolete except in our larger cities. May be found mostly hanging around the clubhouse of the Union League in Philadelphia.

Sacrifice. What our candidate is making in order to make the race. He wants to serve the people. Money is no object.

Smoke-filled room. A place, usually in a hotel, where mugs get together to pick candidates and decide on issues. Term coined in 1920 by the late Harry M. Daugherty, one-time Attorney-General of the U. S., who was supporting Harding for President.

Statesman. Our candidate. The term is often erroneously applied to any politician with a brooding countenance and a rivet in his neck.

Straw vote. A method for testing public opinion before the election, even before the public has any opinion. It must not be confused with "straws in the wind," which are little things which indicate how the people are thinking.

Tenement. A lowly joint where a candidate must have been born if he expects to amount to much. Such an origin is supposed to give a man a deep understanding of humanity. The modern equivalent of the log cabin where statesmen were born in the good old days.

The boys. These are the fellows in the back room. They must always "be taken care of" or they will begin whispering nasty things. They are loyal enough, but they have a price.

The people have spoken. A term used by the defeated candidate in his telegram of congratulations to the winner. It simply means that the election is over.

The record. What Al Smith invited his listeners to have a look at.

The underdog. Loosely, the underprivileged. We are always for underdogs when we are sure they have a majority of the votes.

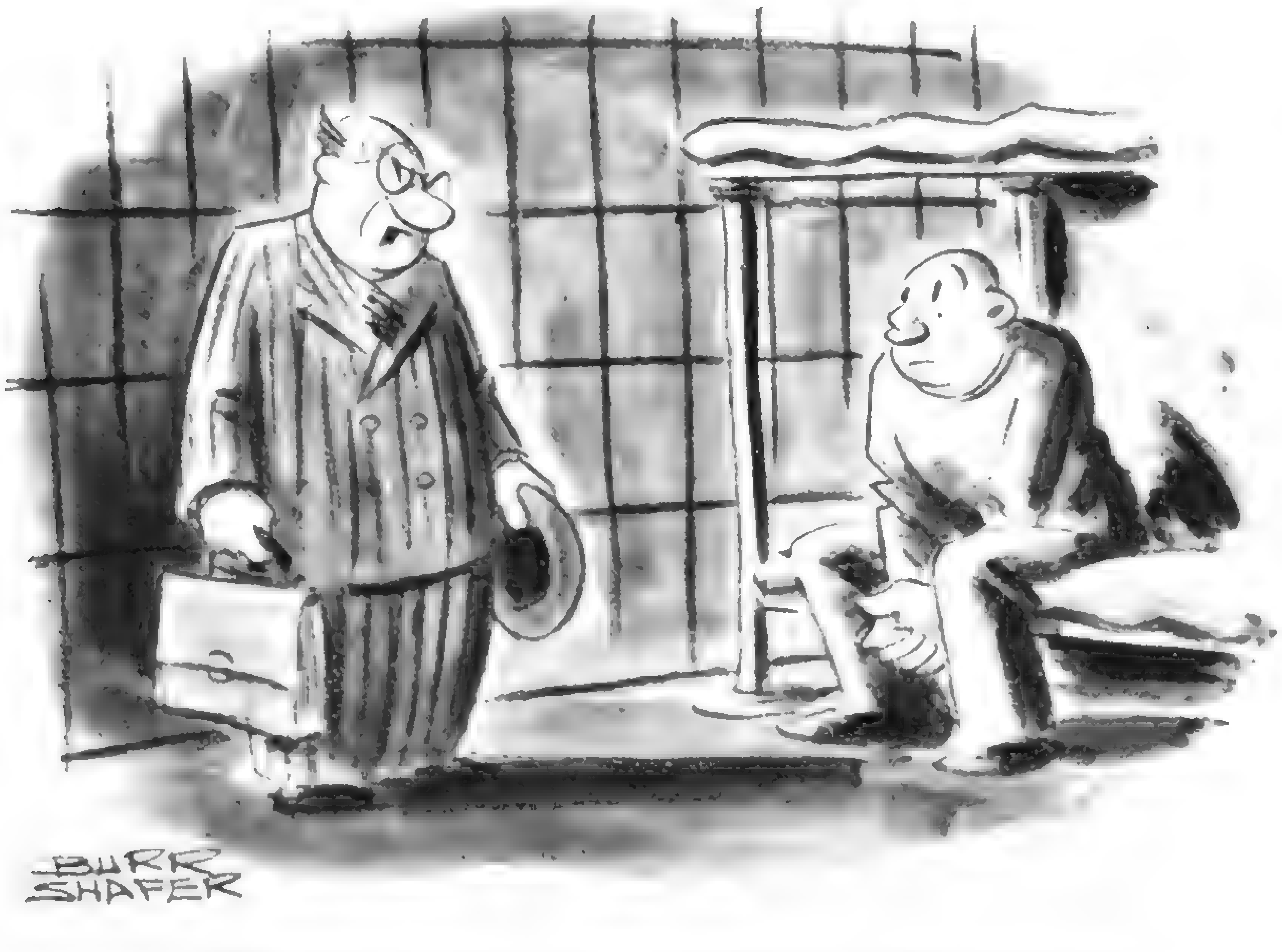
Thought. A word used by a candidate when he is trying to wind up a speech—as in "now in closing, may I leave this one thought with you." It is often the sign that he is getting wound up for another fifteen minutes of drivel.

Tower of strength. That's our boy.

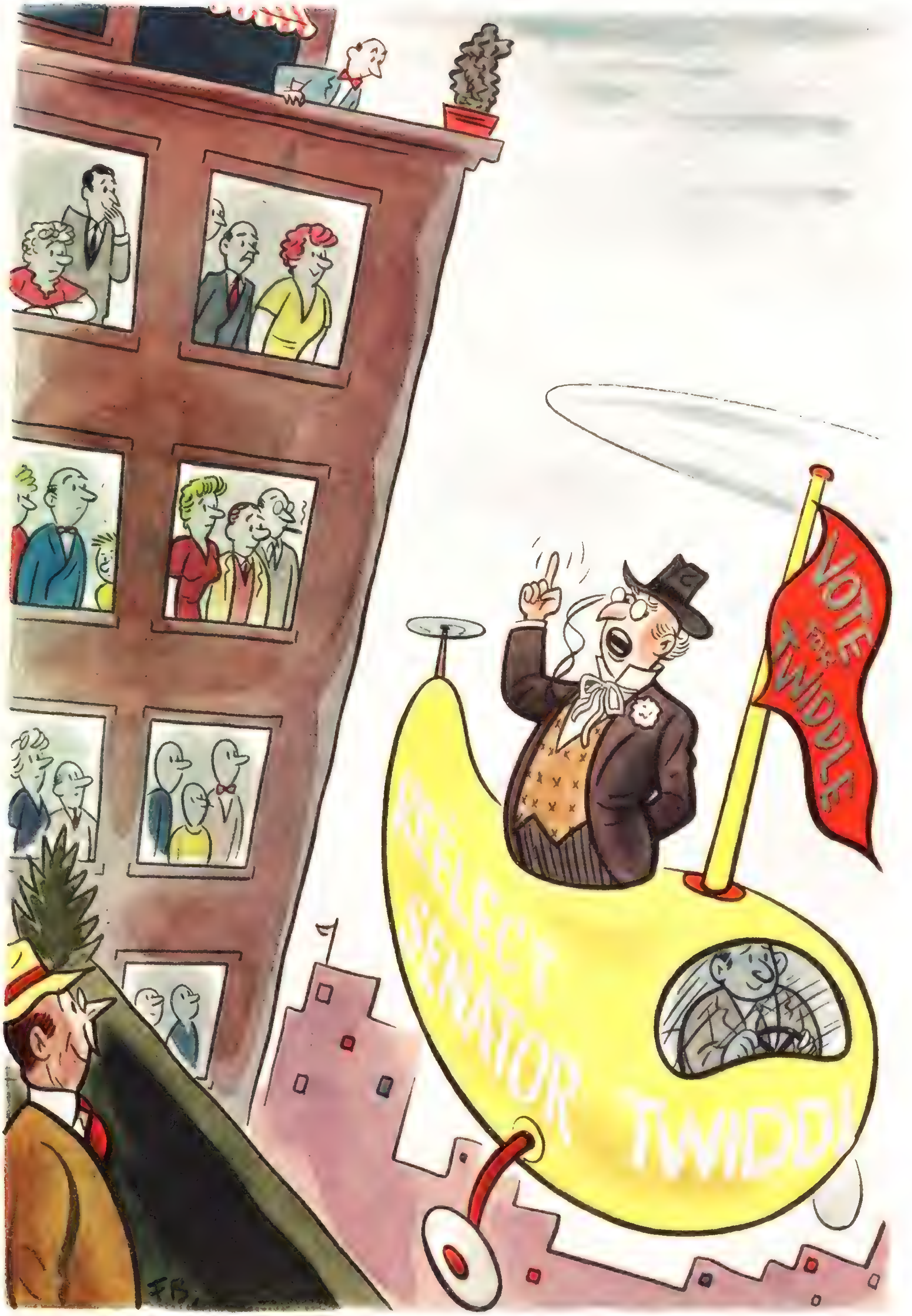
Unbowed. What our candidate's head is when he has just been overwhelmingly defeated at the polls.

Vision. A peculiar sort of foresight which our candidate has in abundance.

Ward-heelers. See under "clubhouse loafers," "cohorts," and "the boys." It means about the same, depending on who is talking. ⌗



"What do you call a smart lawyer—I beat them on every count but one, didn't I?"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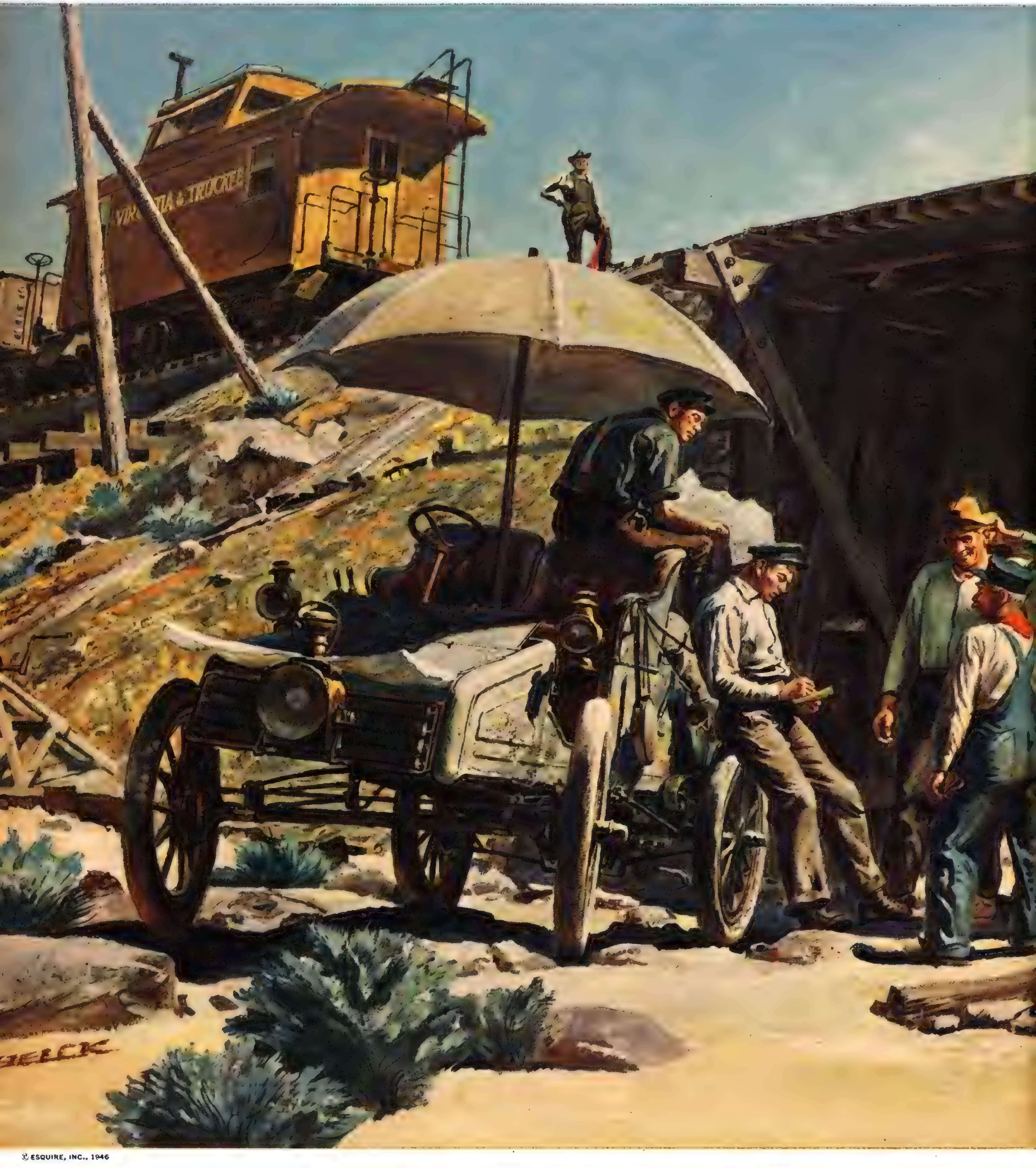
VIRGINIA & TRUCKEE
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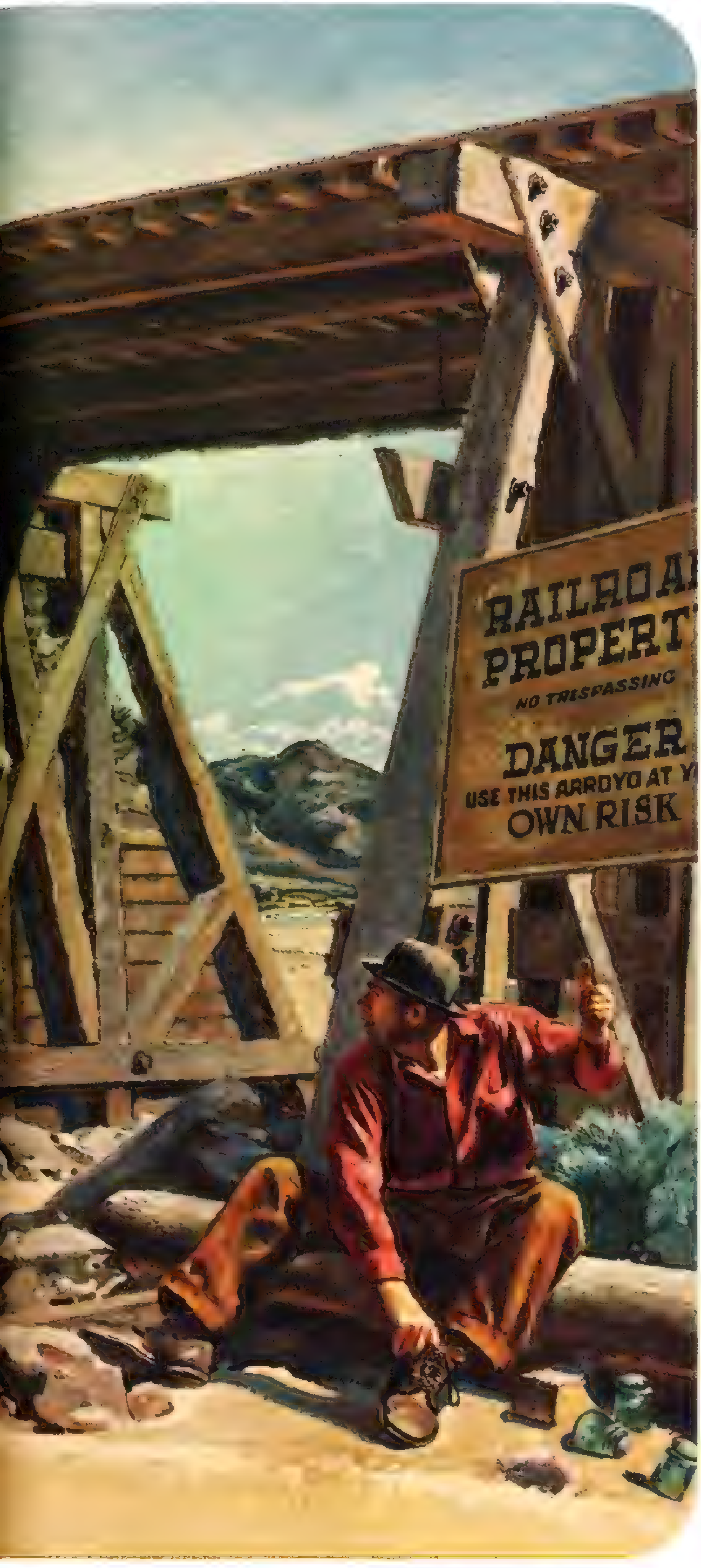
TRANSCONTINENTAL INTERLUDE *by Peter Helck*

(The "Old Pacific" in Nevada, June, 1903)

Transcontinental Interlude



PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE

Saga of a couple of gas-buggy pioneers and their historic "Pacific to Atlantic or Bust" motor tour in the summer of '03

by JOHN LEATHERS

A FRONTIER is a concept; it is independent of time. The man who said the American frontier was no more once the railroads were pushed through coast to coast never met a couple of doughty gentlemen from Ohio and New York who on June 20, 1903, set out to accomplish a pioneer deed as dramatic as anything written into history by the men and women who scuttled down the Oregon Trail in wagons.

The men were E. T. Fetch and M. C. Krarup; their vehicle a ton-and-a-half, single-cylinder 1902 model; their deed a west-to-east transcontinental mushing job over country that lacked roads, bridges and other essentials, not to mention gas stations and garages. What they accomplished was impossible because theirs was the official first.

Being original as well as imaginative, Fetch and Krarup not only carried their road with them but started their trip in reverse. Two twenty-foot strips of heavy canvas, inconspicuously rolled up on the automobile's rear deck, were to support her wheels through many a mile of Utah's sand, and a dash in reverse gear down to the edge of San Francisco Bay baptized those same wheels in Pacific water. The car was forthwith christened "Old Pacific," and the excited Mr. Fetch, entirely forgetting that June 20 was his fourth wedding anniversary, was given a rousing send-off.

The crew began to make new discoveries about motoring when barely over the Sierras—among them the hazards of navigating the desert with no guide save a Union Pacific Railroad map. Peter Helck has portrayed their dilemma with understanding in his painting of the inert mass of Old Pacific under the blistering Nevada sun, as the pioneers asked directions of the little V and T conductor. It is clear that the trainmen must shortly swing aboard their departing caboose, as Tom points the automobile's archaic head lamp in what he hopes is the direction of Salt Lake City.

Nevada was sandy. Seldom were ten consecutive miles traversed without unrolling the canvas road for traction. Washouts on the Humboldt River tributaries called for hours of pick and shovel work, yet the tireless pair pushed on through Reno, June 25; Winnemucca, June 28; and over the Utah border on July 2nd.

In Colorado, they built a workmanlike bridge over a twelve-foot boulder—and left it behind. At Denver on July 25th the automobile club staged a welcoming party, the parade roster including a motley array of ancient gas buggies and steamers.

Miles of Iowa gumbo mud near Adair required sixteen hours of grinding, jacking, and corduroy filling, the car climbing out repeatedly upon her own floor boards. For two days Old Pacific's wheels were solid discs of baked clay. Tom Fetch shook these obstacles off in stride.

On August 8th he crossed the Illinois border, and August 10th saw him entering Chicago, escorted by another parade of automobiles bearing names many of which have long since perished. The worst half of the journey was over.

Pushing east from Chicago the wheels of Old Pacific found firm footing for ten-mile stretches and over these she sped, the chugging motor and clicking chain making sweet music in Tom's windswept ears. Bryan, Ohio, August 12th; Norwalk, August 13th; Cleveland, August 14th; Jefferson on the 15th, and over into New York State the next day rolled Old Pacific.

Meanwhile, in New York excited pressmen prepared a reception for the travelers with all the spirit of a Broadway and ticker tape parade. The program called for luncheon at Delmonico's, a trip out Yonkers way to meet Old Pacific, and a gala parade of the record car and her escorting fleet to Coney Island, where Old Pacific's wheels would be ceremoniously dipped in the Atlantic.

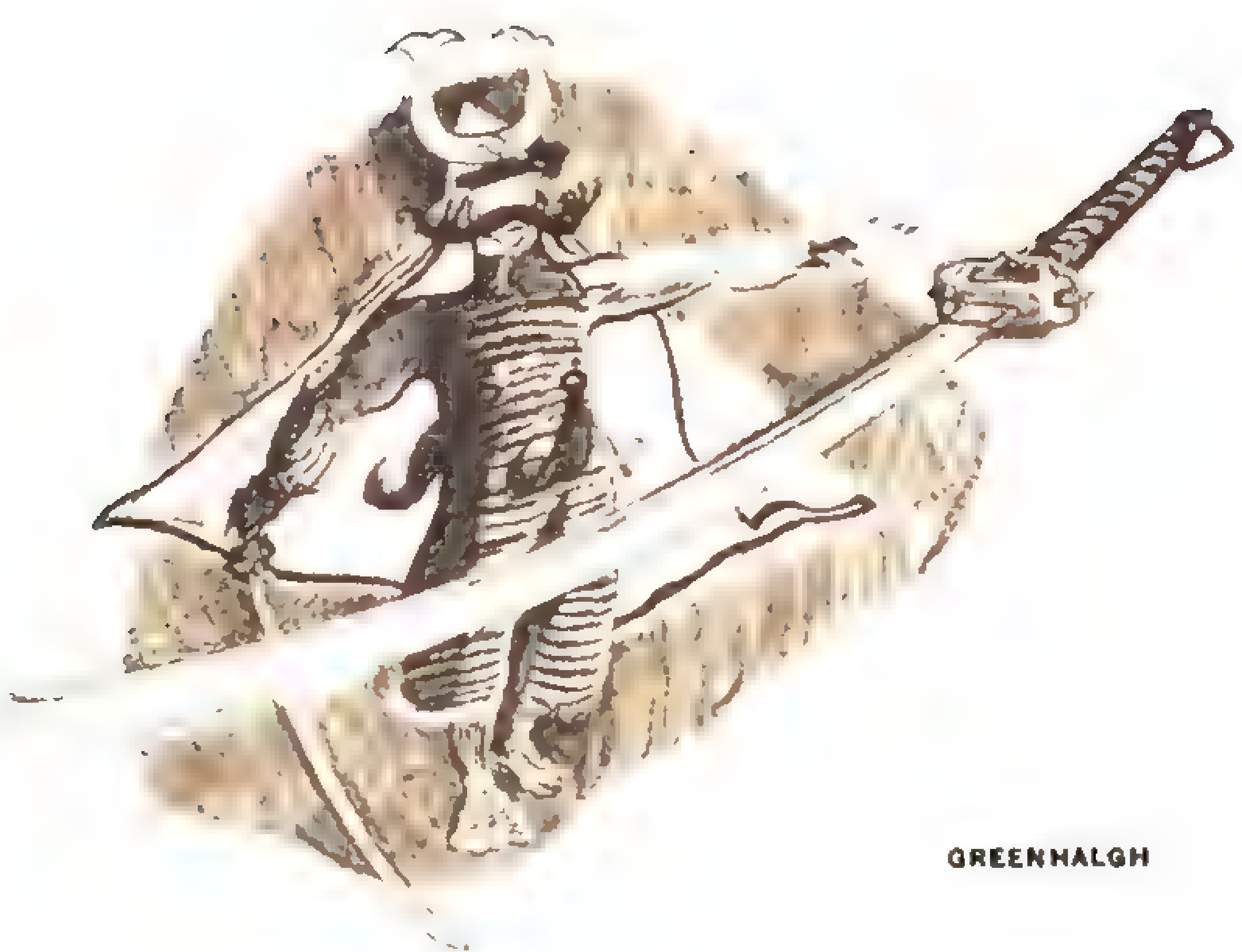
At Tarrytown, the cavalcade found Old Pacific, caked in a sheath of mud, pounding down her home stretch. Slumped in her bucket seats were Fetch and Krarup, exhausted by their final two days' battle with mud and pelting rain.

Mr. Fetch, his hands curved almost permanently as if to grasp a steering wheel, scoffed at the thoughts of a Coney Island homecoming party. "Coney Island," quoth Mr. Fetch, "not for me. The garage on West 59th Street is the end of my route." ⵌ

That Jap blade gathering dust on your mantel may have fabulous artistic value

Fortunes In Souvenir Swords

by WENDELL J. FURNAS


GREENHALGH

If you have a Japanese sword which was captured on the battlefield or brought back as a souvenir from Japan, do not bury it in an attic trunk or give it to your relatives. It can conceivably be worth the price of a new house to you. Your sword may be a museum piece, forged and tempered by one of the master smiths of Old Japan. It may even be the prized heirloom of the ancient Minamoto family, Higekiri, the Beard Cutter, which has been lost for centuries—perhaps hidden in some private collection. It could still be identified today, however, because its marks and measurements were recorded.

"The soul of a warrior is his sword. Lose it and he dies, for it is life itself." This has been the Japanese feeling about swords since long before the Americas were discovered. It is the emblem of the warrior class and a proud possession of every Japanese samurai family. It is a symbol of Japanese aggression, conquest and empire. That is why one of the first decrees issued by General MacArthur upon his arrival in Japan prohibited the ownership of all swords except those which had sentimental value and were household treasures. That order has broken up prized collections and has scattered valuable swords to the four corners of America. Few American soldiers or sailors have left Japan without having had the opportunity to acquire a sword.

The Japanese sword which is gathering dust on your mantelpiece is not just another "made in Japan" trinket. It may be worth more than any other single furnishing in your home. No swords in the world, not even the renowned Damascus and Toledo blades, are superior to those forged by the great smiths who lived in Japan during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Warriors prized their swords as utilitarian weapons which could save or take a life, and handed them down from father to son as heirlooms for centuries. They were collected and cherished by nobles and wealthy Japanese bankers and merchants just as paintings by the old masters are collected by American millionaires. Japanese books on the subject are as varied as books in English on stamps and coins. Many swords are pedigreed as carefully as a prize-winning Hereford bull and are worth more than ten thousand dollars. One sword made by Sadamune (貞 宗) has been valued at fifteen thousand dollars. Even in America and Great Britain there is a small but avid group of Japanese sword collectors.

In judging the value of a given sword it is essential first to learn the name of the smith who made it. To do this, punch out the rivet (usually a wooden peg) which appears in the handle and remove the handle itself. This bares the tang or inner iron handle on which the smith engraves his signature. In a majority of cases, you will find two or more Japanese characters which tell the name of the maker, usually his place of residence and oftentimes the date on which the blade was made. Such an inscription might read, "Muneyoshi who lived in Bizen in the first year of the emperor, Gotoba (1184)," (備 前 住 宗 吉 元 暦).

Once you've copied the inscription, show it to someone who knows Japanese, a professor of Japanese at a university, a museum specialist or, for that matter, the author of this article. Be sure that the characters are identical to those on the sword because the slightest change can form an entirely different character.

If the sword is signed, the date of manufacture can usually be determined. Every swordsmith of importance is listed in Japanese books on the subject. A note telling his place of residence, the characteristics of his work, the period in which he lived and a rough estimate of the value of his swords, as well as a photostatic copy of his signature to aid in identifying originals, often accompanies the name.

An unsigned sword is not necessarily an inferior one. The great swordsmith Masamune (正 宗) maintained that the quality of his work was so superior that even without his signature no one could mistake it. Many other early metalsmiths left their work unsigned; but later, all smiths were required by law to sign their blades.

On the other hand, the mere signature in the metal does not guarantee that the blade is an original. There are dozens of forgeries of swords made by famous smiths. Many swords are obviously counterfeit but others are so cleverly imitated that even an expert has difficulty in detecting the deceit. However, there are ways and means of running down a fake. The sword sleuths take the exact measurements of the weapon, examine the texture of the steel under a microscope, make a chemical analysis of the metal and classify the yakiba—the continuous wavelike line running the length of the blade—and the file marks on the tang.

Swords most prized by collectors are individually named historical pieces, many of them as renowned in Japanese history as Excalibur is in British legend and literature. The Higekiri, or Beard Cutter, made by Monju in the tenth century, is such a sword. It derives its name from the

A CASS DALEY CLASSIC

CARICATOON BY JEDLA

"He has Tarzanish eyes—they swing from limb to limb"

RINKER

Weapons of incidental beauty

Here is a display of works of art which achieved that distinction only incidentally. Wrought by swordsmiths whose craft cunning was surpassed only by their realism, these swords were born to sever heads but now live to be admired, not alone because their blades are unbelievably sharp, but because they are tempered of the finest steel and fastened to hilts of legendary workmanship and beauty. To the Japanese warrior, his sword was his very life. Now in the ashes of his empire, he retains it only on his oath to cherish its artistry and forget why it was made. And many G.I.s who wrested swords from beaten Jap officers or who bargained for them in the market places have discovered—if only by default—that such souvenir hunting has rewarded them with objets d'art. *(Swords from Oliver Jahn collection.)*

report that on beheading a man it cuts through his neck and still remains sharp enough to sever each whisker of his beard as it passes through underneath his chin. The Cormorant, so named because it was rescued by a cormorant when it fell into the water, and the Little Crow also are well known. The Little Crow is an heirloom of the Taira Clan and has not been seen since a crow carried it off in the eighth century.

Since it is contrary to Japanese etiquette to show family treasures to strangers, these and other famous swords may have been hidden in private collections or dedicated to temples without the public knowing it. Even Japanese experts and research specialists have been unable to examine many private and temple collections. Now these collections have been broken up and the swords in many cases are in the possession of American service personnel. An imperial jade seal of the Manchus in China, which had been missing since the Boxer Rebellion, was discovered in an American museum last year. It is not impossible that Higekiri may likewise turn up in the United States.

If you should have a sword made by one of the twelve smiths who worked under Emperor Gotoba's direction at the imperial court in Kyoto during the twelfth century, you could name your own price for it. Emperor Gotoba chose the twelve best smiths in Japan, one to work each month in the year, to forge the finest blades in the world. Should your sword bear the name of one of these men,

Norimune . . .	則 宗	Sadatsugu . . .	貞 次
Nobofusa . . .	信 房	Kuniyasu . . .	國 安
Tsunetsugu . .	恒 次	Kunitomo . . .	國 友
Muneyoshi . .	宗 吉	Tsuguiye. . . .	次 家
Sukemune . . .	助 宗	Yukikuni . . .	行 國
Sukenari	助 成	Sukenobu . . .	助 延

or the alternate, Hisakuni (久 國), it might pay to consult an expert. I know of one man who was presented a Kuniyasu sword upon leaving Japan.

The history and legend behind Japanese sword making has considerable fascination for the owner of a souvenir sword. The Japanese smith is not just another blacksmith. He is highly respected, often titled, and has an honored position in society. Emperors are alleged to have helped them in their work. He is more a priest than a layman and his work is akin to a religious ritual. When working, the smith dons ceremonial robes, purifies himself, abstains from evil and excesses, and hangs up traditional charms to ward off demons and malicious spirits.

The forging of one sword may take as long as two months and may require fifteen to twenty temperings. The iron for the sword must be of a special quality. It is selected either from magnetic iron sands in Japanese streams or imported as "barbarian iron" from the Indies or Malaya. Steel and iron are welded together, heated, pounded and folded time and again until the artisan is satisfied with his creation. The exact formulas for the composition of the metal, as well as the temperature of the water in which the steel is tempered, are family secrets. One smith is alleged to have cut off the hand of a rival who dipped a finger into the tempering water to ascertain the temperature.

One blade, the Herb-quelling Great Sword, later called the Clustering Cloud, comprises part of the sacred regalia of Japan. It allegedly was taken from the tail of an eight-headed dragon which was killed by Susano-o no Mikoto, the thunder god and ancestor of all Japanese emperors. The dragon took a yearly sacrifice of maidens until the resourceful god disguised himself as a woman, intoxicated the dragon with hot sake, and killed the monster one head at a time. The Clustering Cloud was discovered inside the dragon's tail and is preserved in the Atsuta Shrine.

A copy of the sacred sword was made and cherished by several generations of emperors until it was lost during the Taira-Minamoto civil war at the battle of Dan no Ura in 1185. During this decisive battle, the empress dowager, perceiving that the enemy Minamotos would be victorious, plunged to her death in the ocean, bearing the copy of the sword, the sacred seal and the infant emperor.

Swords are divided into two general classes—koto, old swords, and shinto, new swords. The dividing date between the two customarily is set at 1596. There are two-edged swords called ken or tsurugi, single-edged swords called katana, and short swords referred to as wakizashi. This later type is approximately twenty-one inches long and is the only sword worn inside a house. The katana is the sword usually referred to by servicemen as the samurai sword and is the one which was generally worn by officers. Tanto, another type, is very small and is used by women to commit hara-kiri.

Civil wars have been started over swords and dynasties of nobles have fallen because of them. One of the causes of the Taira-Minamoto civil war in the twelfth century, the most famous struggle in Japanese history, was the disposal of a family sword. The eldest son traditionally inherits the family heirlooms, but in this case a choice sword was given by the Taira clan to a fifth son. The family became divided over the issue and one faction supported the Minamotos in a civil war. The Taira family was defeated, lost control of the government and was nearly exterminated.

Blades made by certain swordsmiths are said to be friendly or hostile to specific families. Toshiro Yoshimitsu (吉 光) swords gave the Tokugawa family—the family in power when Admiral Perry opened Japan—supernatural protection. Iyeyasu, the most famous leader of the Tokugawas, lost a battle and attempted to commit hara-kiri with a Yoshimitsu sword but it would not penetrate his stomach. Friends arrived in time to save him. Muramasa (村 正) blades, however, were considered hostile to the Tokugawas and twice accidentally wounded Iyeyasu.

Many koto swords bear only two characters, which comprise the maker's name. The first signed sword was one made by Amakuni (天 國) about 700. After the sixteenth century, honorary titles and the name of one of the great families, Fujiwara, Minamoto or Taira, was sometimes added. In some cases the name of the temperer is given when the smith did not perform this vital work himself.

Forgeries became so prevalent by the fourteenth century that officials were appointed to examine and to determine the maker and value of specific swords. They originated certificates giving the name of the swordsmith, identifying characteristics and history of ownership, and also introduced the practice of signing the maker's name on the tang in gold or gold lacquer.

The sword fittings, such as the tsuba or sword guard and the menuki or ornaments on the hilt, may be more valuable than the sword itself. Collecting them has been very fashionable and many merchants adorned inferior swords with superior fittings.

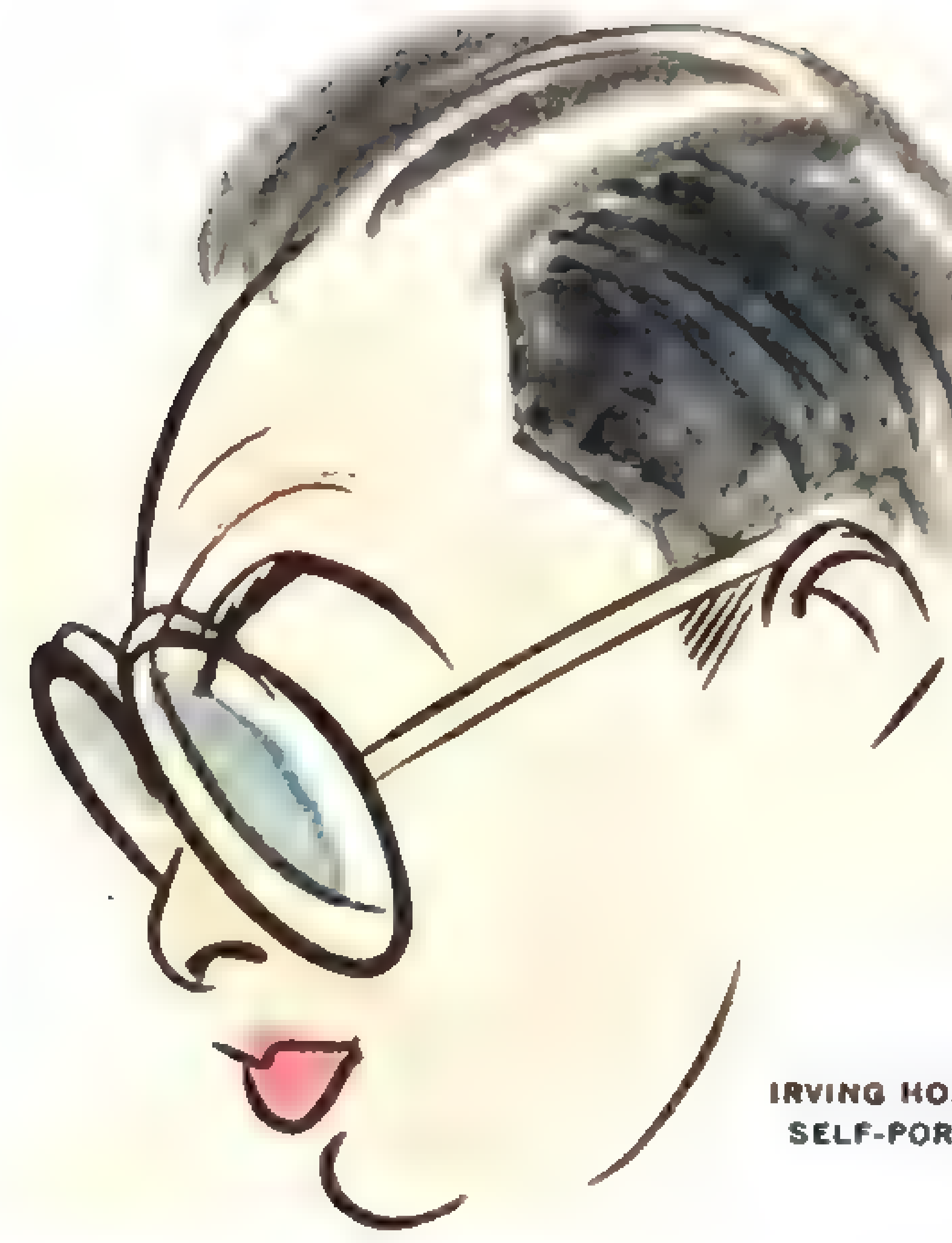
The most popular and expensive fittings were made by the sixteen Goto masters. The Sixteen Masters, who represent sixteen successive generations of the Goto family, usually signed their fittings, and their work is regarded today as a part of the national treasures. Fittings engraved by Shirobi Goto, who used the art name of Yujo (祐 乘) and was the first of the line, cannot be imitated and are very rare. He frequently used the Korean dog—the Chinese lion with the face of a Pekinese dog—as a design. A set of originals made by any of the Sixteen Masters should be worth several thousand dollars. Check the writing on your sword guard. It may say "filial piety" or "loyalty." Again, it may say "Goto" (後 藤).

To thwart increasing forgery of Goto fittings, the family examined doubtful pieces and issued certificates (*Continued on page 156*)

Besides his versatile talents as a columnist, critic, and public relations counsel, Irving Hoffman has a special genius for friendship

A Tale of Hoffman

by SIDNEY CARROLL



IRVING HOFFMAN
SELF-PORTRAIT

In the Summer of 1942, the government of the United States told a man named Irving Hoffman to report to his draft board for a physical examination. Before that day was over the Army of the United States told Hoffman to go home and not come back. He had the worst case of nearsightedness the examining doctors had ever seen. But on his way through the corridors of the examining board, Hoffman was interrogated by a military man who seemed to have more than a passing interest in the fellow with the bulging spectacles. "Tell me, Mr. Hoffman," he asked, "in your line of work, don't you mix with a lot of queer people?" Hoffman replied, "No sir, I don't." The military man said, "Oh—come now! No queer people at all?" "Well," said Hoffman, "the fact is, I know them—but I don't mix with them."

When the military man used the expression "line of work" he was referring to the fact that Hoffman writes a column. He was making a mistake that many people continue to make. Hundreds of personal friends of Hoffman's in New York and Hollywood continually refer to him as a "columnist." This classification is only a convenience for those friends and admirers of Hoffman who actually find it impossible to pin him down to any particular species and genus, for Hoffman is far more than a columnist.

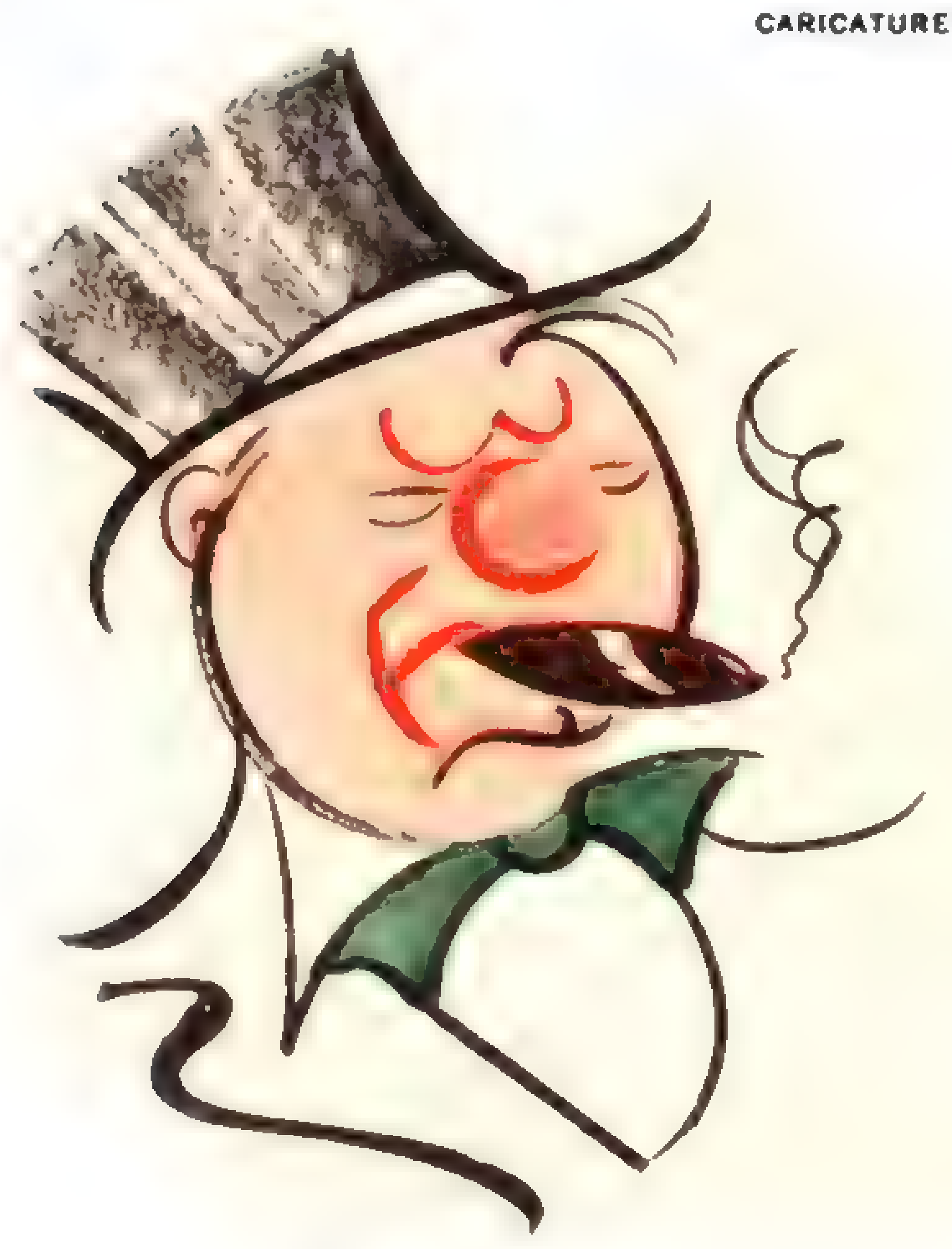
Time was when a newspaper columnist was a specialist in one particular field. Those ladies and gentlemen who adorn the field today are anything but specialists—unless you call versatility itself a specialty. Walter Winchell, Harold Ickes, Elsa Maxwell, Eleanor Roosevelt—to classify these merely as columnists would be the same as presuming to classify Leonardo da Vinci as the man who invented the scissors. In the realm of newspaper columnizing today, the da Vinci man is the ideal columnist—the da Vinci man and the Roosevelt woman. Certain columnists practicing today have six or seven reputations. Irving Hoffman, for one, is proof of the fact that what you need in order to break into the racket today is the dexterity of an octopus, the restlessness of an insomniac, irons in many fires, fingers in many pies, and innumerable ants in your pants. He is a critic. He is a caricaturist. He is a Public Relations Counsel. He is a leader of the pastepot-and-shears school of joke and gag connoisseurs. He is a confidant of hosts of celebrities. He is a one-man employment bureau. And he is a columnist. In the up-and-coming generation of those energetic geniuses, the columnists and critics, he is the man to watch.

He is thirty-seven years old. He is tall, dark, and extremely nearsighted. Hoffman is not yet as widely celebrated, either as a personality or as a columnist, as certain of his confreres. Although he writes for several magazines, his stuff appears in only one daily periodical. It is called the Hollywood *Reporter*. On Broadway, however, he is as well known to the cognoscenti as Winchell, and in Hollywood he is at least as widely read as the widely syndicated Louella. All other columnists know him well, and some of them steal from him outrageously.

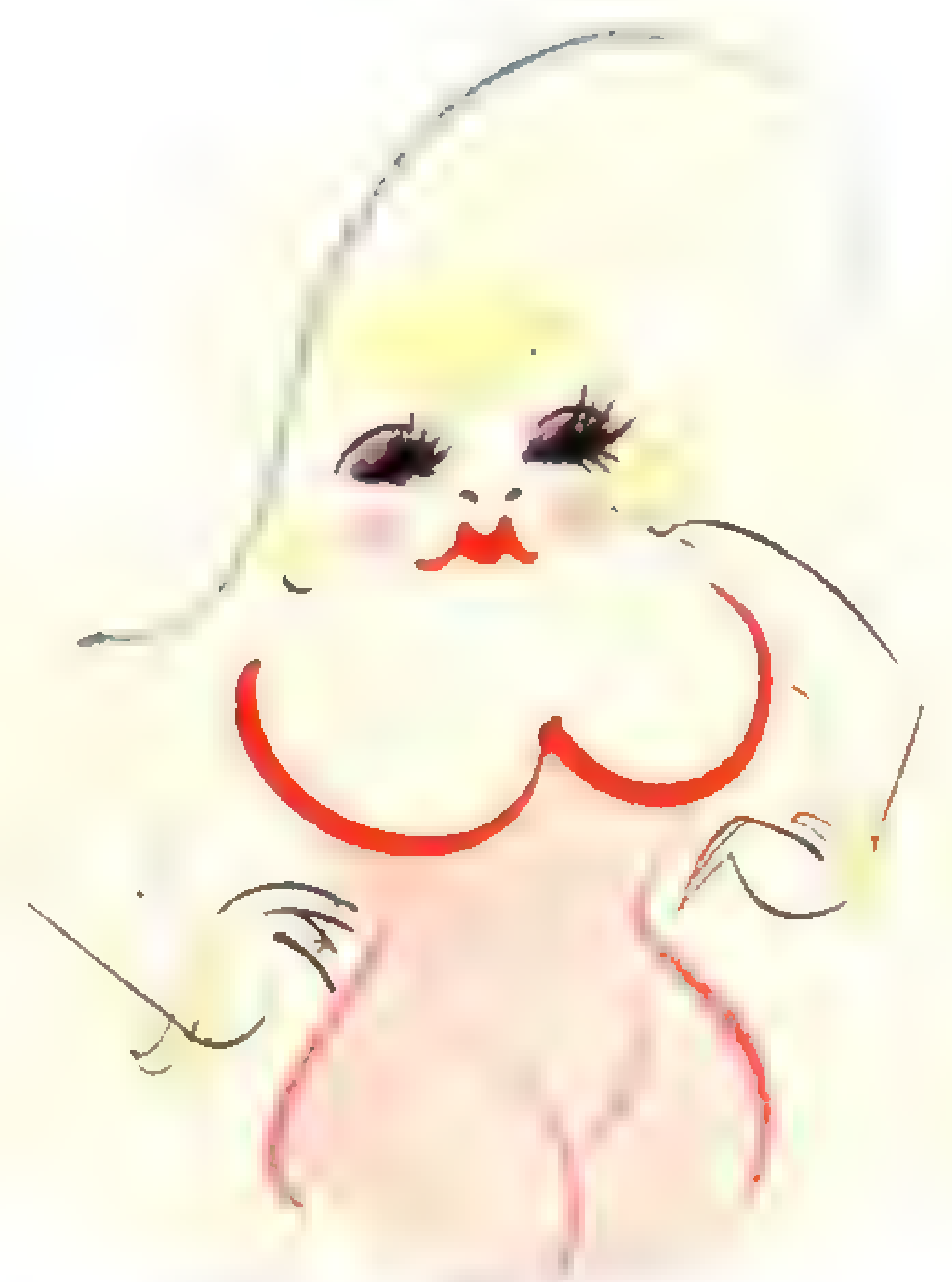
Hoffman has scores of friends who know and love him like a brother. "Irving?—I *love* that man!" is a theme song sung by his bosom pals from coast to coast. When Hoffman writes he likes to condense two words into one. In that same vein, a friend of his has epitomized the devotion which Hoffman has inspired in the hearts of many by calling them "Hoffmaniacs." Hoffman actually has a great knack for making friends and husbanding his friendships. He is a voluminous letter writer, a tireless telephoner, a prodigious post-birthday-and-Christmas-card sender. His gregariousness is not designed for commercial purposes, but it does help business. Irving actually lives that charmed life which devotees of the movies and readers of the columns assume to be the normal everyday routine of all columnists. His apartment on West 48th Street, over Duffy's Tavern, has long been a New York landmark. In its time it has been inhabited by his friend Damon Runyon, his friend Walter Winchell, his friend Ed Sullivan, and his friend Bugs Baer. Under Hoffman's aegis, the movie celebrities and stage stars who constantly cross its threshold are countless. Friends like Darryl Zanuck, Irving Berlin, Peter Lorre, Edward G. Robinson, and a host of others of the ilk have made the pilgrimage, at least once, to the Hoffman digs. In its time too, as Irving's part-time home, it has sheltered such divergent wayfarers as Wendell Willkie, Nick the Greek, and Polly Adler—all friends of Irving. Hoffman, a bachelor, lives with his parents in an apartment on Riverside Drive, but "The Tavern" is a catch-all for late nights in town and for entertaining friends, clients and characters. It also contains a drawing board where Hoffman draws whenever he can stop writing.

Whenever Irving pays a visit to Hollywood, the moguls descend upon him. They shower him with invitations—to wine and dine with them. But dinner parties in Hollywood homes are frequently graced by candlelight, and Irving's eyes are so bad that it is hard for him to handle a knife and fork under any illumination other than that offered by the Edison Company. Nevertheless, his Hollywood visits are always frantic ones. On one of his recent visits he stayed at the Beverly-Wilshire. Irving (*Continued on page 272*)

CARICATURES BY IRVING HOFFMAN



W. C. Fields



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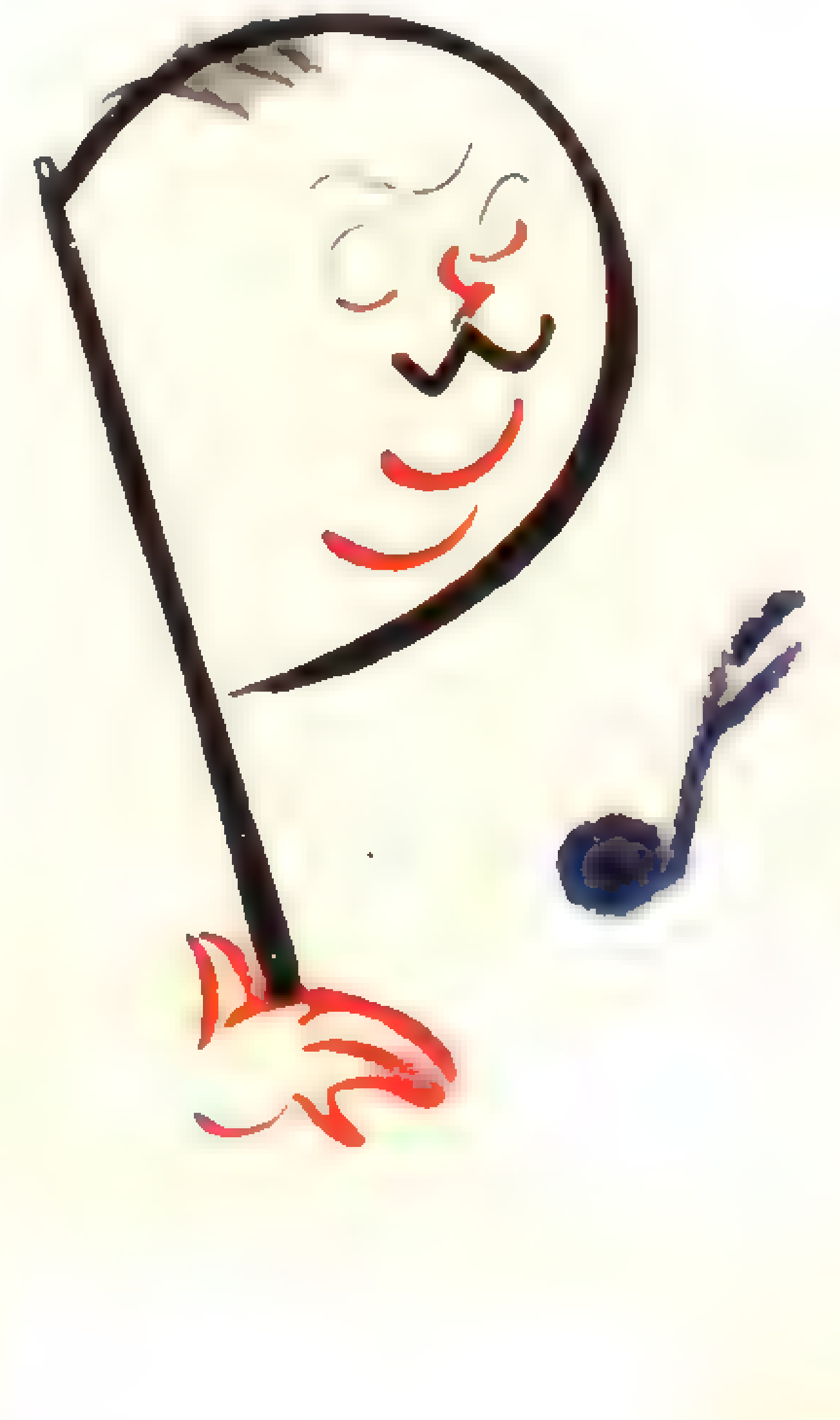

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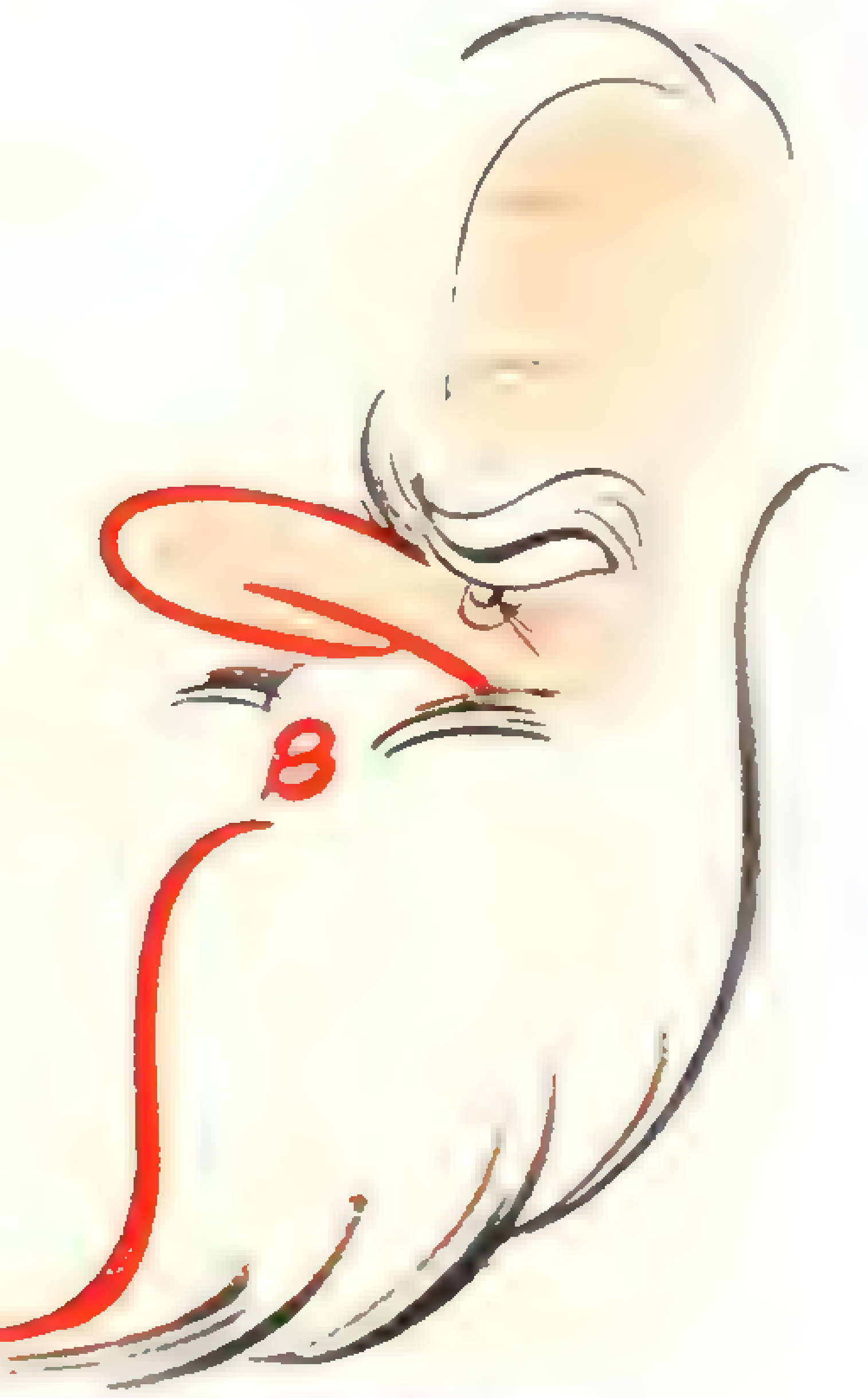

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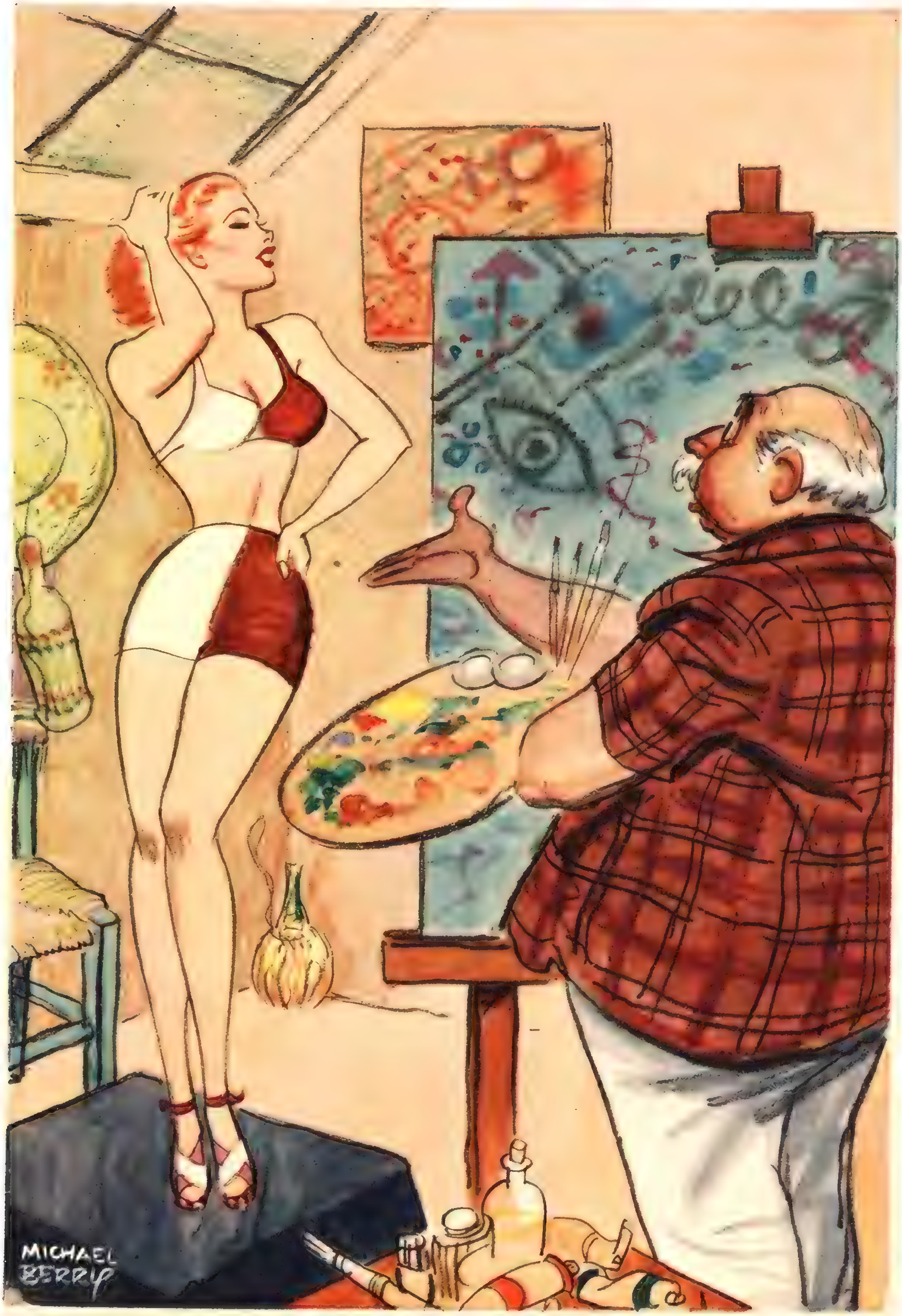
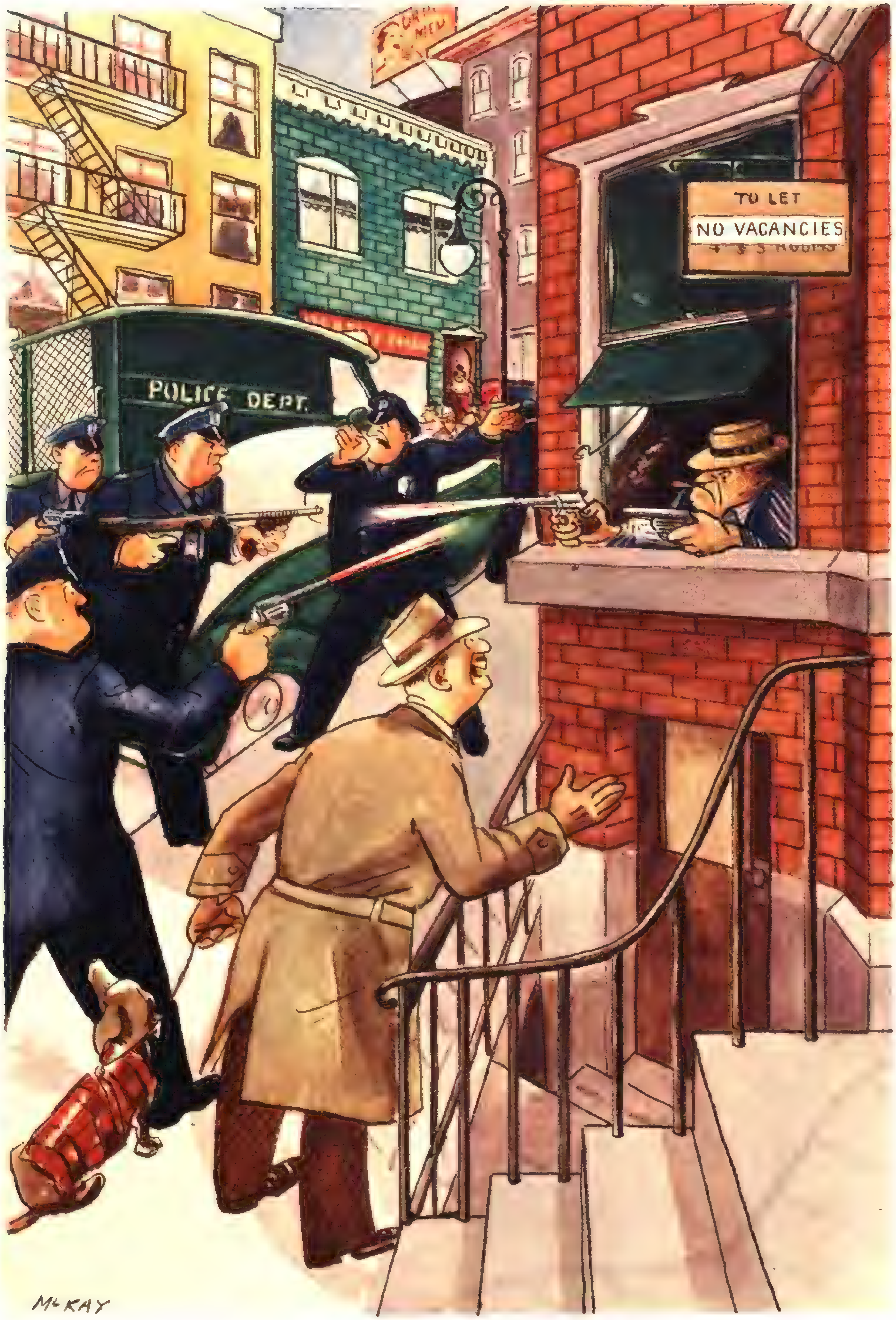

MICHAEL
BERRY

"How do you expect me to paint you if you keep moving?"


TO LET
NO VACANCIES
POLICE DEPT.
McKAY

"In case things don't go the way you figure . . . how's chances of getting your apartment?"

SADER

Musings on two very English phenomena: bun hoarders and tyrannical landladies

In England Now: The Saving Instinct

by **DOUGLAS CLARK**

"I HAVE a hot cross bun which is about forty-five years old," wrote a correspondent to London's *Graphic* the other day. "When I was a boy I put it in an old tea caddy and when my father died I came into possession of the caddy with the bun still in it. It is as hard as a rock, but still in a good state of preservation. Is this the oldest bun in the world?"

Without devoting more time to research than we can personally spare, we cannot give a definite answer to this question. But it is certainly a very old bun; old enough to carry significance. The English are a race of hoarders and the history of this bun follows a traditional pattern. First comes the casual gesture: He puts it in a tea caddy. Years pass. The boy grows up. His mind is on other matters, on holding down a job, on getting married and raising a family; and he never gives the bun a thought. Pretty soon he is middle-aged and maybe a little thin on top. The bun is still forgotten. But one day his father dies; and there is the bun, still in the caddy. He can hardly believe his eyes.

In a flash it all comes back to him. That old bun—well, just imagine! Regret for the years of careless indifference is succeeded by a burst of affection in which there is more than a touch of possessive pride. He takes the bun into a good light and examines it. How well preserved it is! He runs his fingertips gently over its rugged surface why, it's as hard and firm as a rock! He sits down and writes his letter to the *Graphic*; and anyone with a searching eye will realize from the lyric note, the crooning quality in his simple phrases that, so far as the future is concerned, that bun has nothing to worry about.

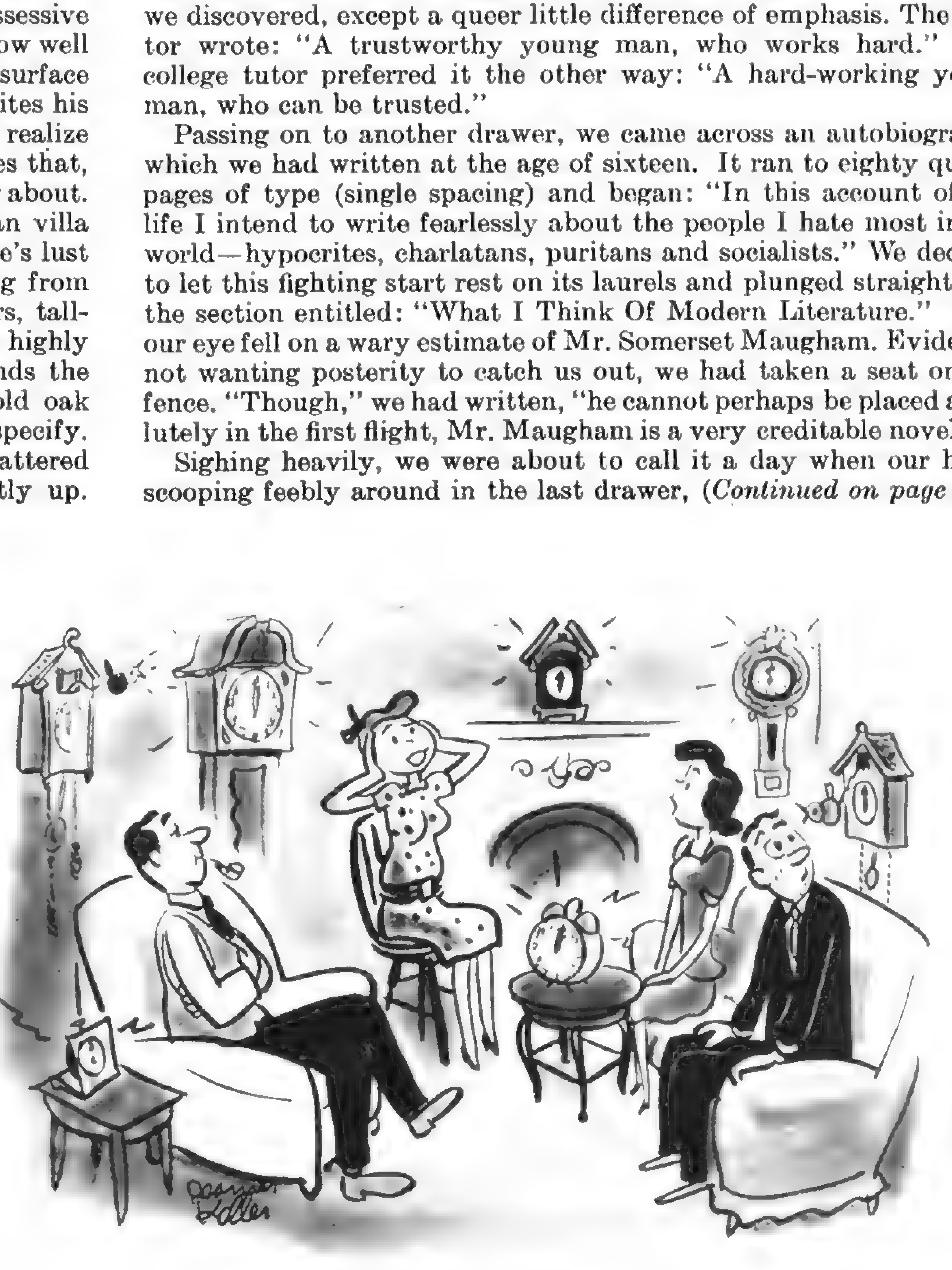
Every farmhouse from Essex to Cornwall, every suburban villa on the periphery of England's great cities, illustrates the race's lust for hoarding. The bric-a-brac, the *objets d'art*, accumulating from decade to decade on mantelpieces, occasional tables, dressers, tallboys and dinner wagons, make life in most English homes a highly precarious proposition. The spice of imminent danger attends the wariest movement across a room. Every cottage has its old oak chest, stuffed with heirlooms and mementos too revolting to specify. If, which God forbid, the lid is raised, a generation of dust is scattered far and wide and an odor of death and decay floats gently up. Every cottage wall has its antique oil paintings, so cracked, so dark and blurred, that the dismal subject—three smocked villagers and a grazing cow; a small, plain girl coldly watching an angler; a rainy afternoon in Cheshire—can barely be deciphered. In the lounge of every seaside boardinghouse, normally tucked away behind the upright horsehair sofa, stands a little mahogany bookcase. Nobody has ever taken the books out. In the intimate years spent cheek by jowl their covers have stuck together and they crackle indignantly if disturbed. There they are, in their faded unfashionable bindings, relics of the time of the Great Jubilee and the solid comfortable reign of King Edward VII—the once famed works of Marie Corelli and Manx novelist Hall Caine, Ouida's *Under Two Flags, The Ingeldsby Legends*, something historical by the elder Dumas and, invariably, one small paper-covered rip-roaring Wild West tale about Buffalo Bill Cody.

These accumulations, we must impress upon you, are seldom deliberate. They just grow through absent-mindedness. Appropriate niches are found for them and they are left there forever. But time is an alchemist; and if the hoarder is one day reminded of his hoard, he will speak of it with a curious air of reverence. That there chest—we have been assured more than once—is full o' bits and pieces o' livin' 'istory. Them oil paintings be worth a pot o' gold, if the truth wur known. Those books are valuable first editions, shouldn't be surprised. The china ornaments are Dresden, very likely, and the mantelpiece vases have a look of Ming. It is that old bun in the tea caddy over again.

Reflecting on these matters, we had a productive idea. We hurried to a mirror and, sure enough, a careful scrutiny showed that we were typical of the race. We therefore decided to constitute ourself a one-man cross section, and went off to investigate our kneehole desk with the six drawers—the one that was shifted into the spare bedroom years ago after grandfather died and left us his big oak bureau. In the first drawer we found, neatly held together by an elastic band, a set of fifty of those informative cards, that used to come in cigarette packets. The cards depicted rare flowers and fruits, with a brief history of the tribulations of hedgerow and bramble life on the reverse side, the whole series being entitled—a little sadly—*Struggles For Existence*. After some arithmetical calculation the age of *Struggles For Existence* seemed to work out at about twenty-three years. In back of the cigarette cards were a couple of crumpled testimonials written for us on request by our doctor and our college tutor when we were first on the lookout for a job in 1938. They were remarkably brief and there was not much to choose between them, we discovered, except a queer little difference of emphasis. The doctor wrote: "A trustworthy young man, who works hard." Our college tutor preferred it the other way: "A hard-working young man, who can be trusted."

Passing on to another drawer, we came across an autobiography which we had written at the age of sixteen. It ran to eighty quarto pages of type (single spacing) and began: "In this account of my life I intend to write fearlessly about the people I hate most in the world—hypocrites, charlatans, puritans and socialists." We decided to let this fighting start rest on its laurels and plunged straight into the section entitled: "What I Think Of Modern Literature." Here our eye fell on a wary estimate of Mr. Somerset Maugham. Evidently not wanting posterity to catch us out, we had taken a seat on the fence. "Though," we had written, "he cannot perhaps be placed absolutely in the first flight, Mr. Maugham is a very creditable novelist."

Sighing heavily, we were about to call it a day when our hand, scooping feebly around in the last drawer, (*Continued on page 229*)



"Now you know why we never stay up until midnight"

Dolly lived for him now only as a memory, always young; it was the way it had to be

When the Flames Cast Shadows

by FRANK BROOKHOUSER

WM. DuBOIS

Youth is a fleeting thing, as futile to seek as genius and as impossible to reclaim as innocence. I know this, simply because I am old. And yet the other day I met somebody on the street casually, talked to her for only a few minutes, and had the strangest, most compelling feeling of suddenly existing, again—or still—in a youth gone for many years.

It was only for a brief moment, you will understand. But it was there, clear as the eyes of a child in wonderment.

I said, "Dolly, how are you?"

"Why, Woody—of all people," she said.

And there wasn't much more to it than that, actually.

I have attributed the feeling to the fact that I had been away a long time and that there had been so many nights of nostalgia, of going back, because there could not be much else so many nights in combat. But I do not think this is right. I think, perhaps, that there are some people like Dolly in all of our lives and they are never really gone. They remain there in our lives—one way, one person, one time.

Her name was Louise but everybody, then, called her Dolly. She had been that kind of a baby, I suppose, and certainly she was that kind of a girl when I knew her. Nothing dates you so well as a popular song, so the songs were *Love Nest*, *Girl of My Dreams*, *Mean to Me.* You will know the days, the times.

She had a full, round face, with the healthy complexion her kind so often has, and her cheeks were so ruddy-bright that she would never have needed the rouge she used with a touch of lavishness because she was daring and popular and it was a necessary phase of her role as belle of the freshmen and sophomore classes in high school. Like her face, her body was full and blossomy, well-developed rather than trim. Her eyes were soft blue, not particularly large but with a rather inviting sleepiness about them. Her mouth was small and given a sensuous quality by her well-arched lips. She had, yes, blonde hair.

Blonde hair, first in long curls that tumbled gracefully over her shoulders and were pulled in seventh-grade classes, thus precipitating innumerable crises between the teacher and the male student body in which Dolly was always an amused, but more flattered, *cause célèbre.* And then in a short sporty bob, which went with rattling Model-Ts bouncing down the rough, brick-paved Main Street, and a rumble seat and a furtive cigarette. And then in a permanent, alluring and sophisticated, a necessity for her role as the feminine lead in all the high-school plays and the annual operetta, with the attendant social whirl these produced. She dated all of her leading men, too, in a manner befitting a queen, tossing her attentions to the more stalwart men of her kingdom. But that was later.

First there were the days of the curls and my love dated back to that time. It was a pure and noble and faraway love then, and Hugh Kellert and myself could glory and revel in it together, undisturbed by any tormenting doubts or pangs of jealousy. It was, then, enough merely to see her. And the school days weren't enough, so on Saturday mornings Hugh and I always walked past her house on our way to play baseball or football with the Ford Street Tigers. Places go with girls.

The drab, weather-beaten house by the railroad tracks is for the girl who sent you the biggest valentine in the fifth grade, the poor girl, who never had a chance. The house you never forget anything about, no matter what kind of a house it was, is the one in which your first love lived. The small cottage is for the young wife in the apron, waiting at the door. The intimate apartment is for the woman of your first daring and unconventional affair.

Dolly lived in a large white house with a wide porch and a rolling front lawn. It was the most impressive house in Manor, which was a small town a mile up the river from my own larger—but dirtier—small town. My town was a factory town and it was happiest when it was filled with the smoke that made it dirty. Factory towns are that way. Dolly's house, however, was on a dirt street hugging the riverbank and it was a mile from the ball diamond where the Tigers played the Manor boys on Saturdays.

But Hugh and I would walk out of our way every Saturday morning before the games. We would stroll up the trolley tracks and make the dangerous trestle crossing near old Ned Parmlee's place after the inevitable dramatic pauses and false scares. Across the trestle, we were on the river road which quietly became a more dignified street at the lower end of Manor and ultimately developed into something of a highway of hope as it passed Dolly's house. We only wanted to see her.

Sometimes she was sitting on the porch. Other times we would think we saw her at the window.

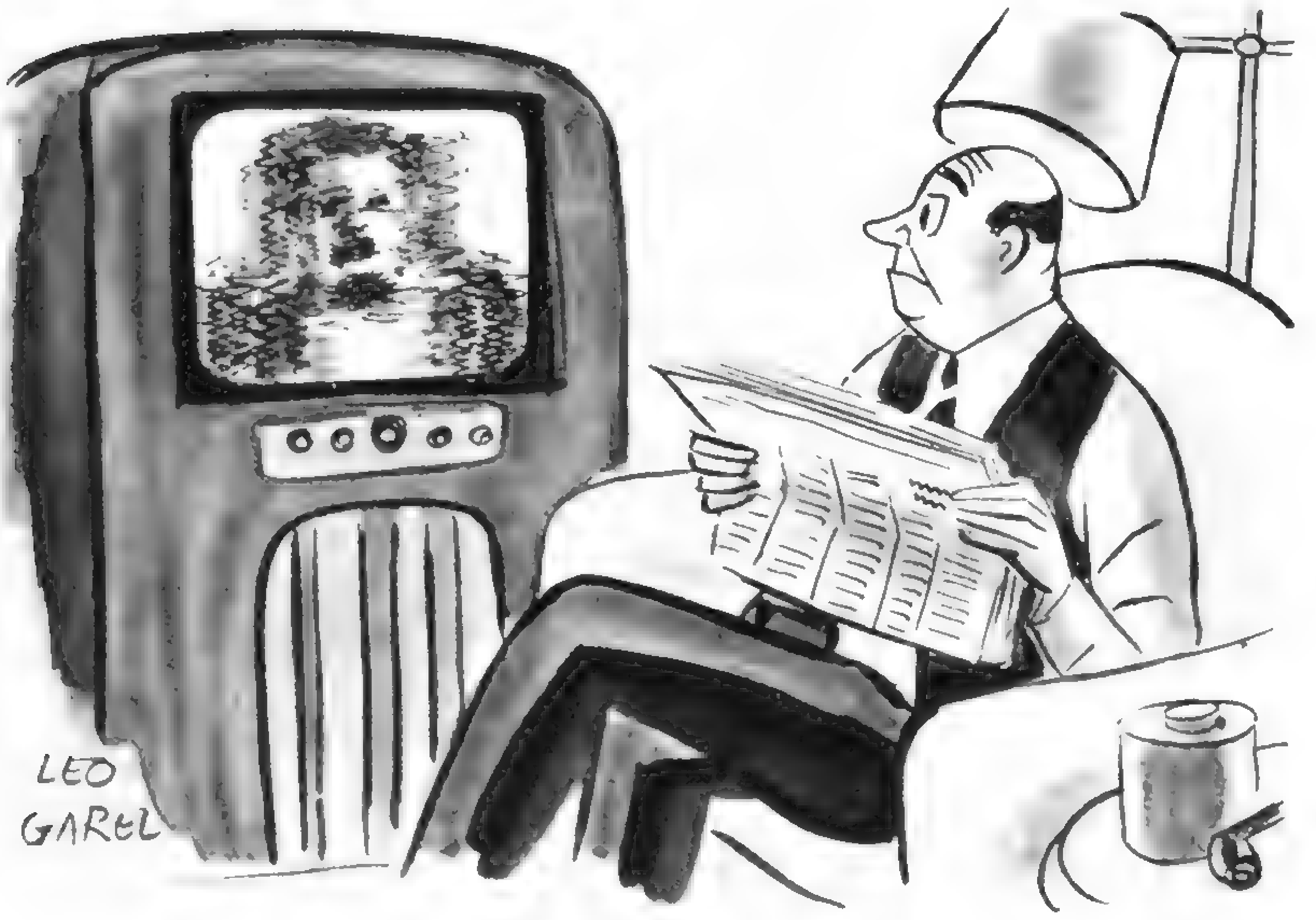
"Sure, I'll bet that was her," Hugh would say. "Did you see her? She just went past the window."

"Yes, I saw her. I'll bet it was her, too."

We would have run or hid if she had suddenly stepped out of the screen door, I am sure. We could not have explained this and we never tried to. But if she were sitting on the porch, our presence somehow was made casual and we could shout, "Hello, Dolly," without too much embarrassment.

I never went with Dolly. I went out with her—great, fantastic events and precious memories in my life—but she was never my girl friend. I worshipped and loved from afar always, until the end. But Hugh was her boy friend, her main one. He was handsome and his father was cashier at the bank and when Dolly was the girl with the bobbed hair, Hugh had the Model-T with the snappy wisecracks painted over its sides; and when she had the sophisticated permanent, he had the speedy car. And always he had, I suppose, a way, an assurance, about him.

But I think Dolly really liked me. I might have been the one, even without the car. The car



"Now if you had our super-television set, your reception would be perfectly clear"

never really meant very much, never was so all-important to her

On the few dates we did have, later, we walked for hours and she didn't mind at all.

"I love to walk," she told me once when I was taking her home after a basketball game. "You see so many more things when you're walking. You don't just rush by them. Look at the river now."

"It's sure beautiful," I said.

It was beautiful. It was a beautiful night. There was a bright, full moon and its light reflected on the river magically turned the dirty stream into a shimmering pool of silver. And all of the old shabby houses along the road looked freshly painted in its shadows. And Dolly in the moonlight was . . . well, a dream and a dream, for the too hurrying moments, realized, and . . . I could not say it then. I cannot say it adequately now.

"Do you like to walk, Woody?" she asked.

"With you, I do."

"No, I honestly mean it."

"About what?"

"Walking."

"I only like it with you. But I remember I used to walk past your house every Saturday morning."

"I know."

"You knew?" I couldn't quite keep the surprise out of my voice.

"Of course." She looked at me with wonder in her eyes that I wasn't aware of it.

"But I . . . I mean Hugh and me . . . we only saw you outside a few times."

"But I knew you were there every time." She smiled. "I would have been a little disappointed if you hadn't been. Being a girl."

We had some dates like that, the two of us, walking and talking and dreaming a little about the future together, and eating a hot dog or sipping a coke together; and she held my arm or my hand very warmly, and she kissed me. It seemed that she kissed me happily, eagerly.

But this may have been my imagination or my hope—or, more likely, her gift, her artistry. I do not know, because there were many others along with Hugh, better-looking, smoother, wittier, more fun, offering more; and, for the most part, my principal association with her in any regular capacity was on the school paper.

She was the society editor, but she was much too busy a person to bother long with that one facet of her school career. The paper was the big part of my life and I am certain I spent more time with her copy than with my own to make it read well.

By the time we were seniors we had changed considerably of course, all of us. We now knew a great deal about life, just about all there was to know.

MICHAEL BERRY

"It's all right, Miss Stanley, just tell us—never mind the demonstration"

And that year in school the gossip sensation of Sugar Bowl Society was the sudden end of Dolly and Hugh's much-discussed romance. When they finally made a clean break, he ignored her completely, treating her as though she didn't exist. She tried to be friendly still, engaging him in conversations, asking him if he wanted to join the crowd going to the Sugar Bowl. But he would always say, "No, thanks. Maybe I'll be down later."

"I don't think you're acting very fair to Dolly," I told him once. "After all, just because you split up, you don't need to act like you don't want her to even be near you."

"I don't. If she really loved me, she wouldn't have acted the way she did herself."

"But she likes you, Hugh. You can still be good friends."

"I don't think too much of her now, not nearly as much as I used to."

"But you try to hurt her the way you snub her."

"Well, she hurt me . . ."

Everybody talked about it but I rather imagine not many heard both sides of the story. I think perhaps I was the only one. Dolly said that I was.

"I wouldn't bother explaining anything to anybody," she told me this night. "I don't have to explain. And I don't care what Hugh says about me either. But I just happen to feel like talking tonight."

"I don't blame you, Dolly. I know how Hugh feels but I don't think you're the one that's all wrong, like he says. It's just one of those things. And Hugh's pretty stubborn. I've been his friend a long time and I know."

"No, I suppose he was right, really, Woody. I'm wrong and I guess I'm just no good for him. He'd always be worrying, he'd always be unhappy with me. But I never treated him mean, Woody, the way he acts with me now. I was always honest with him. I always told him everything."

"I know."

"You see, he considered we were going steady and he didn't think I should date anyone else at all, nobody but him."

"I know, Dolly."

"But we weren't engaged, really. It wasn't like I had promised him anything, made him a promise that I didn't keep. And I like to go out with different fellows. I like to get to know different people and be out with different people, and find out how they are. And I like to kiss, too. I like to kiss different fellows. That's the way I am and I guess I won't change, not for a long time, anyway; and if Hugh doesn't want me that way, well there's nothing can be done about it." She was trying to be fair about the whole thing.

"This isn't the way a fellow's friend should act, I know, Dolly, but I'd like to kiss you. Right now."

She turned quickly and smiled delightedly at me for a moment. Then her eyes studied me with a trace of amusement in them for a second. And then she lifted her face close to mine without a word, waiting; and I kissed her, strongly, and felt her hands gripping my shoulders, felt weak and exhilarated and breathless. When the kiss ended, she laughed a gay, mischievous little laugh.

"You see," she said, "maybe I'm too much the woman for my own good."

"Or mine."

"But I would like you to kiss me again, Woody."

It was even more exciting, and her eyes asked a question now when she looked at me after we had parted, a big question that neither of us could answer; and I put my arms around her and held her tightly. She broke away quickly.

"We'd better go now," she said quietly.

We walked on along the river street toward her house and I told her that I had loved her for a long time. "Not that it's been any secret," I said.

"No," she said. "But it's no good, Woody. You're much too nice. Much too nice for me. You must never love me."

"But I do," I insisted.

"No."

"I couldn't help being in love with you, even if I didn't want to be," I assured her.

"I'm cheap, Woody. That was one of the things Hugh said."

"You're not cheap, Dolly."

"In a way?"

"No."

"Maybe I am, Woody. You just happen to love me in spite of it. Hugh never could. He has too much pride, too much vanity. But he could never be hurt the way you could. He could never be hurt deeply. And I don't want you to love me."

"I love you, Dolly. I always will. Maybe I just try to understand a little better, that's all."

"I think that you do."

She stopped walking and leaned over and kissed me on the cheek, tenderly. It was a little kiss, fleeting, meaningless in the annals of time and the ceaseless parade of events, but none has ever meant so much to me, none has thrilled me more.

By graduation time she was going with Ken Cooley, who was the star of the track team. She was his steady when she went away to college. In her freshman year at college she married somebody else and left him and came back to the town with a stunning new hair-do that she had seen in New York on

(Continued on page 221)

Turn up the Spade Ace and you've made a touchdown in this card game for two

Football for Feeble Fullbacks

by ERNEST LEHMAN

Are you one of those gridiron strategists who talk a good game of football? Are you an athlete who loves the Great Indoors? Do you dream of booting soaring spirals, of heaving touchdown passes and of galloping gazellelike on the greensward, as you sit in your easy chair? Do you belong to that vast army of sports enthusiasts who would like to play football but who have neither the time, nor the courage, nor the youth, nor the physique, nor the stamina, nor the shoes, nor the pads, nor the liniment, nor the field, nor the team, nor the football with which to play?

All right then.

Permit me to show you Football for Feeble Fullbacks.

It's a sensational new game for two, in which an ordinary deck of cards is the football and a card table is the gridiron. Dreamed up by Marty Shapiro, a bright young Long Island lad, with a few refinements by the author, this card game follows the ups and downs of flesh and blood football with such uncanny accuracy that you get the feeling you're actually out there on the field playing with a pigskin. It's very simple to master, too. Just pull up a chair and listen closely as I call the signals . . .

Fundamentals

1. Card-table football follows all the rules of college football.
2. The game is played by two people. They need have no more than a rudimentary knowledge of football.
3. The game is easiest to play, and most enjoyable, when the players visualize themselves as being teams on an actual field.
4. It's not really necessary, but some players find it helpful to keep a pad and pencil handy to jot down the location of the ball.
5. The player in possession of the ball holds the deck in his hand. Before each play from scrimmage, he states whether he intends to run, pass, punt or try a field goal.
6. After the player has stated what type of play he is about to make, he executes the play by laying up the card that is on top of the deck. The nature of the card then determines the result of the play.
7. As in real football, the player keeps possession of the ball (the deck) until he kicks, or has a pass intercepted or loses the ball on downs. When the ball goes into possession of the other player, the deck (the unused portion) is handed over to him.
8. When all fifty-two cards have been used up, the whistle blows and the quarter ends. The deck is then shuffled and another quarter is begun. In other words, four complete runs through the deck constitute a game.
9. At the end of the first half, there is a short intermission to enable kibitzers to get a hot dog and a bottle of beer, and to enable the coach (played by Pat O'Brien) to give the cards a pep talk.
10. Betting in the stands is positively prohibited.

The Plays

(Note: the kickoff, naturally, is the first play of the game. But, for reasons of clarity, I shall explain the various plays in what may seem to be no logical sequence.)

1. *Running Play*—An Ace represents a 4-yard loss; a King, a 3-yard loss; a Queen, a 2-yard loss; and a Jack, a 1-yard loss. All other cards represent yardage *gains* equal to the value of the card.

Example: You've received the kickoff and have run it back to your 30-yard line, first down and 10 to go. You say "I'm running," and you lay up a three. That indicates you have made a 3-yard gain, making it second and 7 on your 33. Again you say "I'm running," and you lay up a five. That's a 5-yard gain, making it third and 2 on your 38. Again you choose to run, and you lay up a Queen. A Queen is a 2-yard loss. That throws you back to your 36-fourth down and 4 to go. Here's where you have to be a good quarterback. Is it worth the risk to run on fourth down in your own territory and perhaps lose the ball on downs? Or is it wiser to kick? We'll say you decide to kick. (And it's lucky you decided that way. The next card is a Jack. If you had run, you'd have suffered a 1-yard loss and lost the ball on downs on your 35-yard line!)

2. *The Punt*—is always made from a stripe. If you are not on one, you drop back to the nearest marker. If you are on your 36-yard line when you decide to kick, you make the boot from the 35. If you are on your 44-yard line, you kick from the 40. *Comprenez?*

After announcing your intention to kick, you lay up a card and multiply it by 5 to determine the length of the kick. In kicking, Jack counts 11; Queen, 12; King, 13; and Ace, 14.

A seven would give you a 35-yard kick. A Queen would give you a 60-yard boot. An Ace indicates a 70-yard kick. A four means a 20-yard punt, etc.

However, there is no 10-yard punt. If you lay up a two, it is a blocked kick!

Example: You decide to kick from your own 36. You drop back to the 35 and lay up a card. It's a Jack (11), giving you a 55-yard kick down to your opponent's 10-yard line, from which point he will make a runback. (If the kick had been a King—65 yards—or an Ace—70 yards—long enough to go to the goal line or over, the ball would then, of course, be put in play by the receiver on his 20-yard stripe. If you had laid up a two on your punt, giving your opponent a blocked kick, he would then have started his runback from the point where the kick was made, in this case the 35-yard line.)

3. *Runback of Kick*—Your opponent has just caught your kick on his 10-yard line. The ball is now in his possession, so you hand the unused portion of the deck to him and he lays up his runback card. If it is a picture (Aces are always pictures in this game), that means he is tackled immediately and downed at the point of reception, the 10-yard line. (In the case of the runback of the blocked kick, he'd have been stopped at the 35.) A picture on a runback indicates a zero runback. Any runback card other than a picture indicates a return of the kick equal to the value of the card.

However, there is one magnificent exception. If his runback card is the Ace of Spades, he goes all the way for a touchdown!

The Ace of Spades on the runback of a kickoff, punt, blocked kick or intercepted forward pass is always a touchdown.

Example: He catches your punt on his 10-yard line and lays up a Queen. The picture indicates he has been stopped dead on the runback, so it becomes first and 10 for him on his 10-yard line. If he had laid up a nine, he would have run the ball back to his 19, first and 10 on the 19. If he had laid up the Ace of Spades . . . STUDENTS??? (Slight pause for the roar of the crowds.) If he had blocked your kick on your 35-yard line and laid up a seven, that would have indicated that he had run the blocked kick seven yards to your 28, first and 10. A picture would have stopped him on the 35.

4. *Safety*—as in gridiron football, when you are thrown behind your own goal line, your opponent gets two points, and you take the ball out on your 20-yard line. In this game, on the goal line is as bad as over the goal line.

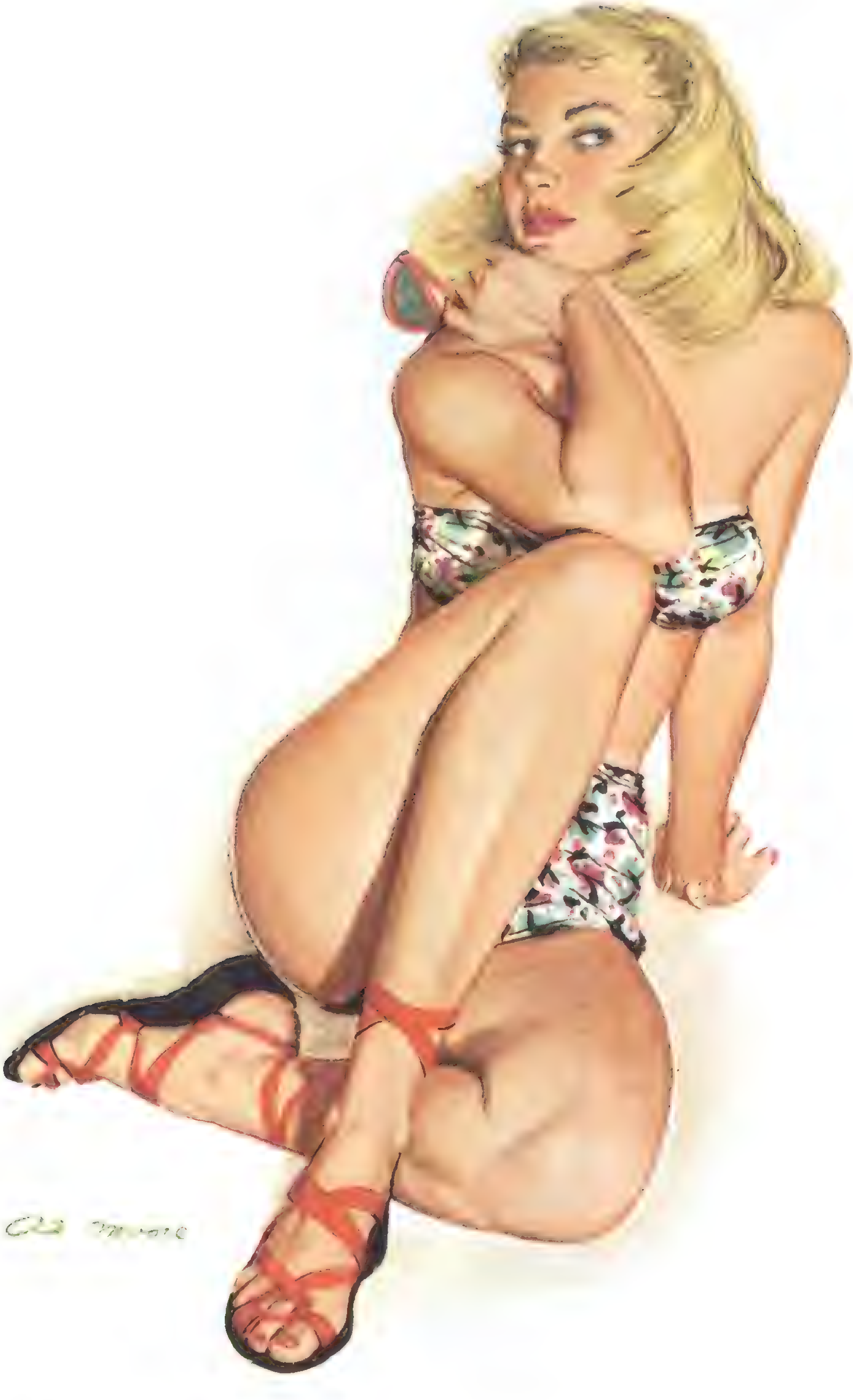
Example: You have the ball on your 2-yard line, you try a running play and lay up a King. The King throws you for a 3-yard loss into the end zone, and two points for the other guy. A 2-yard loss with a Queen would have had the same result. (Moral: Stay away from your 2-yard line if you can help it.)

5. *Touchdown*—when you carry the ball to the goal line or over—six points! (Don't gloat. He's liable to run back your kickoff for one of his own. How? With the Ace of Spades, silly!)

6. *Point After Touchdown*—Immediately after scoring a touchdown, you lay up the conversion attempt. If the card is a two, three, four or five, you fail. Any card over a five is good.

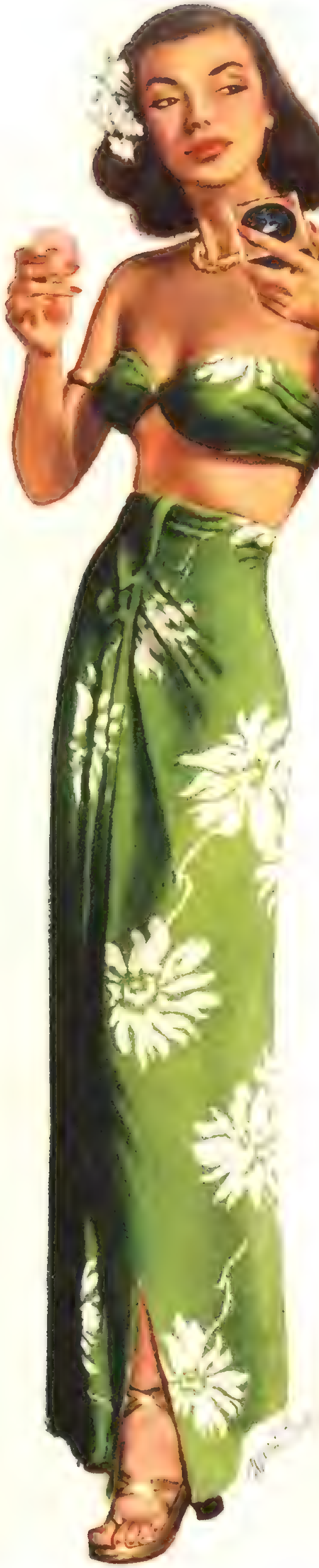
7. *Field Goal*—You may attempt a field goal at any time when you are within your opponent's 40-yard line (on his 40-yard stripe, or closer). When you state your intention to try a field goal, you must then lay up a picture to succeed. If you lay up a card that is not a picture, you not only fail to score the three points but you also lose the ball, and your opponent puts it

(*Continued on page 247*)



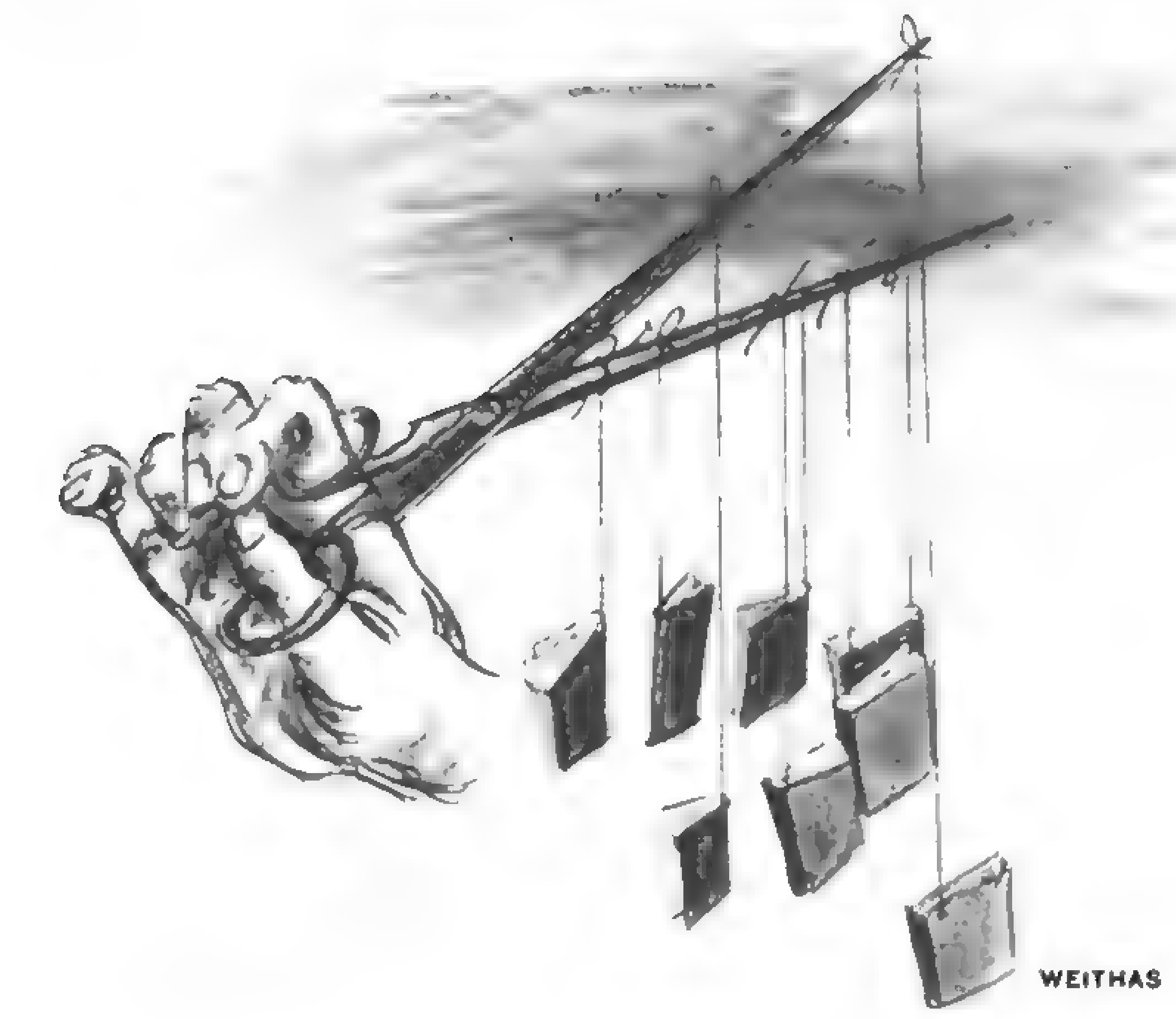
Calculation by AL MOORE

Al Moore's lithe Esquire Girl seems for a moment like any athletic and yet feminine creature you might spy on the nearest beach—until you tune in on the feline voltage of those eyes. When sunglasses are removed, the hypnosis of her glance is stronger than any undertow. A tawny, indolent she-panther might gaze so on a flock of passing lambs cavorting in blissful ignorance of the fate one whimsical move on her part might bring into their lives. The orientals, they say, could tell time by gazing into a kitten's eyes and measuring the dilation. Don't try, pal, we'd say. Gaze into *these* pupils, and you won't know the time of day, now or afterwards. That little heart that dangles from her wrist will be yours, unless you've got your sun-cheaters on, double strength.



Exotique by WARD BRACKETT

How is it, puzzles Ward Brackett, that some daughters of Bronxville, Kenosha, or the Texas Panhandle can contrive to embody all the mystery of the Far East—the main mystery being that there's nothing like *this* out there? It could be the barbaric jewelry around a full arm, gold fingers left there by a lover's hand. It could be the jungle flower thrust with artful carelessness into the hair. Or perhaps the skirt splitting into the blare of an exotic print, full and yet clinging. Mr. B's Esquire Girl could answer him if she would, or perhaps even she is not aware of the mystery and magic of herself. Not jewelry, flower, hair-do, or print, but the lilting stance, the challenge of décolletage, wide eyes and full mouth, are the real lures in the spell she casts, east and west, north and south.



If you ever get the feeling you've read the tome before, chances are you're right

Eight Books Published Every Year

by RICHARD PLANT

Perhaps there are more. I'm not quite sure. But watching books come and go, following their life span from the first breathless notice ("Miramar Press expects a real surprise for the trade from Nancy Rutherford's forthcoming *Born to Suffer*") until the shabby burial in the shops on Forty-Second Street ("Every Book in This Window 49c"), I can't escape the feeling that, somehow, the same books are published every year. Or, to be just, that there are certain books which appear regularly, year in, year out. Of course they are written by different people. But they fall into such a fixed pattern that, looking at them, I start wondering whether I haven't read this one before. No, I say, it's impossible. The publication date, a little slip assures me, is two weeks from today.

Since classification is the basis of science, here are eight basic literary species or families, as recurrent as the flowers and plants which botany's father, Linné, classified so beautifully. Roaming naturalists, who have discovered literary weeds cropping up anew each season, are invited to submit samples. Here goes.

1. The "Ye Olde Whale Town" School

Product of a well-established literary factory, full of rustling crinolines, passionate captains and disapproving aunts.

From the announcement in *Publishers' Weekly*:

"Never before has the author of *Roisterous Boston* and *Flies Over Chesapeake Bay* combined straightforward action with such an historically significant background. Forced into marriage to a man she didn't love, Phoebe Hicks decides to visit Aunt Sarah in Boston. The trip on the schooner *Jerome Messner* leads to the most unexpected events when the storm lifts Phoebe out of her crinoline just as the British frigate *Mildred Doubleday* is sighted. Colonel Jerome (Haughty) Mifflin comes to her rescue, and we follow Phoebe's struggle against her emotions while the soft-spoken yet passionate colonel tries to persuade her that love is stronger than the clichés of circulating-library fiction. This, Frances Robinson-Meyerbeer's forty-eighth novel, will again find the readers it deserves.

"$20,000 in advertising. Jacket design by Mips. *Order now!*"

2. The Torture-Torture School

Mostly a first novel by a lady author. Always over 400 pages long. About the emotional upheaval of sensitive souls who also have sinus trouble. Let's look at page 231:

> stand it any longer. Paul was watching her, intensely. Should she ask him why he was eating soup so slowly? There was a painful deliberation in the way he ate minestrone. She dipped her spoon in her consommé, tasted it. It was cold.
>
> "My consommé is cold," she said with infinite sadness.
>
> "You ordered cold consommé," Paul whispered, and an expression of superior male cunning showed clearly in his face. Like Father, she thought. Paul was akin to her father. She wouldn't eat with him; she wouldn't give him the triumph of seeing her eating the cold soup. She laughed shrilly, said something about the neighboring table where a woman was listening, tensely, then felt sorry that she had laughed. But the fear she felt of Paul was too strong. No, she would get up, walk out into the street and eat a hamburger; alone. Just when she was about to tell Paul, he said: "You know, I enjoy these quiet lunches with you. They're so restful."
>
> This was too much. She wanted to answer him but a sob rose in her throat that was a laugh—or was it a laugh that was a sob? She giggled aloud into the restaurant and it sounded like heartbreak . . . .

3. A Treasury of Shoe Stories

Or an anthology of insect stories, or Western, Eastern, Tahitian, or New Jersey stories. From the treasury's table of contents:

Mylady, Thou Hast Gilded Feet............	Chanson de Roland
The Shoes of Kilimandjaro..................	Ernest Hemingway
South Sea Sandals, or A Secret Agent.....	W. Somerset Maugham
The Case of the Simonized Shoe Salesman..	Earle Stanley Gardner
Manhattan Shoe Stores..........	The New York Telephone Book

4. Where Goes Russia?

Books on Russia are written either by the pro, or the con, school. Following are two samples, dealing with the same incident:

Incident A

> When dusk fell over the endless Russian steppe, the giant towers of the new industrial center of Pjotrdiminsk (pronounced: Pyoterdee-meenshk) appeared on the horizon, and in no time we had reached this busy town, teeming with life. Although the Nazis had destroyed almost all mines, the production of iron ore which had fallen off to 47% in 1942 had been increased to 67% in 1945—an achievement only possible because of the undimmed enthusiasm of the populace which has transformed this former cattle market into a modern teeming city, as vigorous as Hoboken. After dinner at one of those typical rustic Russian inns—steaming bean soup, juicy mutton with "barlaschki" (that wonderful Russian equivalent of broccoli), and mocha—we took a walk through the town. A friend introduced me to a friendly engineer who assured me. . . .

Incident B

> The city of Pjotrdiminsk which we reached the same night was a dimly lit, typical mining town. Our guide led us to a chilly dining room where we had what can be called a typical Russian meal: bean soup, mutton (barely cooked), some indistinguishable vegetables, and bitter-tasting coffee. I managed to escape the eagle eye of the ever-present "official guide," slipped out, and had a long talk with an engineer from Pjotrdiminsk who didn't speak a word of English. Although I don't speak Russian, we had the most stimulating discussion. Among the significant facts which he revealed with a frankness which I had encountered nowhere on my trip, were the following: under the "collective" system, the production of iron ore had decreased from 67% in 1916 to 47% in 1942. Of course, the German occupation might have had something to do with it. . . .

5. The Toughie-Toughie School

The mystery field boys have successfully invaded the field of *belles-lettres*. Here's a sample from Chapter Three of *The Kick*:

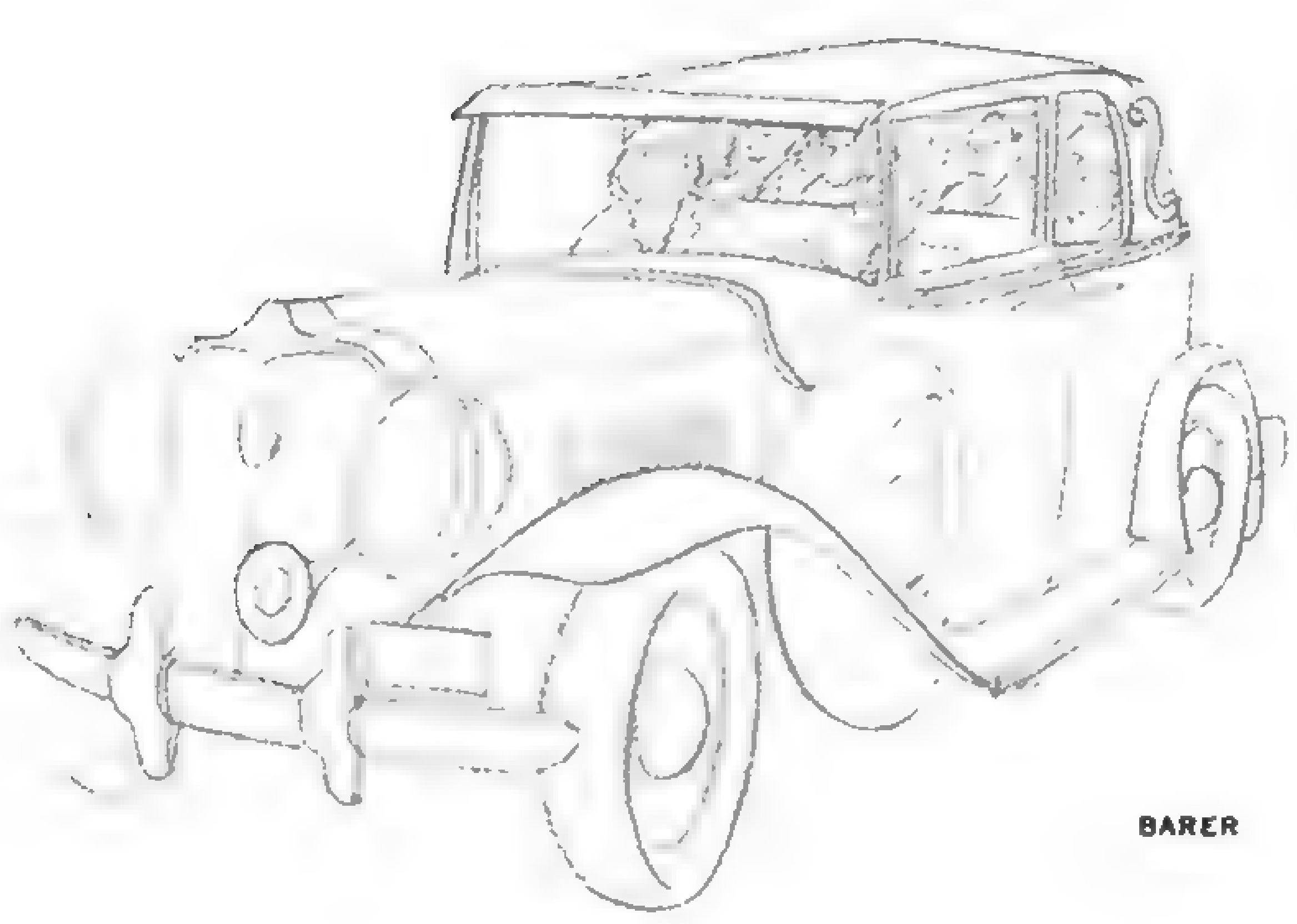
> She was a blonde to stop a Presbyterian minister fifteen hundred feet away. Her dress was torn. There was some blood on it. She waved at me when the glaring lights of my car hit her. The road was as dark as a morgue. There wasn't a soul around. I didn't know what her racket was, but I had the feeling I'd find her glamour puss in Archie's file in downtown San Francisco. That punk still owed me five grand. I ought to slug him.
>
> "Hop in, Precious," I said. "There's a dead man in the back of the car. Somebody blew his brains out with a hair dryer. Quite a new system. Do you mind?"
>
> "I'm tough," she said and sat close to me. "I'm used to dead men in the backs of cars. Call me Phyllis."
>
> "Used to dead men?" I said, passing the cemetery where lots of my clients lay. "What's the game, Baby?"
>
> "It precedes the seduction scene," she said. "In every book I've been in, there's a corpse in the back, and they stop the car and they make love as if they want to tear each other apart. The readers get murder and sex all in one. It's a good recipe."
>
> Tenderly, I kicked her out of the car.

6. The It-Happened-Under-My-Nose School

They have been everywhere, know everything. Since they suspect that when their books come out the news will be cold, they add commentaries, embroider with psychological

(*Continued on page 235*)

Considering the size of the United States, it's surprising how often two cars try to occupy the same space at the same time



Time's Petty Pace

by GEORGE R. STEWART

"To speak in paradox," said the professor, "it is—in a certain sense—remarkable that anything ever really happens at all. Or, to put it more mildly, it is remarkable that any particular event occurs rather than some other particular event. There is so much uncertainty that at any time there would seem to be almost infinite chances against any particular event happening some time in the future. Let me illustrate . . ."

The Donovan and Burns families lived in small cities of the United States distant some twenty miles from each other. Each family consisted, conventionally enough, of father, mother and three children. Any investigator would have tagged both as average American families of the moderate income group. Otherwise they had little in common. The Donovans were Irish in tradition, and their children (ranging from eighteen to eleven years of age) were Patrick, Sheila, and Emmet. The Burnses were Scotch in tradition, and their children (from sixteen to eight) were Jean, Bruce, and Bobby. The Donovans were easygoing, exuberant, and a trifle reckless; the Burnses were conscientious, stable, and a little on the cautious side.

Up to September, 1945, neither family had ever been conscious of the other's existence. On this particular Sunday morning, however, each had planned an expedition by automobile. The Donovans were to visit a state park where they would go swimming, have a picnic lunch, and otherwise disport themselves. The Burnses were going to visit Mrs. Burns' parents, who lived on a farm.

Since there is no advantage in naming particular names, let us merely put it that the Donovans lived at a city called A, and the Burnses at B, about twenty miles to the south and west. To reach their park at C, the Donovans would drive on state highway number one fifty miles in a direction south of east. To reach the grandparents' farm near the village of D, the Burnses would follow state highway number two in a direction north of east, also for about fifty miles.

You can see that the two highways must cross each other at some point. Actually this crossing is at a town which may be called X to indicate that it is a crossroads. At that point there is a traffic circle. In the natural course of events, if there is any such thing, the Donovans should enter this circle from the west, swing around it in a half-circle, and then turn off onto highway number one to the east. But the Burnses should enter the circle from the south, and swinging round on their own half-circle, turn off onto highway number two to the north.

It is apparent, therefore, that the two cars will both presumably travel the same road for a quarter of this circle, that is, its southeastern quadrant, from the point at which the Burnses enter to the point at which the Donovans turn off. Both families have arranged a late Sunday morning start. Departing time for both is ten o'clock.

Nevertheless, when we examine the situation more carefully, we find that the chances of that meeting at X are really infinitesimal. By comparison, the filling of an inside straight becomes a sure thing.

Since A is stated as somewhat east of B, the Donovans will have to drive only fifteen miles to the traffic circle at X, whereas the Burnses will have to drive twenty-five miles. Moreover, the characteristics of the two families reinforce the matter of distances. Mr. Donovan is not a reckless driver, but he enjoys a little speed, and will take a chance on a traffic light. But Mr. Burns is meticulous about traffic lights, and (while not timid) practices safety first. Moreover, young Patrick Donovan, already having his driver's license, will undoubtedly want to drive for a while. And anyone knows how a young man drives a car!

How, then, can we expect the two cars ever to be closer than ten miles of road distance, more likely fifteen?

"Moreover," the professor continued, "there seems to be nothing which can well be termed an accident. In ordinary life we call that an accident which seems to thrust in from outside our known universe of so-called cause and effect. But this is only because, from necessary ignorance, this familiar universe is too circumscribed. Draw the circle of our knowledge widely enough, and accident inevitably disappears. For instance . . ."

The Burnses, having planned with some care, actually got started at 9:57. The Donovans, however, were in a state of some last-minute confusion—small matters of finding Sheila's bathing suit, sending little Emmet to the bathroom, and arguing about where to put the picnic hamper. When the Donovans started at 10:11 Mr. Burns had already negotiated five traffic lights, had cleared the outskirts of the small city, and traveled about five miles toward X. Even so, he had twenty miles to go as against fifteen for the Donovans, who also might be expected to drive faster by at least five miles an hour.

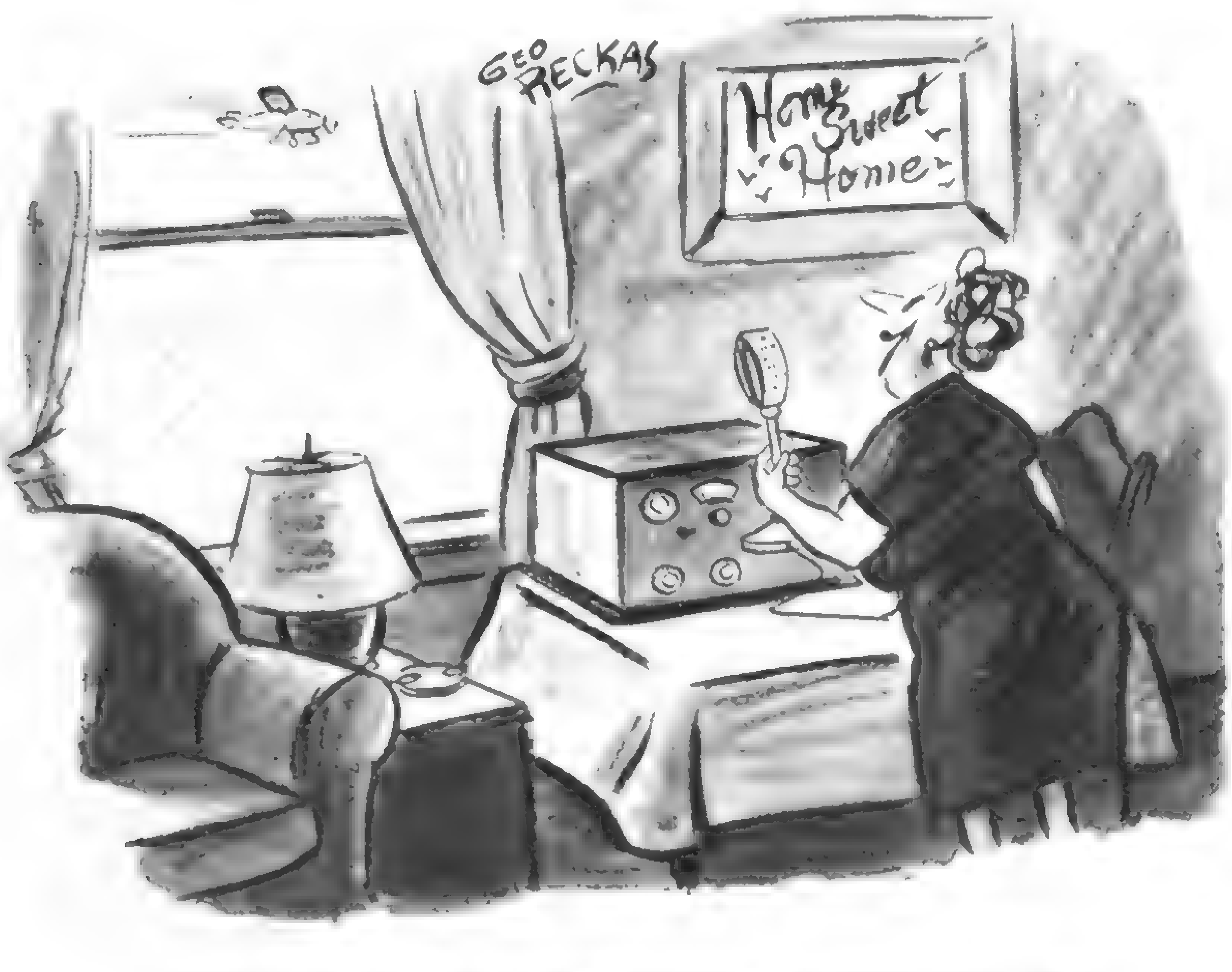
Once the traffic lights of A were passed, young Patrick asked to be allowed to drive. His father, wishing to enjoy a cigarette and proud of watching his son handle the car, was quick to consent. Patrick, a spry youngster, spent only a few seconds in making the transfer, so that the car wheels stopped rolling for only half a minute.

The situation thus came to be that Mr. Burns clicked along at thirty-five miles an hour, while Patrick dodged in and out of traffic with his speedometer varying between forty and sixty. At 10:29 Mr. Burns was still fourteen miles from the traffic circle, but Patrick was only three miles.

Then there was the sound of a siren, and a scared Patrick pulled over to the side of the road.

Having followed the car for a mile Sergeant Jones had seen that, though driven illegally fast, it was carefully and skillfully controlled, and even before sounding his siren he had decided that merely a warning was in order.

What took place, then, was really a kind of act-



"Circle around for a few minutes at 3000 feet, dear—Junior has just taken off in the Cub plane"

ing of folk drama. The sergeant looked severe and adamant, asked sternly to see the driver's license, took out his book. He was obviously the star, but the Donovans played good supporting parts. Crestfallen Patrick flushed crimson; Mr. Donovan, silent, looked the Roman father; Mrs. Donovan attempted a few halfhearted excuses or protests, Sheila, sixteen, tried to touch the heart with appealing and liquid glances; little Emmet began to whimper, having a vague idea that his father would be sent to the penitentiary. After one minute of high tragedy, the sergeant relaxed a little. After two minutes, he put his book away. After two minutes and forty seconds, he was saying, "Well, go along, but remember and be careful!"

"Thank you, Officer," said Mr. Donovan, for a curtain line, "I'm glad this happened; it will be a lesson to the boy."

In the meantime Mr. Burns had been progressing steadily but in these few minutes of this drama he had made less than two miles. At 10:32 (such was the sergeant's efficiency) the Donovans again began moving, Mr. Donovan at the wheel. At that time they were three miles from X; Mr. Burns was more than twelve miles distant.

In just two minutes, however, all the Donovans became aware of a slight clicking noise. They looked about nervously.

"You making that noise, Emmet?" asked Mrs. Donovan.

"Not me, Mom!"

"It's this new kind of pavement we just came onto, probably," said Mr. Donovan complacently.

"Good news, Fred . . . tomorrow I've got an appointment to look at a white shirt"

"Sounds like the rear end going out," said Patrick, inclined toward pessimism at the moment.

Then suddenly there was a long wheeze, the car swerved slightly, and Mr. Donovan pulled off to the side of the highway.

As they got out to look, they hoped that the left rear tire had merely been punctured. Actually it seemed rather to have disintegrated, like the one hoss shay. A babble arose from the Donovans, in which "bad luck" and "accident" frequently were heard.

But the Donovans said "accident" only because of their limited horizons. The disintegration of that tire was part of a great world picture. That tire had been recapped, and then worn down again. Its cotton cords, as subject as man to a finite term of life, had long been deteriorating. There was not even any element of accident in the disintegration at that particular moment. When stopped at the sound of the siren, the tire had come to rest upon a roadside pebble in such a way as to suffer a final strain. If a physician had laid his stethoscope to it, he would have heard, all through that little drama, another drama consisting of a continual tiny crepitation—the cords were already starting to give. Even the position of that pebble by that roadside was not an accident—but this enlargement of the circle of knowledge cannot go on forever.

If the breaking of that tire was an accident, so was the presence of the Donovans on highway number one that morning, so was the highway itself, and so is the existence of the world.

Meanwhile, on came the Burnses. They were by no means lacking in personality. There was Jean, aged sixteen, a bonnie lassie. Any traffic officer who put his foot on the Burns' running board would have melted spontaneously; she would not even have had to make eyes. And there was Bobby, too, a blossoming genius beyond doubt, although at the age of eight best described as a brat.

Now, at 10:40, knowing that the town of X was only a few miles away, Bobby began to complain of being carsick. He was not carsick at all, but his mother associated carsickness with an empty stomach, and Bobby's stomach was always in need of refilling. Before long it was decided to stop in X for refreshment.

As the Burnses were first sighting the church spires and water tanks of X, the Donovans were piling back into their car, having made a quick and efficient job of tire-changing.

We have now, as from a Godlike point of observation, seen these two good American families being borne inexorably toward some inevitable, but to them unknown, event. Greek tragedy is suggested, but will the *deus ex machina* appear and set things right? But again we might ask: Why should fate only work toward tragedy? Is not comedy equally inevitable?

And now it becomes necessary to consider the town of X. Its street plan and nomenclature obviously ape New York City—east and west are numbered streets, north and south are numbered avenues. Thus highway one on entering town swerves a little and becomes Fourteenth Street, and highway two becomes Eighth Avenue.

As he entered town at 10:53 Mr. Donovan remembered suddenly that he had once done some business with a good-natured fellow who kept a garage on a side street a few blocks south of the highway. If this garage should happen to be open on Sunday morning or if its owner could be stirred up, he might be induced to sell a tire. The Donovans had been left without a spare; a more prudent family would have turned back, but they had decided not to let the "accident" interfere with their holiday. Accordingly, Mr. Donovan turned off the highway to the right, southwards, at Fifth Avenue.

At the same instant, Mr. Burns was attempting to turn off highway two onto Eleventh Street, but was delayed a little because it was a left turn and he was snarled up with some traffic.

Mr. Burns drove west on Eleventh Street looking for a certain drugstore where the family had previously got some good milk shakes. Mr. Donovan, after crossing Thirteenth and Twelfth Streets, turned left and headed east on Eleventh, still looking for the garage. The two cars approached head-on, and at the corner of Eleventh and Sixth Avenue were in full sight and not many yards distant. At that point, however, Mr. Burns turned north on Sixth Avenue, and the cars again separated, Mr. Donovan continuing on Eleventh.

Between Sixth and Seventh Avenues on the north side of Eleventh Street Mr. Donovan saw the garage, but it had a "For Rent" sign on it.

"Well," said Mr. Donovan, "that's that!" Without more thought, he turned left onto Seventh Avenue and started back for highway one. At the same time the Burnses, arguing about where the drugstore was, made a right-hand turn onto Twelfth Street.

Mr. Burns, although not forgetting that he was driving a car, had one part of his mind occupied by looking for the drugstore. Mr. Donovan was mentally perturbed because of the morning's misfortunes and the lack of a spare tire. The streets of X are narrow, and the southwest corner of Twelfth and Seventh Avenue is a blind one.

At right angles the two cars sped out into the intersection. Then the two drivers, suddenly aware, tried desperately to swerve to the right. The time was 10:56.

Perhaps this should end with my telling you that the bonnie Jean was first half-thrown through a window and then crushed beneath the overturning car, that Mrs. Donovan died in the hospital, that all the others suffered injuries.

Inexorable we may indeed consider this collision of two cars—as inexorable as the collision of empires or of planets. It was conceived, we must conclude, in the womb of time. It was brought forth at last, though not at the most likely of places, the traffic circle. But as I have said, the inexorable may also be the comic. Although the noise of crushed fenders was sickening, the glancing blow caused only superficial damage, and no one was hurt.

Both families piled out, belligerent and sure at first that the fault was the other's. Young Patrick was the most sure and belligerent—until he suddenly focused his eyes upon the beautiful and now weeping Jean. Soon better counsels prevailed. Mr. Burns was one of the fairest of men, Mr. Donovan one of the best-natured. (Moreover, they both carried liability insurance.) The fathers exchanged names, addresses and (to Patrick's delight) telephone numbers.

So it ended, let us say, in comedy and even young love. Yet, as with Hamlet's peasant and courtier, comedy and tragedy may tread on each other's heels.

"Even time and space," the professor concluded, "raise difficulties, in this context. Connections may fail to be made because of space, or because of time. When time and space conjoin—to put it vulgarly—things happen!" #

Some primitive instinct told the hunter how to dodge those great, ripping antlers

The Mad Buck of Bear Creek Burn

by FRANK C. HIBBEN

WACKERNAGEL

Three of us had been hunting from a camp at the head of Bear Creek in the Pecos country of New Mexico. Up to the last day of our trip we had not shot a single deer. Our humiliation was deep for we had seen plenty of traces, especially of a singular old buck that was undeniably mad.

When you think of it, a deer can doubtless find as much cause for insanity as a human being, but there seemed to be a viciousness, a brutality about this big buck's capers that made him uncommonly sinister. He inhabited the edge of an old "burn," not far from camp, where many years ago fire had licked away the smaller trees and left the bare trunks of the great conifers, scorched of their evergreen splendor, tumbled in grotesque heaps over the ashy ground. Once we came upon his hoofprints, large as the palm of your hand, in the shadow of a fallen log. All around the ground was cut and laced where a great body had strained and stamped. The charred trunk was scarred as though a grizzly had clawed it, only these were the marks of a deer's antlers. In another place the buck had mashed a small evergreen with his horns. Not far away, he had stomped on a mass of tree roots until the wood was smashed flat.

Here was a deer with character and we soon were referring to him as the Mad Buck.

On our last day, two of us left camp early for a last chance at a deer, preferably the Mad Buck. Tom Emery, the third of our party, remained behind to prepare our duffle for departure. We were more than a mile away from camp when we heard the dull thud of a high-powered rifle which echoed from the mountains to the west. There were two more shots in close succession. They sounded from the direction of camp and we hurried back to see what Tom had bagged. We came across Tom halfway back. There was an ugly bruise on his face and blood dripped from a wound in his arm. The rest of the story is Tom's, and I'll relate it just as he panted it out to us that morning.

"I was hurrying to catch up with you when I heard the noise of antlers. You've heard it, you know what it's like—clashing and rattling, an angry sound in a quiet forest. Well, I came to this clearing and mounted a stump and there they were—two bucks with briskets as black as night. They were both big, but one absolutely towered over the other. There was no doubt that the big one was the Mad Buck.

"I could see his muscles bunching on his back as he crowded the other against a log. As the smaller one shook his head to get free, his horns locked with the heavy beams of the mad one. He twisted to the side to keep the big deer from pinning him against the log, but his antlers held. The Mad Deer shook him back and forth until all four of his feet left the ground. If he could have ripped the flank of the young buck with his heavy tines, it would have been over in a jiffy. With the sun at my back and the two deer completely engrossed in killing each other a hundred yards away, how could I miss? Well, I did.

"You see I couldn't for a few moments tell which of the two bucks to shoot. There was that great, black-sided, scarred, old mule deer that we've been tracking for a week. Even at that distance, I could see that his antlers were tremendous but his meat would be tough. And there was that other buck with about four points on each side of his head, a very acceptable piece of venison. Human frailty being what it is, I shot at the big one, not at the good one.

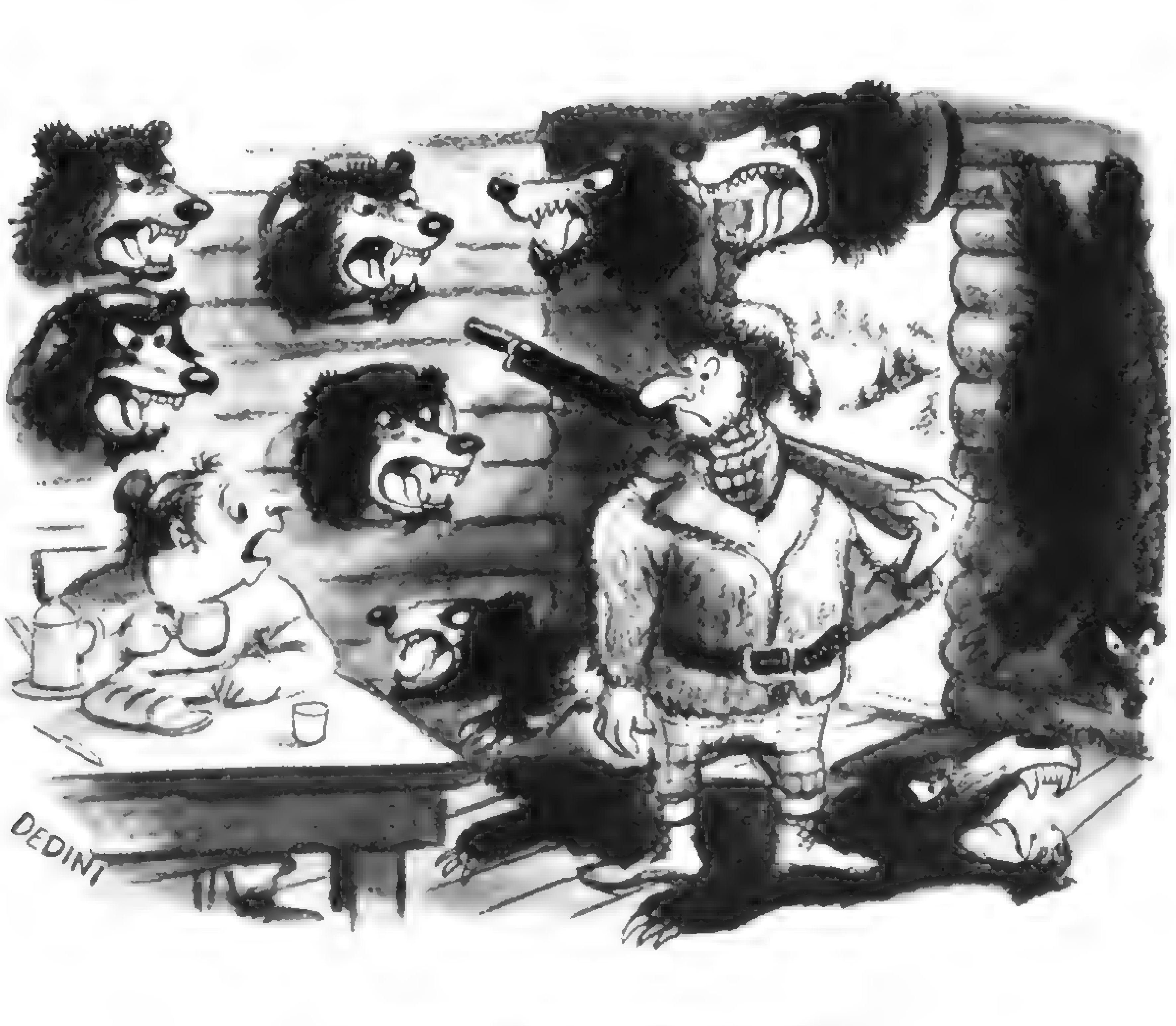
"The first time I shot there was no effect whatsoever although I could see the deer clearly in an open place among the fallen logs. Both of them were broadside on, pushing and grinding and digging the earth with their sharp hoofs. I fired two more times, quick, and the big, dark grey hulk of the gigantic buck went down out of sight behind the fallen trees. As his body twisted sidewise under the impact of the bullet, the wrench pulled his antlers clear of the smaller deer. The young buck, with his big ears fanned out like megaphones, cleared the logs and had disappeared in three bounds. But the Mad Deer of Bear Creek Burn didn't rise to the count. I had shot myself a deer.

"In the excitement I hadn't marked exactly where he fell. By the time I had climbed over some logs to get to the spot, I had lost track. I only know that as I stood up and looked over a log, there he was, and not at all dead. I took in every detail of that deer's face. His nostrils were dilated wide, like two blossoms of red morning glories, and a little trickle of blood dripped from his nose. His ears were held forward under his horns as though not to let me escape to either side. One of his ears was split in a long fork as though he had been earmarked by a cowboy; and the antlers—they were the most massive I've ever seen. Where they came out of his head they were the size of a man's wrist and the beams were dark brown. There were only three points on each side and what points! You could scarcely call them tines for each of the three was the size of the main portion of an ordinary deer's horn. But it was the eyes that terrified me. They were big and full and had a greenish cast over them, the color of spoiled meat.

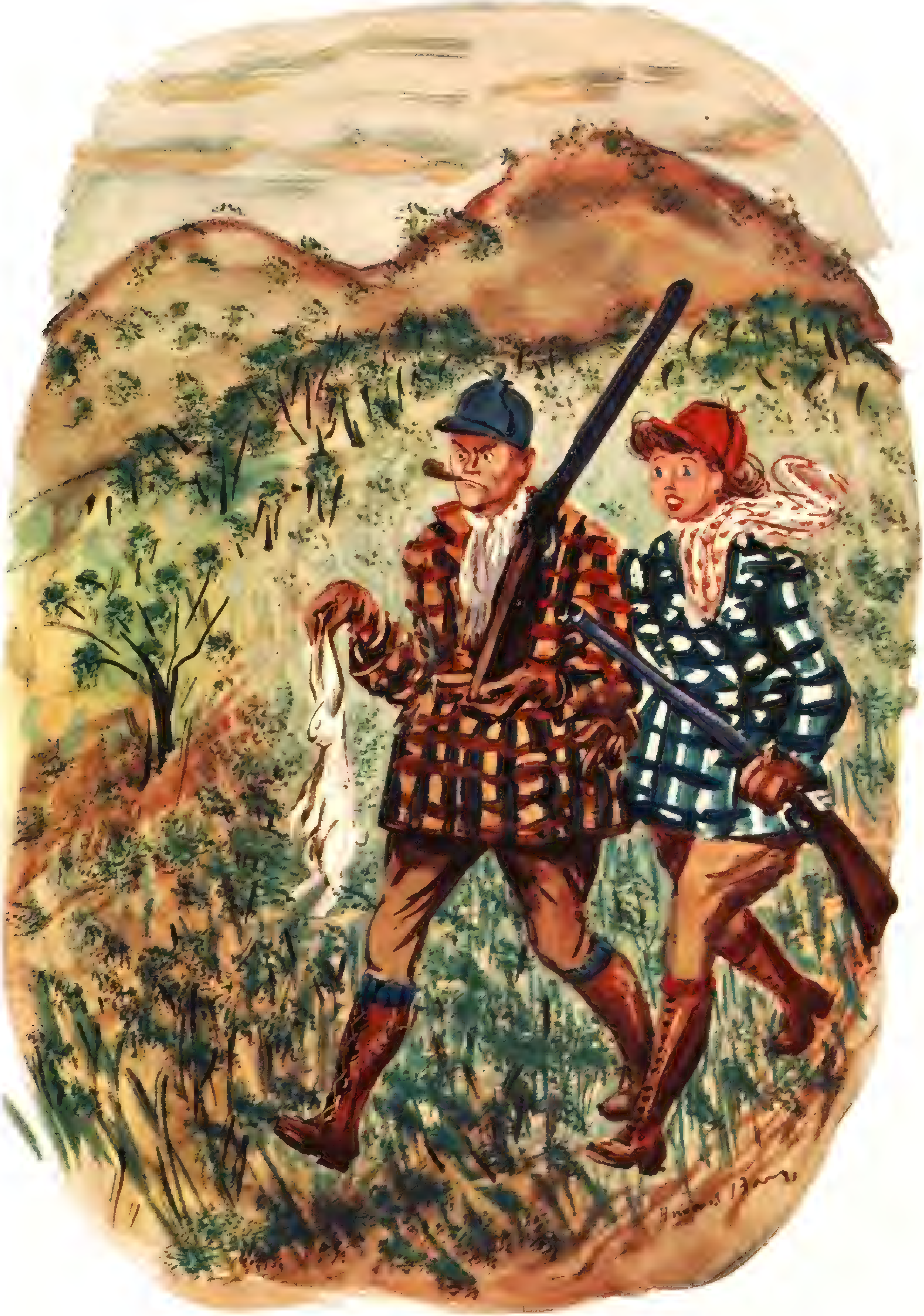
"My blood turned to ice water. Deer are timid. They run from people. The Mad Buck reared and struck.

"Anyone who has never seen a deer use his front hoofs doesn't know speed. Those sharp, horn-covered extremities can cut like a knife. By good luck or bad luck one forefoot caught my rifle barrel and knocked it against the side of my face. The other hoof flashed above my head and cut my cap to ribbons.

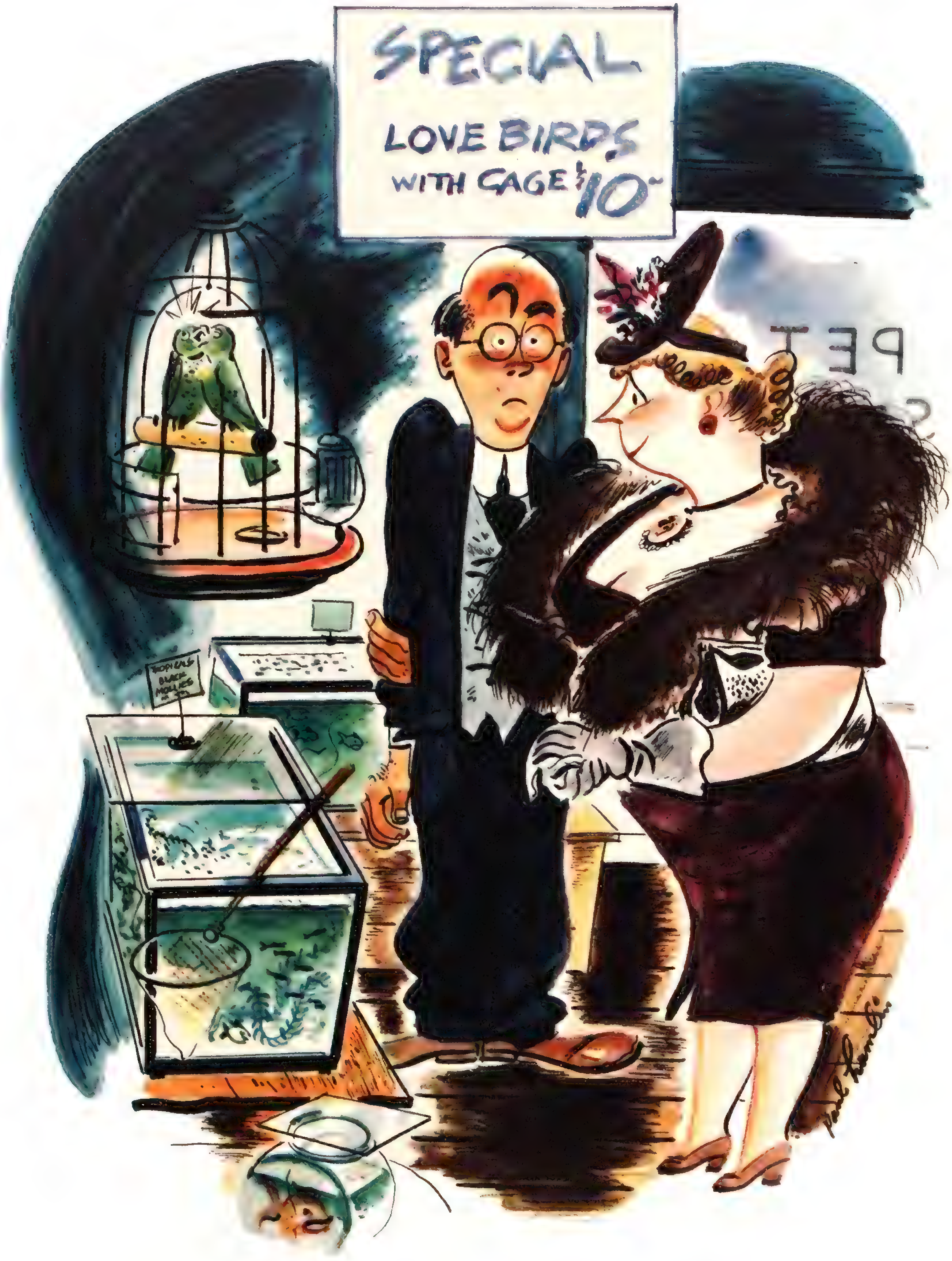
"As the rifle struck the side of my head I went down like a felled steer. The deer took a single bound to clear the barrier between us, intending to land on me with all four hoofs. But I had fallen too close to the log and (*Continued on page 154*)



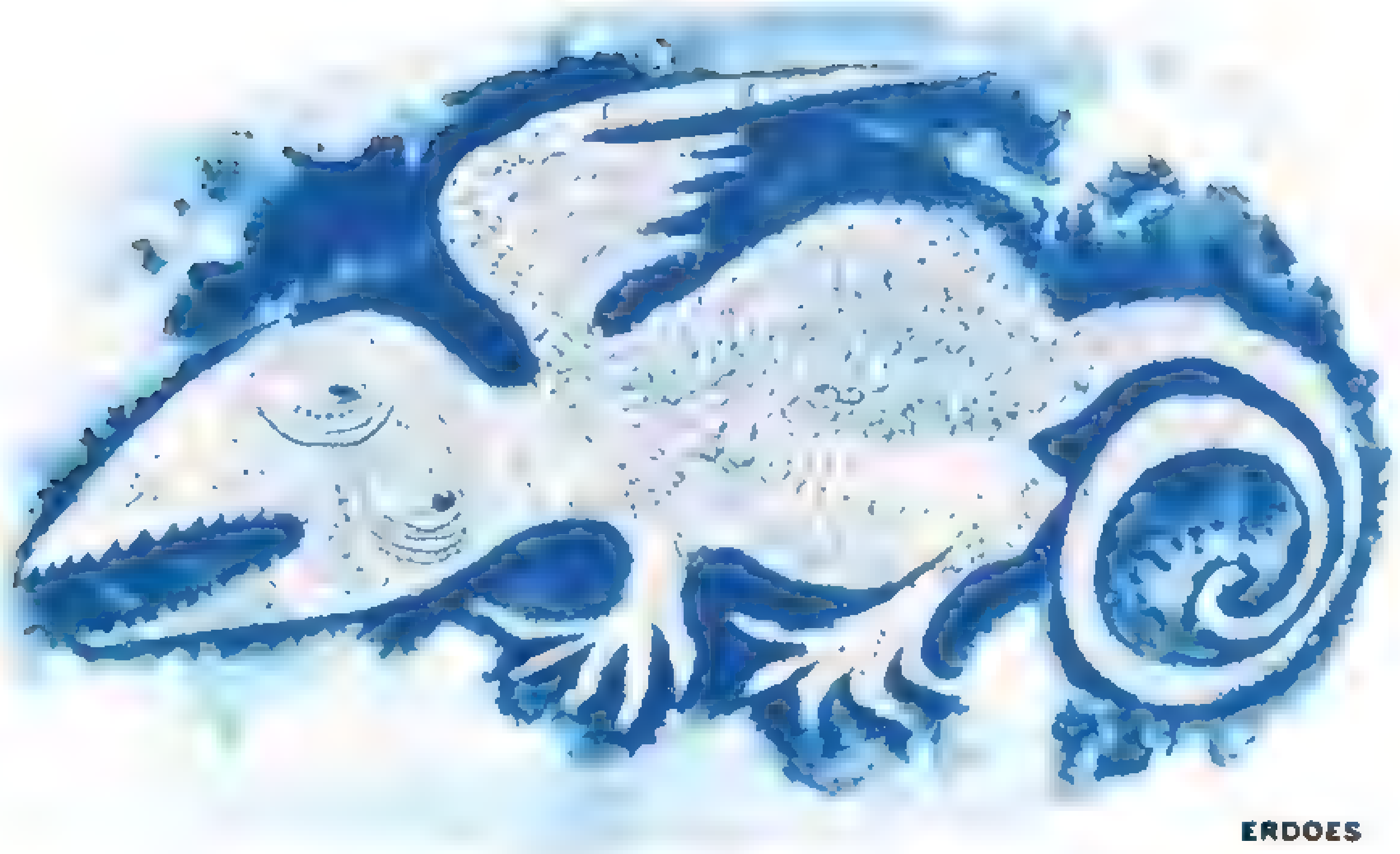
"Couldn't it be a deer today?"



"Anyway, he's not as heavy to carry as a deer would have been"


SPECIAL
LOVE BIRDS
WITH CAGE $10
TROPICALS
BLACK
MOLLIES
PET

"I only hope they're not living in sin"



He could not know how strong his feeling for this strange jungle creature would become, or what it would do to his life

The Little Bantiga

by RICHARD AUSTIN McGREGOR

THE capture of the bantiga was really unintentional. I was a member of an expedition to Dutch Guiana at the time. My hobby of collecting insects and my lifelong association with a teacher at New York University had qualified me to accompany the party.

We had traveled up the Courantyne River, and were now some miles inland in the country of the blacks. These Negroes are the descendants of slaves who escaped their owners on the coast and fled into the jungles, where they have lived since, defying all efforts to subdue them and living their lives much as their ancestors did in Africa. They were not hostile to our party for the simple reason that we had made adequate overtures to their ruler for safe passage, a precaution which foreigners must take, in varying degrees, in any country. We employed a number of the blacks to scout specimens for us, and they were very resourceful.

It happened that a giant anteater was reported in the neighborhood. Now, an anteater is not a pleasant creature to encounter on a jungle trail. Armed with powerful forelimbs and long claws, he is capable of ripping a man open. It was deemed advisable to lay a trap for the anteater. The blacks dug a pit on a jungle trail, covered it with light boughs, and poured honey over the middle to attract insects.

Just about dusk on the evening after the trap was set, we heard the branches over the pit give way, as an animal fell in with a whoosh. I rushed over with three of the Negroes and flashed my light into the pit. I could not distinguish the form below very clearly, partly because the brush obstructed my view and partly because there was some kind of struggle going on in the bottom of the pit. Before I could consult with the blacks on the best method of taking the anteater alive, they had fled in terror down the trail, where they stopped short and stood looking back at me apprehensively. I caught up with them and asked why this childish behavior.

"Bantiga! Bantiga!" one of them replied. "Mukai! Mukai!" The others chimed in.

Mukai! I knew what that meant. Evil. But I couldn't understand why an ordinary anteater should suddenly terrify them, and before I could discuss the matter further they had left for their camp.

I wandered back to the pit, where the mysterious struggle was still in progress. Soon I heard the blacks returning down the trail at a gallop. They were carrying a large net made of rope, with apertures about six inches square. Immediately on reaching the pit, they threw the net over the dark hole and staked it down. Then they hastened back to their quarters.

The struggle below had ceased. I flashed my light once again but saw nothing but the body of a snake with the head pulled off. The snake must have been about eight or ten feet long. Obviously, the creature which had caused so much terror among the blacks was not an anteater, for anteaters were not snake killers.

I heard a rustling near one edge of the pit, where the branches were still unbroken. As I stepped closer I heard a low querulous noise interrupted by soft chattering imprecations. I looked down through the net and saw two fiery eyes like a cat's peering up at me from between the leaves, and I was aware of an expanse of jagged teeth, frighteningly white in the deepening shadows. I flashed my light full onto the creature, but it ducked behind the leaves and stayed there.

I decided not to investigate further until daylight, and early the next morning I returned to the pit. The bantiga, as the blacks had called it, was stirring. It sent a chill up my spine to hear the silken rustling of its wings as it preened itself.

I approached cautiously to the spot where it was hanging on the ropes of the net and looked down. When it saw me it did not flee, but just looked at me with its piercing eyes and chattered at me with mournful, almost beseeching, little cries. I had a cup and a thermos bottle full of water on my belt, and so I poured some water into the cup and extended it toward the bantiga. At first, it just looked at me silently, then slowly extended its reptilian hand through the ropes and took the cup. It drank all the water, dashed the cup to the ground, and seemed pleased.

Not being of a disposition to kill animals without a purpose, not even animals as ghastly as this one, I decided to give the bantiga an even break. I pulled up the stakes on two sides of the net, and a corner of the net fell in.

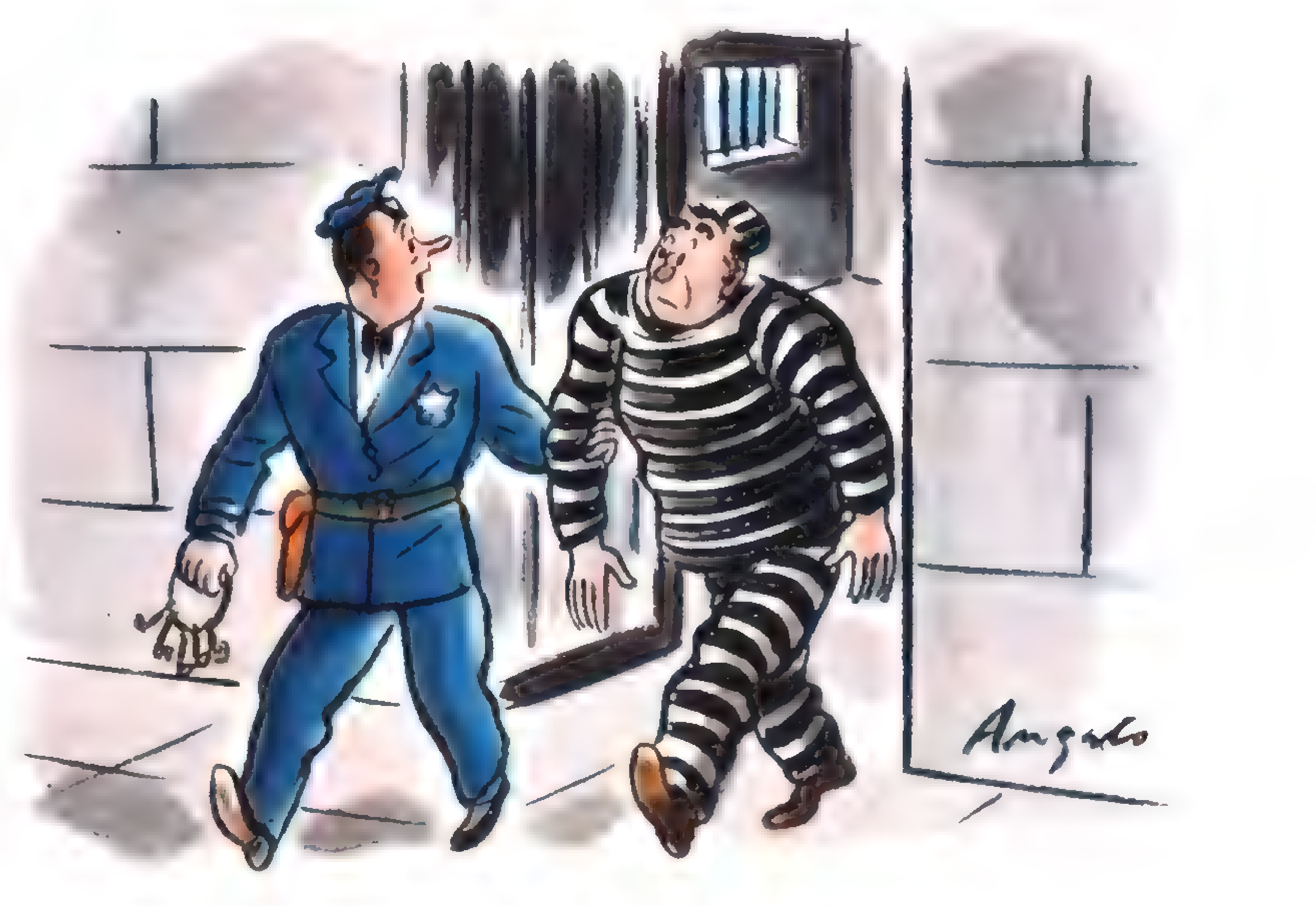
The bantiga struggled from under the net, and when it was free it stood there looking up at me and muttering curious sounds which might have boded me good or ill, I could not distinguish which. Then the bantiga stretched its wings, and with a ghoulish rustling that made me shudder, flapped itself clumsily to the edge of the pit where it rested a moment, having some difficulty in adjusting its wings back into place for walking.

It began to approach me slowly, alternately cooing in high-pitched hoots and muttering in threatening undertones. It walked, or rather scuttled, in the most appalling manner, on its hind legs, more crouching than upright, like a frightened monkey.

I stood perfectly still. Presently the bantiga was within reach of my leg. Cautiously, its ghoulish little taloned fingers reached out for my trouser leg. It was whistling softly at me now, its penetrating black eyes softened by the most imploring look I have ever seen in a wild animal, the look a stray dog will give you as he stands watching you bite into a hamburger.

I did not move while the bantiga climbed up my breeches, hand over hand. When it reached my shirt I gently slipped my arm around its back and, taking its cue from my gesture, the bantiga sat itself on my forearm and held itself steady by touching its hands on my chest. Ugly? It was so ugly it was almost comical. I began to smile at the bantiga, and if animals do smile, this one was

(Continued on page 209)

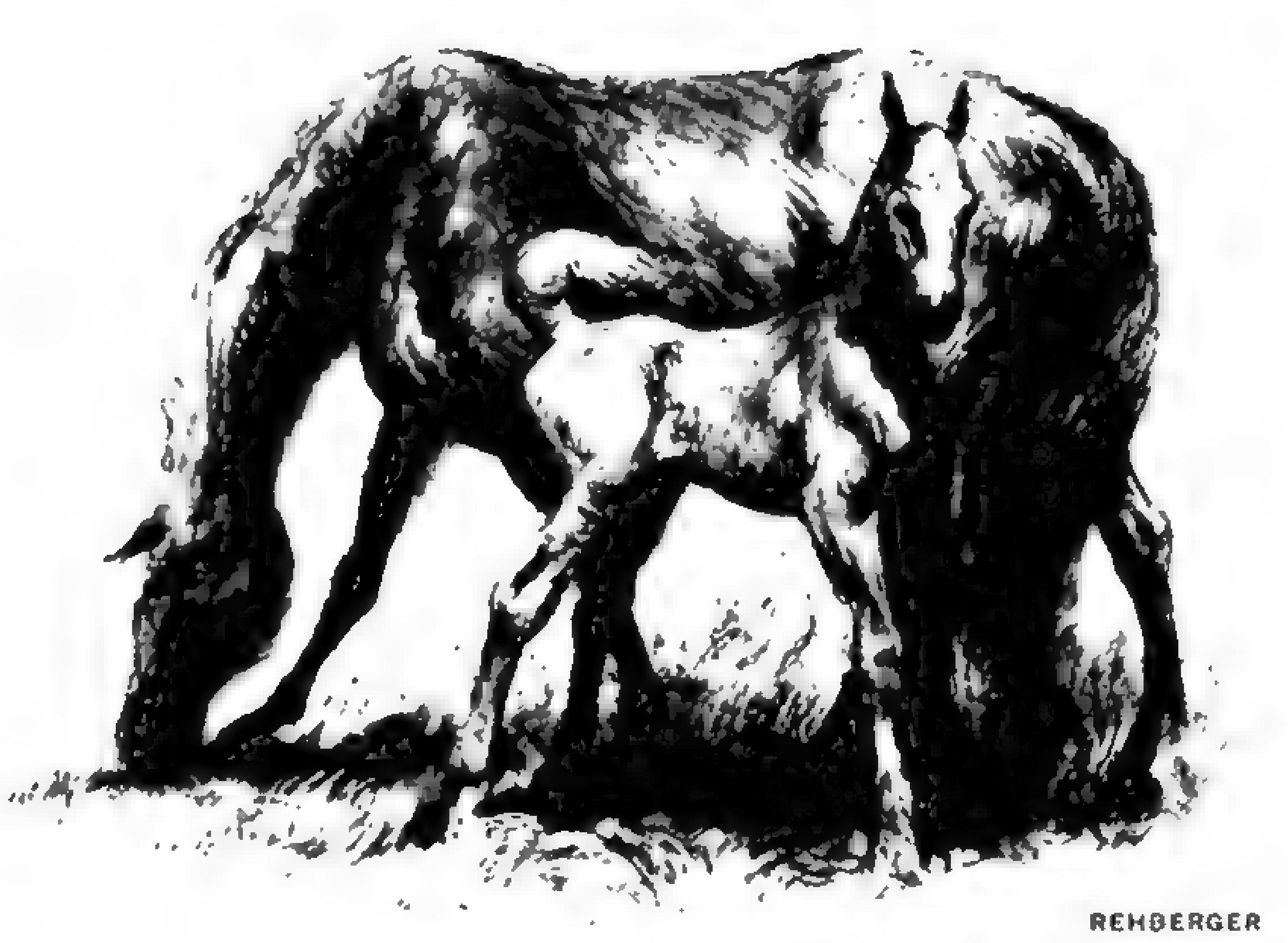


"You're being evicted"

A tour through Kentucky's horse heaven where monarchs of the turf hold court

Rhapsody in Bluegrass

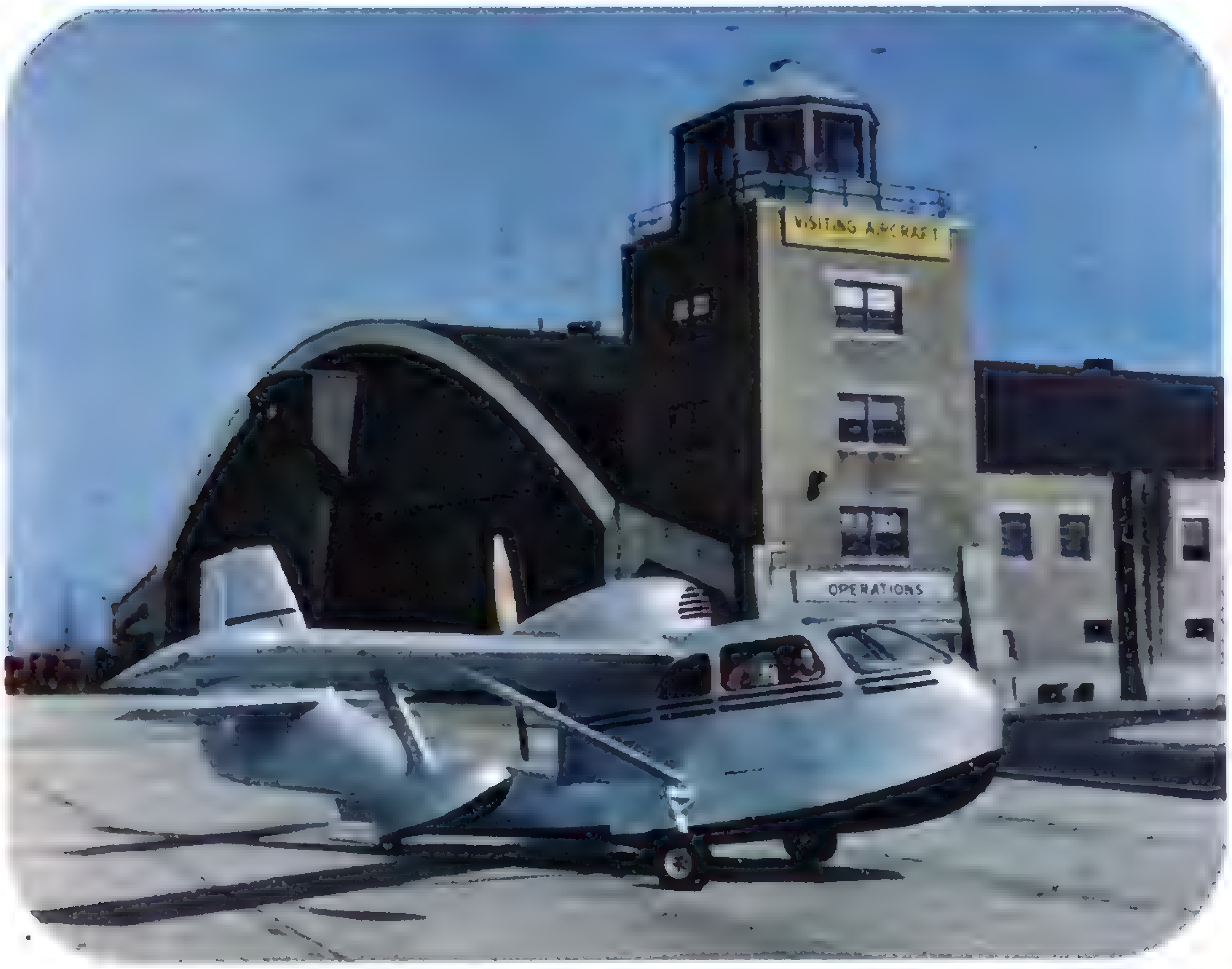
by K. HILLYER


REHBERGER

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, is a small desert in the middle of an oasis. It doesn't have to lift frond nor finger to entice the visitors. It is where people stop who want to see how great race horses live.

The horse farms, fifty or so of them, fan out of the town, ranging from twenty to 2,200 acres each of superb country. White fences, like frosting, separate billowing fields: and white barns, piped in primary colors, crest the green pastures. Most of the estates belong to America's wealthiest families, and are stylish monuments to man's industry in Wall Street, baking powder, oil, steel, automobile bodies, sewing machines, furniture. They are big business, and the initial investment calls for a right smart bankroll. Though farms vary in size and fanciness, the mean figure on the cost of one outfit's barns and buildings would be around $100,000 exclusive of human habitation.

Someday someone will figure out how much a blade of Bluegrass retails for. At present, if you want an acre of the best, you pay around $750. To the horsebreeder, it's worth it. The region's felicitous combination, or "nick" as he calls it, of phosphatic limestone soil and rolling topography, makes for hard bone and feet and firm horse muscles. It's no accident that eighty per cent of the thoroughbreds to win more than $100,000 each in a recent year were bred in the Bluegrass. However, quite a number of pedigreed weanlings go under a dam before such a moneymaker steps up to the tape.


SNYDER

By land or by sea

The Republic Aviation Corporation's Seabee is a double-duty beauty, equally at home in either place. She is a pusher-propelled, high-wing amphibian of all-metal construction with a 215 hp motor, a maximum speed of 110 mph, cruising speed of 103 mph, a cruising range of 560 miles, and a landing speed of 58 mph with flaps. Ample enough for full family purposes, she accommodates four passengers and eighty pounds of luggage. A two-way radio is standard equipment, as are front seats that fold back into a bed and a nose door that is ideal for fishing, casting, or for a quick dip. Especially handy whenever you get that great outdoors impulse, for she can get you there just when they're biting the best. Land her on your favorite pine-fringed lake and don't forget to throw the little ones back in.

A yearling of good lineage costs around $10,000; $2,000 a year will keep him in the pink. He is susceptible to disease, liable to injury, and, despite impeccable blood, may run like spavined macaroni. The big farms raise twenty to thirty yearlings every year, plus keeping seventy or eighty brood mares and stallions, and a string of some forty race horses. In the racing stables, one man is employed to tend three horses; on the breeding farms, the ratio is one to ten. There's a $5,000-a-year manager and a trainer who takes a cut of ten per cent of his horses' earnings on top of his salary; there are stable and exercise boys, grooms, jockeys, foremen, blacksmiths, veterinarians, bookkeepers, cooks.

Out at the farms the hired help reserve a smooth blend of courtesy and contempt for the pilgrim. Their vocabulary is sweetly incorruptible. "Any horses in that stable?" the eager stranger asks.

"No suh," the stableboy replies over the gentle noise of snuffled hay and soft stompings. "These here is brood mares."

The old hands, however, like visitors. Even during the heavy spring and summer tourist traffic, anyone with patience can get individual attention from a groom who knows the histories of his charges and is usually eloquent, proud, informative. He is but a bud, however, to the bloom of the groom Will Harbut.

Will is at Faraway Farm, a 960-acre place out on Huffman Mill Pike, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel D. Riddle and Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Jeffords of Pennsylvania. In effect, Faraway has a talking horse, for Will's charge is Man O' War, and he lets off lore on the great champ like a revolving filibuster. Man O' War is the greatest horse, on or under the earth. Man O' War earned $249,465 "in the days when puhses wuz small." Man O' War never lost a race except once—"and de boy who rode him is walkin' now." Man O' War is twenty-nine years old, "and looks sixteen. If he wuz a gen'mun he'd be eighty-seven." Mr. Riddle bought him for $5,000 and turned down a million-dollar bid for him. "Any man," declares Will with traditional American assurance, "can have a million dolluhs. On'y one man can own Man O' War."

Man O' War's stablemates are two of his sons—War Admiral and War Relic—and a plump piebald pony by the name of George. George is a good-for-nothing, physically but not temperamentally suited to work. He doesn't get a nickel's worth of notice in Will's faery estimates of the four-stalled stable's worth. Until three years ago when he was retired, Man O' War stood at stud for the amount of his purchase price. "No guarantees an' no returns," says Will.

According to Will, Man O' War will be buried at Faraway, of course. Down the way, seven miles north of Lexington on the Paris Pike, they say at Elmendorf Farm that of course Man O' War will be laid to rest on their hill beside his sire Fair Play and his dam Mahubah. Both are positive. If there's an official deathbed debate it will be the touchiest since the secession.

Like all horse cemeteries in the Lexington environs, the Elmendorf graveyard is serene and trim. A full-sized bronze Fair Play looks off over the meadows. Behind him are the graves of other celebrated Widener winners, marked with mammoth tablets.

In the mind of Elmendorf's owner, P.A.B. Widener, his bronze indulgence to the memory of Fair Play is justified. Fair Play was a champion in his racing days; at stud he produced Man O' War, a horse greater than himself on the track. Because of this latter achievement, Widener concludes that Fair Play was a better horse than Man O' War whose numerous offsprings' creditable performances never equaled their sire's. After retirement from the track a thoroughbred's future depends on what his get gets. If he's a failure at stud, he will worry on through an unfashionable life pulling a plow or jerking over city bridle paths.

The ladies, bless 'em, share in the responsibility of reproduction and have to be fairly consistent in foaling quick youngsters if they too would keep from spending their latter years bending over a hot field. Mares get equal billing in matings that produce champions, but in the general scheme of breeding they rate like a Victorian housewife. In fact, the esteem in which lady horses are held may be judged by the fact that many breeders offer a return romance with their stallions, free of fee, if she-foals result.

Belair is one of the few farms that likes the girls to step out in the world. Belair policy is to send yearling colts to the Saratoga sales and train the likeliest fillies for the track.

Brownell Combs, part owner of Belair, ceased praying for colts back in 1921 when two exceptional fillies, Sweetheart and Anna M. Humphrey, were foaled. In 1927 his Manta was in top money and since her retirement has produced nothing but winners. Myrtlewood, a 1932 foal named for an Alabama whistle stop from which Mr. Combs sets out bird hunting, was one of the fastest mares ever to lay racing plates on turf. She was retired in her fourth year after winning her last six races only because the handicappers were "making her tote the grandstand."

STONE

Cinderella Horse: Stymie

This handsome chestnut is the best of all contemporary bargain horses—and in many books the best of all time. A running son of Equestrian-Stop Watch, Stymie was a $1,500 claim as a two-year-old and has since run his earnings well beyond $300,000! Pride of America's leading trainer, Hirsch Jacobs, Stymie's stretch cannonballing has brought him home in front of the best handicap runners in the U. S. Phenomenally consistent, the five-year-old rarely succumbs even to record time, totes weight like a six-by-six, runs in any kind of going, eats distance like the B-29 and has heart to match his speed. Stymie is a prime equine version of the American success story, a four-legged Horatio Alger hero who verifies the Biblical promise anent the mighty being put down from their seats and the humble exalted.

In the adopted sons of Kentucky department, the late Col. E. R. Bradley was every Kentuckian's julep cup. The colonel, who was eighty-six when he died recently, bought the 1200-odd acres that form Idle Hour just forty years ago this year. His horses have won the Kentucky Derby four times—more than any other man's, alive or dead. When Col. Bradley came to Kentucky he was told it would take fifteen years to breed a Derby winner, dream of every thoroughbred owner and trainer in the state; it took him just that long.

Naturally the colonel's regard for horses was high. So was his regard for human beings. Idle Hour employees, uniformly doting, stay at the farm until they die, and even then they are still on the payroll, for as long as there is a surviving dependent the pay goes on.

In the 2,000 square-mile area of Bluegrass, where the average horse has everything from homogenized hay to hair curlers, the Bradley string has it spectacularly soft. There's a passage underneath the highway that cuts the farm in two so that the horses won't have to dodge traffic. There are carpets for them to cross the hard-surfaced private roads. There's a solarium for yearlings. Visitors, however, have it less cozy than at other farms. Like the majority of brethren breeding establishments, gates are open to the public from nine a.m. to four p.m., but freedom of movement within is more restricted. Idle Hour is the only farm to require guests to register with the office manager, and it has numerous "do" and "don't" signs. These are, though, but slight curbs on the curious. The wonder is that the other farms are so casually trusting of their callers.

So far, no one has abducted a horse. But there are numerous minor liftings of souvenirs. At luxurious Calumet, where the barn and building motif of red and white looks like divine peppermint and trippers pour in by the hundreds, the name card of Derby-winning Whirlaway is lifted as regularly as the paw of a performing dog and huge photographs of Calumet's favorite sons—Bull Lea, Chance Play, Pensive—disappear from the walls of the secretary's office outside the stallion stable.

Owned by Warren Wright, beautiful Calumet acquired its name from the prosaic product that made his father's fortune. Since he inherited his baking powder millions in 1931, Wright has doubled the original 500 acreage, razed and replaced all stables and barns, remodeled the old homestead, and constructed a six-furlong training track. The only thing unchanged is the name of the place. Its fame, its sentiment, or merely the effort involved may be responsible. The problem of naming the annual crop of two-year-olds is usually taxing enough on an owner's ingenuity and imagination. It isn't easy.

Following birth, all colts and fillies become yearlings on January 1; they become two-year-olds next New Year's Day and then must be christened within two months. There can be no duplicate titles within a fifteen-year-period, and, as approximately 5,000 foals are registered annually in the American Stud Book, it is understandable why vowels get all fouled up into something like Tetrabbazia and an honorable, able animal is introduced to the sporting world as Baby Talk.

Owners often resort to ancestry for inspiration. There are the various Man O' War children, such as War Admiral and Warrior Lass, and his Hard Tack, whose dam was Tea Biscuit. There are the brothers Stagehand and Sceneshifter by Sickle out of Stagecraft. Names may be inspired by thoughts of almost anything: speed, stamina, luck, comic strips, the stomach. Which accounts for why mature men and women are concerned this season with a Bird Cage, a Win Bag, Deviled Eggs, Joe Palooka, a Rattle-de-bang—and have been heard unabashedly roaring, "Come on, Tweet's Boy."

Farms often give horses part of their names, and horses have given theirs to farms. There's the Merrick Place, owned by J. Cal Milam. Merrick, foaled in 1903, was in the money 157 times out of 205 starts, and had plenty of vinegar left in him when he was finally sent to stud in his twelfth year. He enjoyed two and a half more halcyon decades, coming and going from private barn to paddock as he pleased. When his teeth fell out he kept up his strength on a soft diet of brown sugar, molasses, corn meal and alfalfa. He died, aged thirty-eight, older than any other registered horse.

The 500-acre Patchen Wilkes was named for a Gay Nineties horse. Charles T. Fisher's Dixiana, which sports polished-oak stall fronts, a one-mile training track and an enclosed sand track for bad weather exercise purposes, came by its title years ago when the former proprietor, a Confederate veteran, fancied a mare called Dixie. Spendthrift, owned by Leslie Combs II, was named for a horse belonging to his great-grandfather, who named the horse for his wife.

Simplest farm identification comes from owners' names. There's C. V. Whitney's C. V. Whitney Farm, the late Leo J. Marks' Le Mar and the late J. O. Keene's Keeneland Stud.

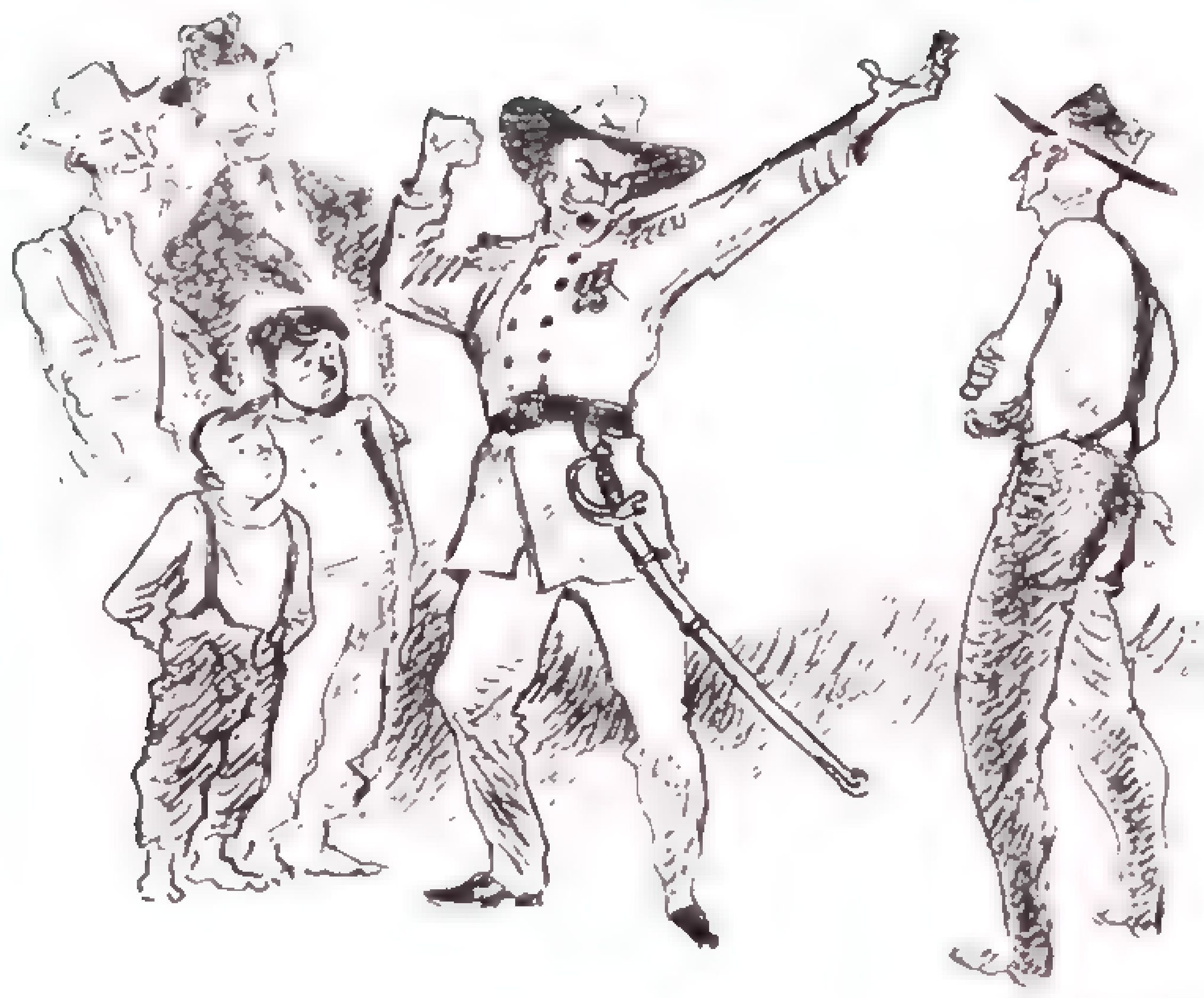
Wishes make farm names, like Faraway and Idle Hour; and the countryside itself is a source of inspiration for such as Greentree, Coldstream Stud, Poplar Hill and Walnut Hall.

Walnut Hall was the setting for the film *Home in Indiana*, a title absolutely and permanently crucifying to the Kentuckian. One farm, Mare's Nest, is in a category by itself. Belonging to John Hay (Jock) Whitney, who was involved in a mess of court cases before estate ownership was properly established, it has a name which, as the local gentry soberly point out, in no way reflects on the joy and grandeur of thoroughbred breeding. No suh. ###

No veteran of the Confederacy could hold more whiskey, talk a better war or rest on his laurels with such soldierly aplomb

Uncle Stin Was a Hero

by W. STANLEY HOOLE


McDERMOTT

If only the members of my family who knew him best said so you would not believe me. You'd say, sure, every family in the South has its own Confederate hero. But with my Great Uncle Stin it was different. He was revered by everyone in our little Carolina town where he was born and where today on Shady Grove Hill he waits the final muster roll. With him of course rest his comrades of the Kershaw Grays. But of them all Uncle Stin alone has remained the symbol of their chivalry. He was, I tell you, a hero's hero.

Uncle Stin's heroism rests largely but not wholly, as you will see, upon his military career. As a young man of fifteen, he enlisted in the 8th Carolina Volunteers—the Kershaw Grays—as a drummer boy. It was along toward the end of The War and for some reason his first few weeks of service were spent in training, quite out of the sound of musketry. No one ever knew why a fighter of his caliber should have been deprived of quicker blood; anyhow, not until Chicamaugua did he receive baptism of fire. At high noon, as the Confederates, readying for a charge, crawled out of the woods beyond Snodgrass Hill, Colonel Rickey, of the famous Ole Virginny Rickeys, turned to Uncle Stin, his drummer, and shouted, "All right, boy—beat it!" Uncle Stin, true soldier that he was, obeyed. As father used to say, he beat it back across Alexander's Bridge to Ringgold and, a day or so later, footsore and weary, *wound up in Atlanta.* Meanwhile, of course, news of the great Confederate victory had come through on the wires and by the time Uncle Stin got home, hungry, bleeding, and fit to be killed from exhaustion, he was welcomed as a harbinger of victory, feted and fed.

No one ever doubted that his wounded leg housed a Minie ball as big as a hen egg. And Uncle Stin, always the unassuming hero, had his own good reasons, I suppose, for not telling a grateful people about the misfortunes which befell him in swimming the Savannah on his heroic journey home.

After Appomattox, Uncle Stin settled down, along with other heroes of the Lost Cause, to a well-earned life of peaceful complacency. He joined the Ku Klux and actively participated in the permanent freeing from fear of a dozen emancipated residents of our county, rode with Hampton's Red Shirts, fought in the Carolina Liquor Riot and otherwise led the comfortable, easygoing existence of a Confederate veteran and a gentleman. Somewhere along his line of progress he acquired a gray mare which he called Reb, and a buggy, a hankering after red-eye and old peach, and a conspicuous rise in rank. These promotions crept up on him, as it were, somewhat by spells. Starting out as Captain he was for a brief time Major; but, before anyone really had time to count the stripes, he had sneaked up to a Southern Colonelcy. And there the matter stood.

Thus fortified with transportation, a handy surcease from his horrifying war experiences, and a rank not below that of all other Confederates, Uncle Stin passed his years beloved by everyone, a true gallant of the South.

Call it family pride, if you like, but even with Father, who was his closest confidante, Uncle Stin's vocation was a subject taboo. All he'd ever say was, "Son, when you get to be a hero like Uncle Stin, you don't need to work." But everyone knew that his assets were unquestionably liquid.

Naturally, there was his Confederate pension. And friends, ever mindful of the Minie ball limp in his leg, considered him a genial and mealtimely visitor. Off and on, as circumstances demanded, he would slap a mortgage on his mare, but Reb, herself a wearer of the Gray, Father said, didn't seem to mind. Enviably, therefore, did Uncle Stin tote the togs of his heroism, his life one round of Confederate Reunions with-dinner-on-the-ground, Memorial Days and unselfish collaboration with the constable.

You will recall from your history that following The War there swept over the South a revival of such intensity as to be likened, or so scholars have declared, only unto the Second Coming. This fervor, as you may rightly reckon, did not pass Uncle Stin by. He fought, bled, lived, died, it didn't matter, for Marse Robert. At the mere mention of the General's name, Uncle Stin would click his heels, come to attention, touch his campaign hat and mutter an unintelligible requiem. And, like dozens of hundreds of his Confederate compatriots who had never been nearer their leader than a calendar, he would have had you know that along the unquiet Potomac he'd often slapped Marse Robert on the back and called him Bobby.

Now I doubt if the General appreciated such adoration, but even the vital statistics were against him: by actual count eight out of ten white babies born below the Mason-Dixon during these fervent days emerged as either Robert E.'s or Roberta Edwina's. These figures of course exclude hotels, highways, steamboats, schools, colleges, and distilleries of the same name. On our public square alone there were six such establishments. One, "Blind Tiger" Malone's Robert E. Lee Saloon, stood catty-corner across the street from the Robert E. Lee Bible Class of the Balm of Gilead Church—a fact which for some reason greatly disturbed the Ladies' Auxiliary. One Sunday morning a delegation from that highly respectable body called on "Blind Tiger" to beseech him in the name of civic decency to change the title of his firm. The details of the visitation never came to light, but several Sundays later the auxiliary bought a new piano and the name of the class became the Robert E. Malone Bible Class. That, Father used to say quietly, was perhaps the highest tide of the Confederacy.

But back to Uncle Stin. If his devotion to Marse Robert was unique, it was not devouring. His passion for funerals, theatricals and school-closings was equally Kiwanian. Wherever more than three people gathered in our aristo-

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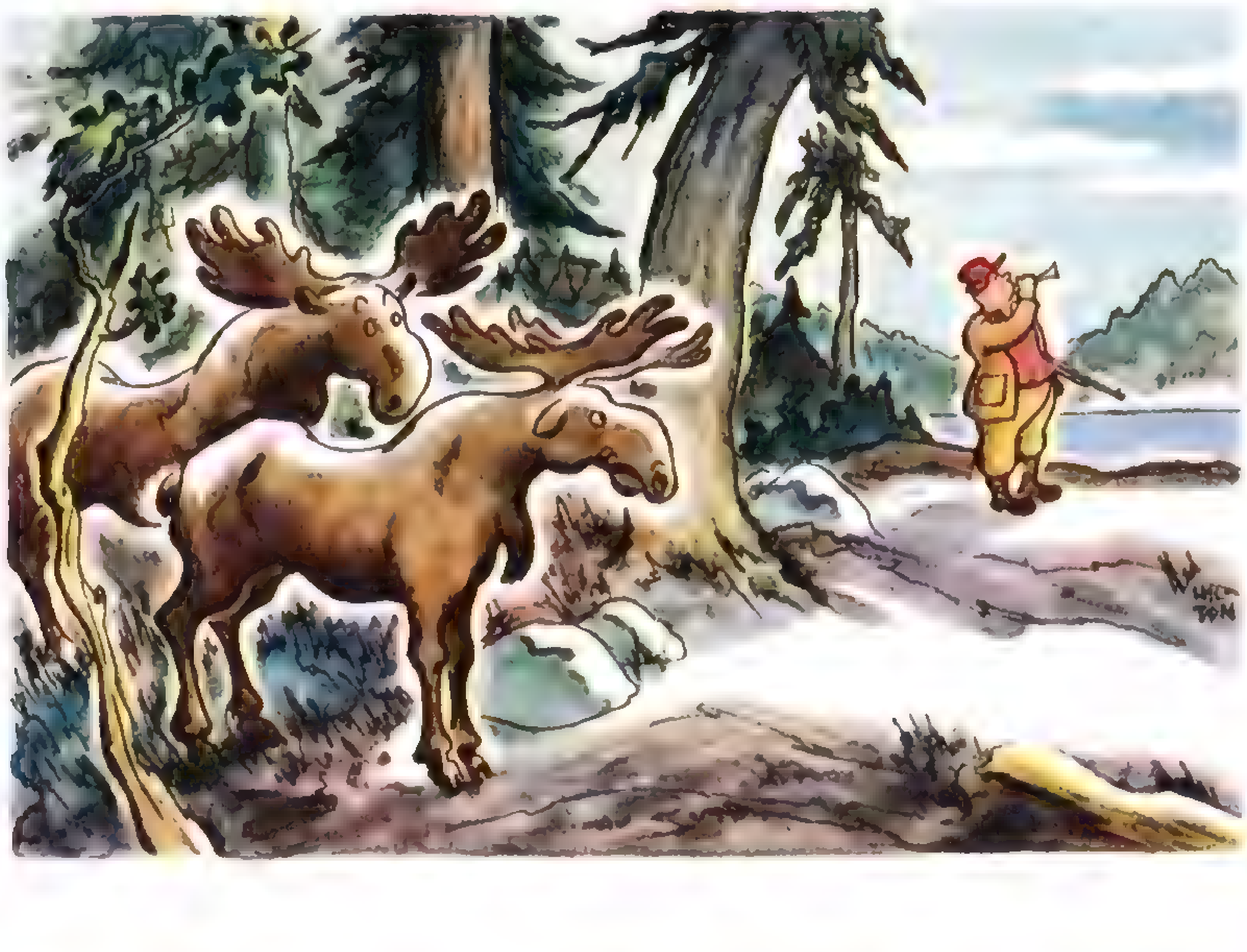
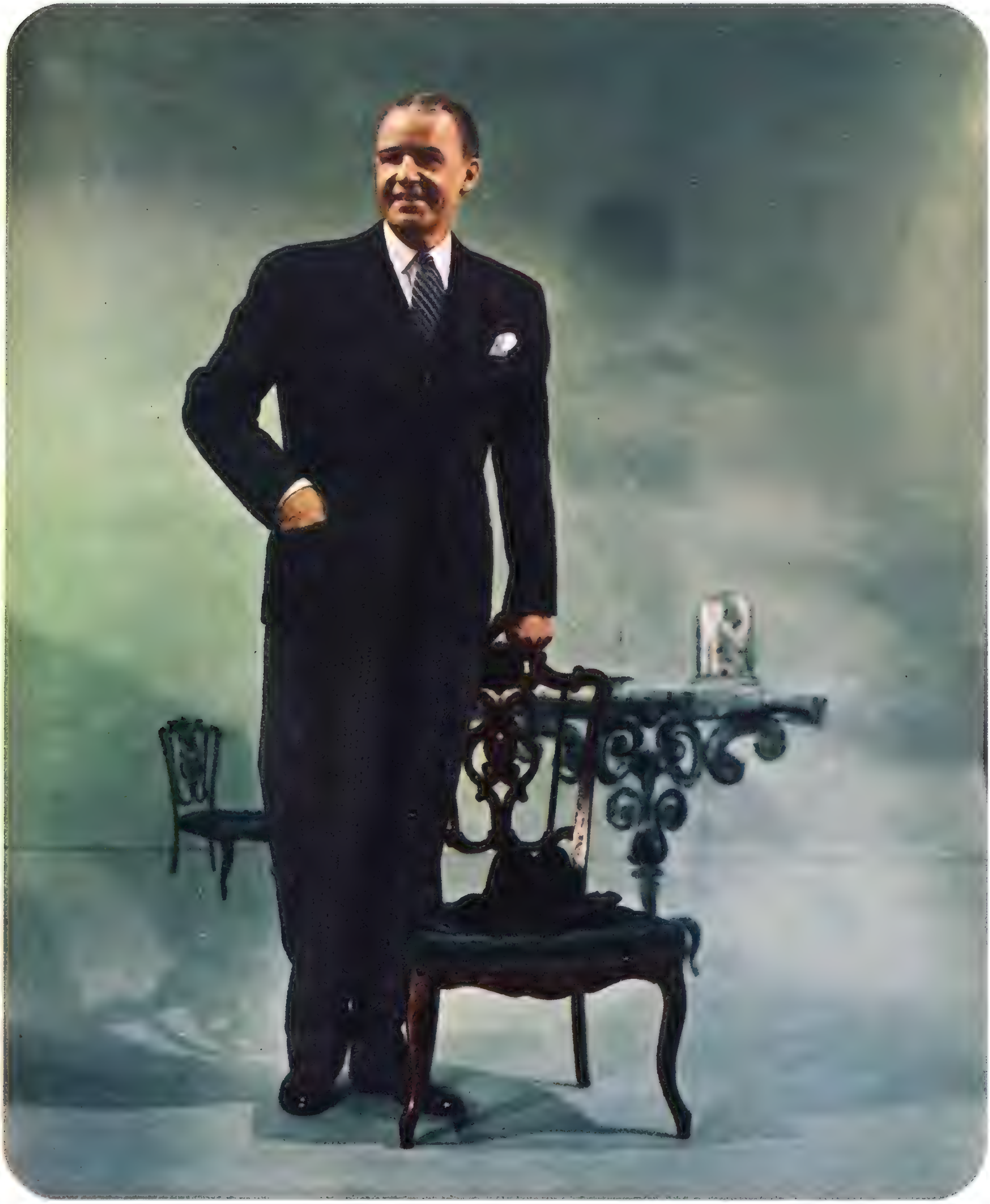


"Go ahead and answer him. You always wanted to be on the wall of a Fifth Avenue mansion"



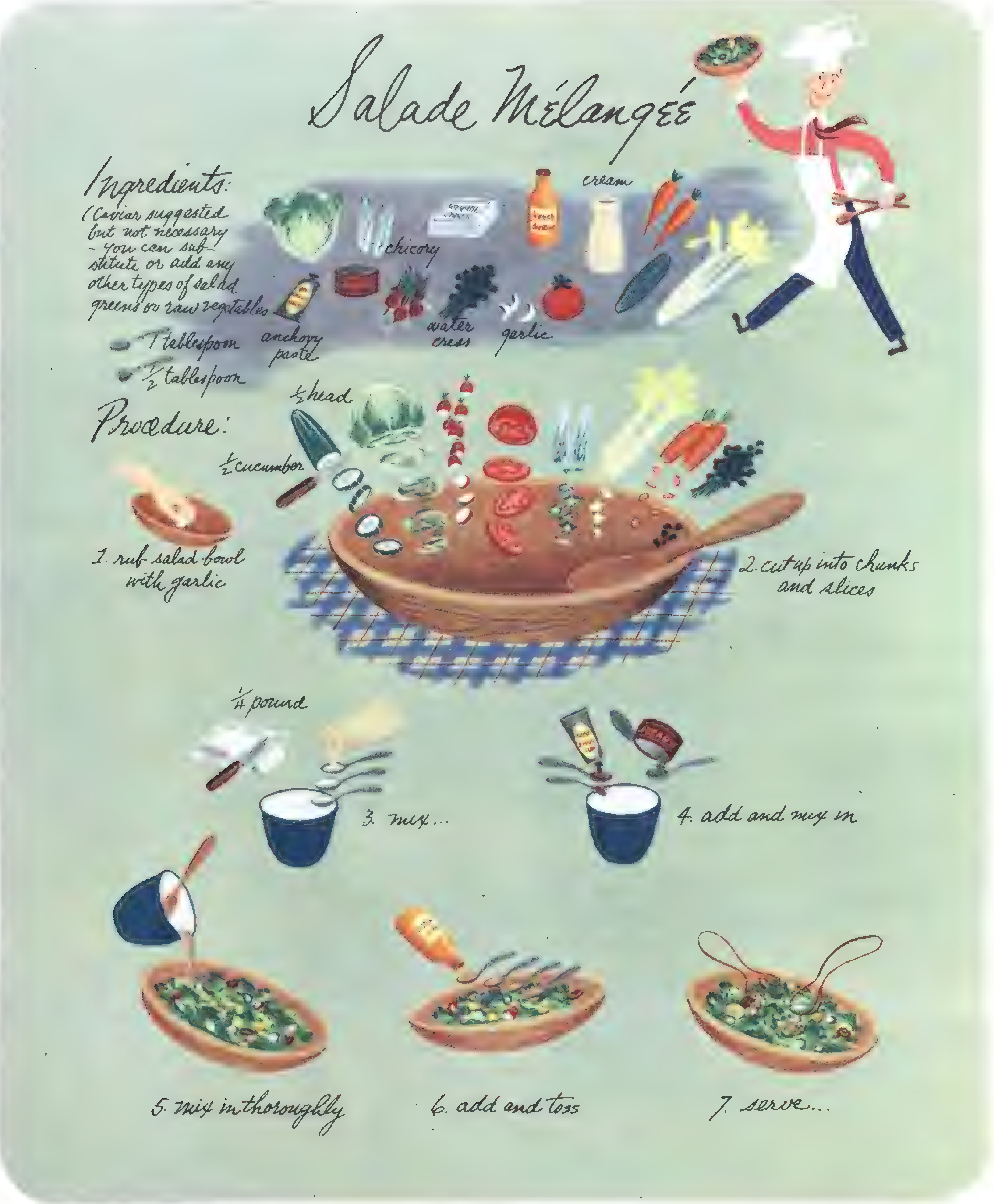
BROADWAY LUMINARY

Alfred Lunt

Photograph by Arnold Glantz

Onstage as Lynn Fontanne's chief interest in *O Mistress Mine*, he is Alfred Lunt, actor nonpareil. Away from the eight-thirty-to-eleven, matinee-twice-a-week fable world, he is Alfred Lunt, gastronome, farmer, a gentleman who leans toward grey flannel suits in town and yellow tweed jackets for less urban surroundings. When he talks of cookery his description of Sole à la Tante Marie is straight prewar Left Bank. His Oxford grey cheviot jacket, above, in the one-button model, and the trousers of bold grey striped black worsted would rate dignified nods in any State Department or Foreign Office corridor. The black Homburg and the black and white striped tie march with a dignity lightened by buff gloves and boutonniere.

Salade Mélangée



Ingredients:

(Caviar suggested but not necessary - you can substitute or add any other types of salad greens or raw vegetables)

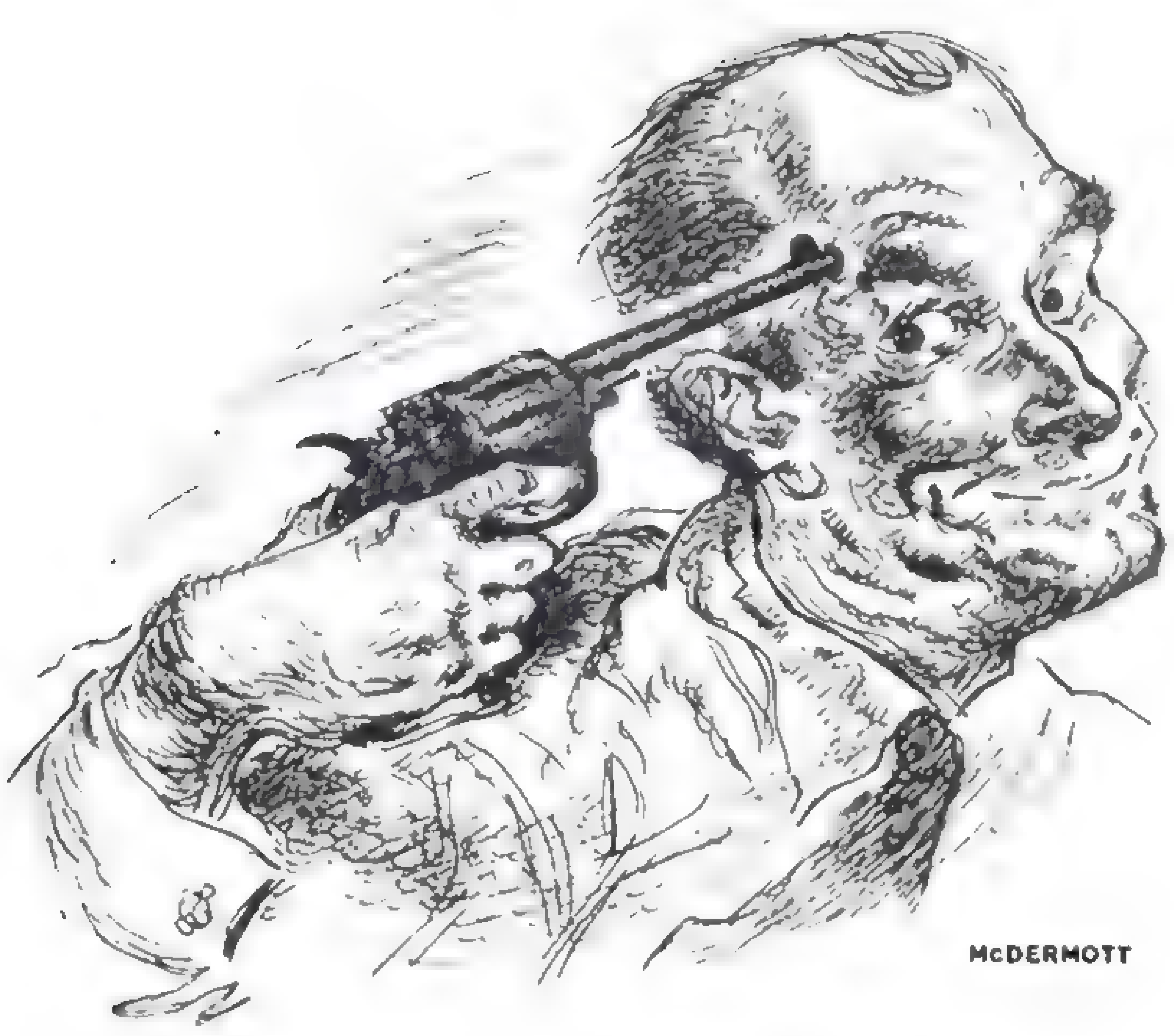
Procedure:

1. rub salad bowl with garlic
2. cut up into chunks and slices
3. mix...
4. add and mix in
5. mix in thoroughly
6. add and toss
7. serve...

Esquire's
LOOK AND COOK
Recipe No. 2

Sketches by Mina Gow

Fit for the subtle palate of a potentate of the pantry is this *Salade Mélangée* which Esky pulled out of his chef's high hat. Next time you need something light to lend a lift to the evening, just roll out the recipe, flatten it on your kitchenette table and start chopping. No readin', writin', and 'rithmetic are necessary because all you have to do is make like the pictures. You assemble the ingredients, chop, mix, toss, serve and eat. This verdant Flora of the vegetable garden, topped with Muscovite luxury and French spicery, is really quite simple and quick to make, and when served with broiled Fauna, like steak or chops, makes a meal that will be long remembered. They say it's good on vitamins as well as to your taste buds.



Abe's Revolver

The first time he tried the trick with the gun he found it so exhilarating that he couldn't completely get away from it

by **HAROLD HELFER**

I ALWAYS thought that Abe Oldfield was a pretty nice guy, even if he had that crazy habit of his. I used to tell him, Abe, I haven't lived twenty-five years longer than you for nothing. I'm telling you a body can get killed in enough peculiar ways as it is. There is no use egging it on.

But I wouldn't argue too long with him about it. Because if I did I knew what he would do. He would take out that old revolver of his and start twirling the cylinder around. Then he would reach into his pocket and, with a wry grin on his face, he would take out a bullet. He would hold the bullet up before his eyes and study it for about a minute, as if he could see something about it that nobody else could. Then he would put the bullet into the cylinder. He would then blow his breath into the five empty chambers. When he had done this, he would twirl the cylinder and then when it had stopped he would snap it shut.

Then, with that grin on his face, he would press the revolver to his temple and after holding it like that for a few seconds, as if in deep thought, he would press the trigger.

Whenever he pulled that crazy stunt I would say, you're a damn fool, Abe. Maybe the odds were once five to one in your favor but you've used up that margin long ago. And what's the sense of it anyway? Someday that gun isn't going to click empty when you press the trigger. You're going to make a sorry mess of yourself.

Mostly when I talked like that to him, Abe would just shrug his shoulders. And give me that thin grin of his.

Abe had been doing it for ten years, every little while. I asked him once when was the first time he had done it and he said it was one night in his room after he had gone to bed.

He said while undressing he had put the revolver on his bureau, like he always did. Well, that night the light from the street corner lamp picked out the gun from the darkness. The yellow glow made the revolver look almost as if it had a halo around it and Abe kept looking at it and looking at it and he couldn't go to sleep.

He began to think how awful it was and how wonderful too that that thing on the bureau, not any bigger than a hand, could shoot out the lives of six persons, one, two, three, quicker than a man could take a breath. He got out of bed and removed five bullets from the cylinder of the gun and he kept staring at the one that was still in there, thinking that if he wanted to he could shoot out his own life quick. A big human being like himself, he thought, with a brain full of ideas and plans and a body full of gallons of rich blood and yards of veins and complicated accessories. And this cold insensitive tiny metal pellet, smaller than a finger, could smash all that up and bring it to an end.

Then he began twirling the cylinder and when it stopped he snapped it shut and he wondered whether the bullet or one of the empty chambers was facing the barrel. He put the revolver to his temple and wondered if he would have the courage to press it and find out.

He put the revolver back down on the dresser and went to bed. But he couldn't go to sleep. He kept tossing and turning. About three in the morning he got out of bed and went over to the bureau. He picked up the gun, put it to his temple and squeezed the trigger. There was an empty click. Suddenly, he felt good all over. Everything in his body seemed to sing. He jumped back into bed and slept a deep, childlike sleep.

Abe said that ever since then he felt he had to test himself with the revolver every now and then. He said it was like a man who is on liquor or on dope. He said he sometimes did his best not to think about it, but the revolver kept beating itself into his brain and he felt he would go mad unless he did it. So he would put a bullet in the cylinder and twirl it around and then put the revolver to his temple and press the trigger. And then he would feel good all over and it wouldn't worry him for awhile.

Sometimes though, he said, he would deliberately think of the revolver. That was when he felt very blue about something. Maybe something had gone wrong with his job or with a love affair. So he would go to his room and he would pick up his revolver and put a bullet in the cylinder. He would blow his breath into the empty chambers, twirl the cylinder and then, after it had stopped and he had snapped it shut, put the revolver to his temple.

His breathing would become heavy and sometimes sweat would break out on his face before he pressed the trigger, but as soon as he did a feeling of exhilaration would sweep through him. He would feel clean and strong and wonderful. He said it was as if he had been born again and life was beginning anew for him.

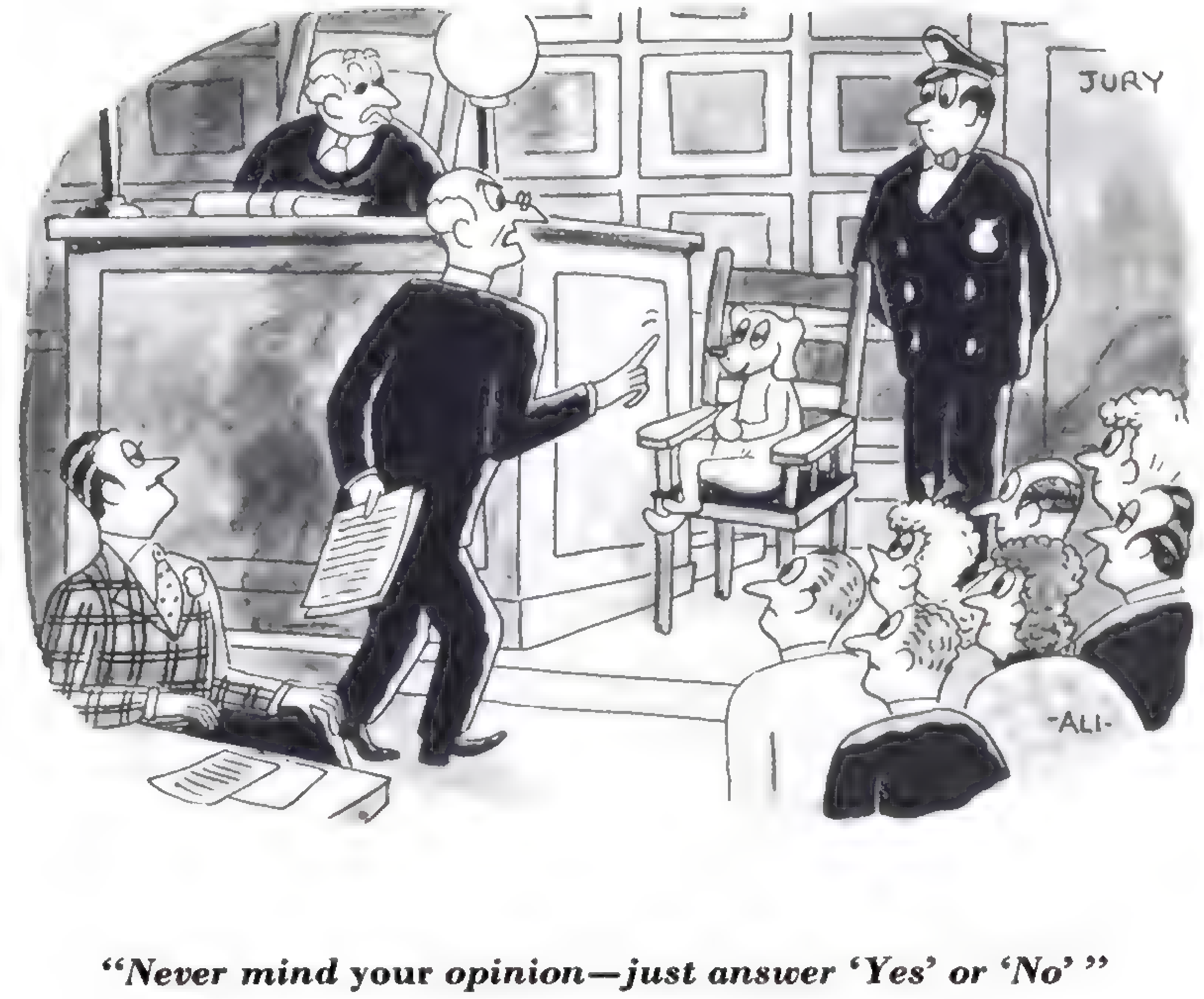
Of course, everybody in the county knew about this strange habit of Abe's and sometimes people would kid him about it or try to lecture to him about it. Whenever they did it always had one result. Abe would immediately do it again. He said he had to. It was, he said, as if he were being challenged to take the test. He said that was one thing he could not stand—to feel the challenge and not take it. He said that if he ever failed to meet the challenge he knew he would feel cowed and life would not seem worth living.

Although we had to be restrained, the friends of Abe through the years never gave up trying to break him of this habit. In the end, it was a girl who did. Her name was Ellen Smith. She was a schoolteacher and Abe took a fancy to her as soon as he saw her.

When he asked Ellen to marry him, she was agreeable. Providing one thing. Providing he would no longer do that foolish thing with the revolver. Abe said all right, he wouldn't do it any more.

Well, the months went by. Ellen and Abe seemed to make a very devoted couple. They went everywhere together and they were always smiling or laughing or looking into each other's eyes.

One day, about a year-and-a-half after his marriage, Abe dropped



"Never mind your opinion—just answer 'Yes' or 'No'"

in at my office. He looked tired and his hands moved nervously.

I promised Ellen I would never touch that revolver again, Abe said. But it's driving me crazy. I can't sleep, I can't eat, I can't think.

Abe, I said, you don't have the right to do it any more. When you were single, maybe it was different. Now there's Ellen.

I know it, I know it, he said. But I feel that if I do it once more—just this once—that it will be the last time. I know it will be. It's just that I've got to do it this one time.

It'll only take one time to finish you up, I said.

It's just this one last time, he said. I feel myself challenged again. I think: well, maybe I'm using the fact that I'm married as an excuse not to do it. Maybe I'm really scared. Maybe now if I put the revolver to my head I wouldn't have the courage to pull the trigger. But, don't you see, if I did it just this one time it wouldn't worry me any more. I would have done it while I was married. That would be that.

But just think what you're risking, I said. A wonderful life with Ellen. Children. Everything that makes for real happiness.

All I want is to do it just this one time, he said.

I shrugged my shoulders. I was afraid to argue too much.

He stood up and took his revolver from the pocket of his coat. Just this one more time, he said. Then you can take the revolver and throw it away. I'll never pick up another one again.

He brought out a bullet from his pocket and held it in front of his eyes, studying it with fascination.

You're very silly if you do it, I said. I guess you know that.

He put the bullet into the cylinder and blew into the empty chambers.

His eyes were shining now and the corners of his mouth had turned up into a half-grin. He twirled the cylinder.

You're crazy if you do it, Abe, I said. Why don't you wait and think it over.

The cylinder stopped its revolutions. He snapped it shut.

This is the last time I'll ever do it, he said. I only want to do it this once.

You shouldn't do it, Abe, I said. You've done it too much. The odds are all against you now.

He put the revolver to his temple.

His hands weren't nervous any more. He held the gun steady.

I wish you wouldn't, Abe, I said.

There was a loud noise. Abe fell to the floor. He sighed and lay still. His head was a mess. Blood was splattered all over the carpet.

On his face was that thin grin. Even in death it had a touch of defiant cockiness. He had met the challenge. ⁂

Dream thoughts of a begrimed speedboat jockey becalmed among romantic friends who deplore his mile-a-minute avocation

Sailor in Coveralls

by COLEMAN MEYER

"Monkey-wrench sailor" they call me. That the epithet is used in well-bred fashion offers little surcease for my increasing sensitivity—the implication still remains. It is not that they are not my friends. Far from it. We all pay the same club dues and we drink at the same club bar. And even I—Heaven forbid!—could wear a striped jersey and stiff-visored cap without Call before Committee.

No—it is the fashion in which they use the phrase, a purely physical twist of the lips that ranks it with wife-beating and betting on long shots. It is the lofty eyebrow and the maddening, supreme superciliousness as though my case were a matter of general concern and against public policy like being cruel to animals or voting the straight Democratic ticket.

It is a prolixity of thought given verbal expression as in discussing a mutual friend you haven't seen for ages. "And how is Derek?" And you lift the brow: "Poor Derek—alcoholic, you know!" Or, if I am the subject: "... Bill? Yes—too bad! Powerboating, you know!"

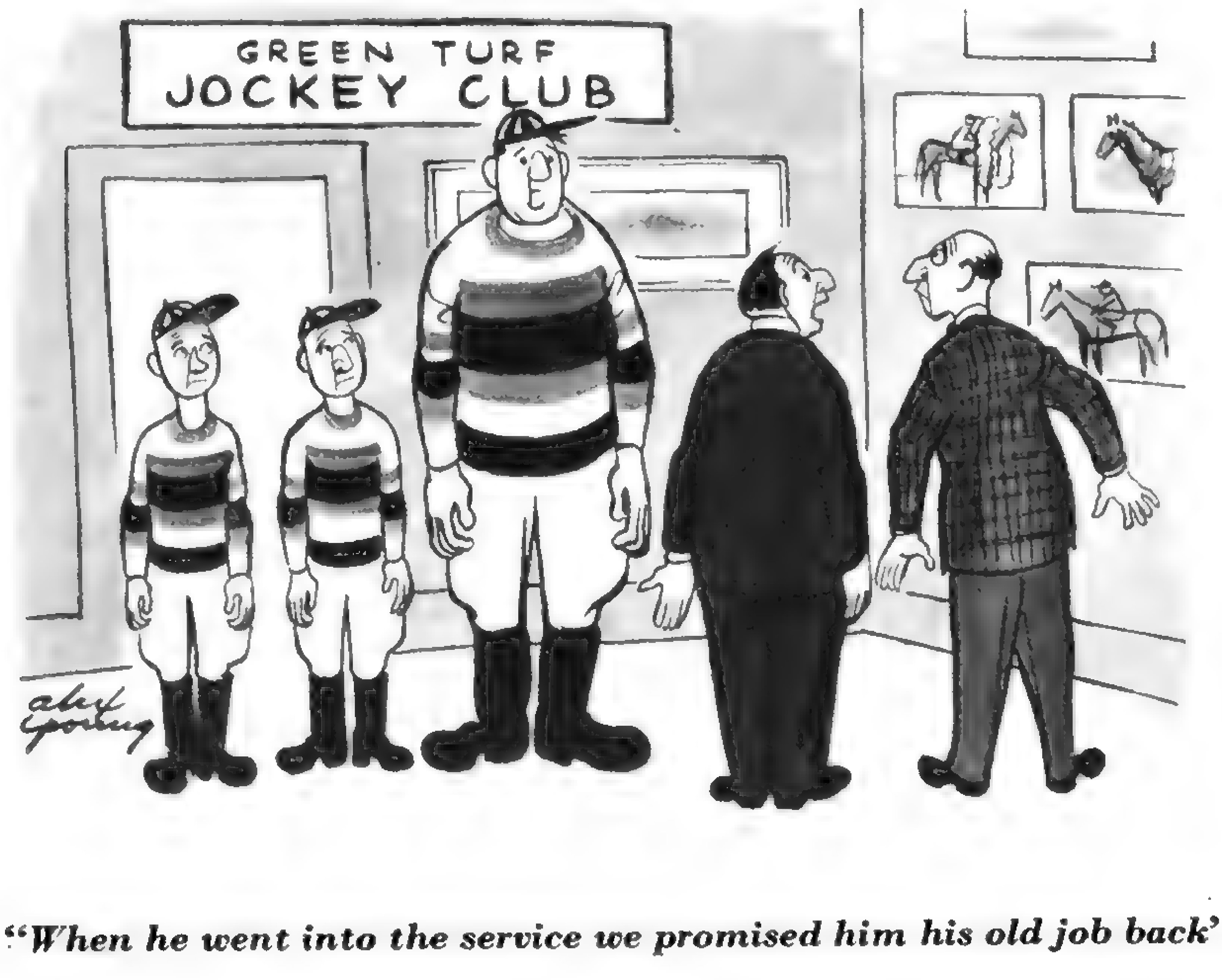
For my friends are sailors in fee simple—relics of ten thousand lines of sonnetry where the overrated canvas is ever bosoming, which means that it's a stiff breeze and they're uncomfortable and cold; they are forever one with "... the ship becalmed at eve ..." which means you're stuck at the sweeps two cable-lengths from your harbor but your honor will not permit starting the auxiliary.

Me? Oh, I just stink of gasoline!

I cannot rise in defense of speedboat racing in the unsanctity of the club bar. Sometimes I cannot even rise. Even so, endless aeons of loud and learned discussion of the parachute spinnaker versus the Stuns'le (whatever the hell Stuns'les are!) will sometimes penetrate my consciousness and a fourth highball will give me courage. And I will break in, brightly: "I'm getting a new propeller—think I'll be able to carry about another inch of pitch and, if I can—"

There is a moment of embarrassed silence at the bar. As I said—they *are* my friends. There is an interchange of understanding smiles between them; one must face it sometimes, mustn't one? And they turn to me with the complete and absorbed interest one usually bestows upon the poetry renditions of the five-year-old son of a very wealthy aunt. In the suddenness of this frontal attack I usually wilt into a confused and babbling incoherence that trails off into a muttering protest against man's inhumanity to man. I broodingly return to my highball and they instantly revert to the Genoa jib.

"Monkey-wrench sailor!" And I have sixteen



"When he went into the service we promised him his old job back"

feet of the sweetest thing you ever laid eyes on in a step bottom; sixteen feet of plywood, of red and chrome and horsepower all wadded up into a sleek and shining package of unbridled dynamite that can send your blood pressure up into the government numbers with just one punch on the throttle! Sixteen feet of seventy-mile-an-hour racing boat that will take you into a ten-foot-wide slough turn, high on the chine on the inside and ripping down half the bank on the outside—all without a break or a bobble from an engine that is tossing out notes at nearly five thousand a minute.

And they tell me I don't know what sport is!

My friends have become indoctrinated with the insidiousness of Mystery. And it is a cult that pales even the Magi. Its language is intended to confuse the uninitiate. Speak of Joe Louis, of the best one in the fifth at Santa Anita or the relative merits of redheads over blondes. They are insensate. But you can cunningly mold their flesh into a quivering mass of ecstasy with a casual reference to the halyard.

Mankind can know no joys save those of luffing to the larboard—and from what I've seen they spend most of their time ducking that big stick that hangs at the bottom of the sail; no touch of sheerest passion can rival that breathless moment at the turning buoy when—gold cup hanging in the balance—you get the weather edge! Nuts! I saw them there one day and thought that they were anchored. Later I find that this was the last lap of a breathless finish!

Vocabulary—inhibition—or just a plain inadequacy in my highball ration, I can never get over the point of my story with them. I just can't get started on that moment at the starting float. But that moment is always there!

You check (for the hundredth time!) things—just things. Your finger goes to the starter button. Three vertical stacks on either side of the huge, black engine blister that houses eight healthy cylinders blob out a puff of blue smoke and settle to a throaty, throbbing chuckle.

You're a scratch boat, hot stuff, so you're all alone, three blocks upstream from the starting float. The rubber boats and some of the fifty-mile-an-hour rafts have long since gone. You'll catch them later in the channel. You bob idly in the water, keeping an eye on the three colored balls on the dock string and you nod with satisfaction as one drops. It is the five-minute ball. You're all alone and you're going to be alone for about the next one hundred minutes.

You know it's about a hundred minutes because your next company is ninety miles away. Taking time out for the tricky stuff through Middle River slough country, a million turns through narrow, twisting sloughs not over twice your beam in width, then a cat-footed breather over the rough channel by New York Slough and perhaps a backbreaking run down the main channel to San Francisco Bay you *might* knock it off in a hundred minutes unless the open run across the bay is showing white. If so then maybe it will be many times a hundred minutes and perhaps never; a half-inch bottom caves awfully fast.

You take another look. It's sixteen feet to the nose from where you fidget in your tiny padded seat that leaves most of your posterior hanging over the stern simply because there isn't room for all—engine, instruments and you—in one boat.

Your eyes drop to the instrument panel for a moment. It is a crowded, B-29 affair of lacquered red and chromium rings incasing a profusion of gauges that stare back stolidly. You are not even conscious of the finger that lightly nicks the starter button and revs the engine for a few seconds, for your practiced eye has caught the water temperature down to a low point.

You are playing it for time now. And you're floating three blocks from the starting docks because you need some room; you don't have a water pump and you don't have a clutch. All you have is a hundred and twenty-five horsepower floated by some cellophane-thin planks and directly coupled to a seventeen pitch wheel. And you have two tiny scoops for cooling. So you keep your engine heat at level rise, hold your oil temperature at 140 and wait it out.

"McQuirk's the name—M as in millionaire"

There's a chart board that's worth checking; it flips down from the side. And you see that they are there and flat clipped to the board. You don't have much time for turning pages when the water speedometer is nibbling at eighty miles an hour.

And then you stiffen; the second ball goes down on the dock string. You have sixty seconds. A tap at the starter button. Hard right wheel at idle throttle. Full open water taps on both banks of cylinders. Full oil cooler open. A last hitch on the canvas webbing that locks you down in the cramped bucket seat.

The ebony nose hitches around for the starting line—slowly. Very slowly. Because you are wise in the ways of racing and you know that an arrival at the starting line a fractional second too soon can cost you a complete turn to get behind the line for a start. Tachometer at 800 revolutions. That should bring you about right.

A block to go and the sweep second hand on your dash clock gives you twenty seconds before the starting cannon. The butterflies are churning inside your stomach. Your foot comes up. The tach drops to 300 and the nose buries with it. Ten seconds and half a block. You see a white-uniformed man standing by the cannon—a lanyard in his hand. Five seconds.

And then a puff of smoke drives your throttle to the floor!

It is a fractional second later when the boom of the cannon reaches you but you don't care now; the butterflies have left their abode in your abdominal section. Your nose has settled from that mighty full-throttle push and you are leveling out, roadbed straight, for the main channel run.

There is only noise now—noise and the slight bucketing as the step oscillation sets in, a slight fore and aft pitching motion as fourteen hundred pounds of boat shifts balance delicately between the step and the transom.

You hold your foot flat, maybe even yawn a bit in relief from that waiting strain. This is the main channel run—plenty of room. A kid could drive it.

Tach at 4100. The six stacks are a crazed symphony of blurring notes screaming in your ears. Water speedometer just at 70 and behind you a great, clean, curving wake that bobs moored rowboats. A cruiser coming up the other way, hull high. You cut wide, ready to rein in on the wheel and take his wake at right angles.

You spare a second for an answering wave then grimly settle behind your tiny windscreen. The passing moment is much better than eighty miles an hour and you feather-touch left wheel, smack the cruiser wake and grunt as the straining bottom feels as if it has hit a cement curbing.

Flip the chart board down; you planned this for a 70 average on the main channel and your check points give you five minutes for the first six miles that check off where the high-tension lines cross the channel. Easy so far—ten minutes will put you in the slough and from there on you go to work.

A mark on the board as the metal sign on the high-tension tower tosses back an echo. Routine up to this point. A look ahead, a look that is faintly blurred from the vibration of the screeching engine and flailing prop; a practiced scan of the panel. Right-bank water temperature 180, left bank 160; your finger taps the left bank water control slightly closed. Temperature jumps instantly to 180. Tachometer at 4600, water speedometer steady on 73.

A slight undulation on the water path ahead. You're catching the six minute boat? You can't be! It's too soon. You scan the dash clock, check the chart. Shouldn't have him for another five minutes yet—two or three miles down the narrow slough.

You lean up on the chine as you blend in wheel pressure for the long, curving bend in the water roadway. Close in to the bank now and the tules are a Venetian blind of white and green, set vertically and stretching into infinity ahead. Head down, glaring ahead through goggles. Then a small powerboat, fishermen, marks the genesis of the slight wake. You settle back.

Eight minutes—nine. Another pull at the belt. The broad and placid roadway sheers to the left. Your eyes (*Continued on page 237*)

To Drs. Jordan, Kildare and other gallant Men in White we reverently dedicate this epic of Spinosa and the unshorn bridegroom

They Also Serve

by JAMES SIMONDS

I WAS sitting on the stoop of Mr. Spinosa's barbershop, whittling a toy pistol, when the drama began to unfold. The shop is run by the elder Spinosa and his son Tony and they, together with Tony's wife, have an apartment upstairs. It was Wednesday, and just at noon the curtain on the bay window descended with a crash, the latch shot home on the door. The shop was closed for the day. I was shaping the barrel of my pistol when Tony Spinosa came out of the shop, got into his car and drove away. I know that he stopped a moment to admire the pistol. But now that it is over I can't for my very life remember what we said.

Half an hour after Tony left, down the street at a mad pace came the car of a man driving in a frenzy. He pulled up in front of me and leaped from the car. He was formally dressed in morning coat, striped trousers, ascot tie, even pearl-grey spats, but something about his appearance was incongruous. He had the olive face of an Italian, the sleek jet black hair—but wait, that was it. His hair was a tangled mat, and above the wing collar I saw the stubble of a heavy beard. He was halfway up the steps when the significance of the drawn shade hit him. He stopped, and in his large brown eyes I saw bewilderment and pain. "It's Wednesday," I said. "The shop is closed." Ignoring me, he rushed forward and pounded the door. It opened and Mr. Spinosa jumped aside as this wild man rushed past with me at his heels. Incoherently the young man stated his purpose: he had but twenty-five minutes to be at the church for his wedding. On this most important day of his life, on his wedding day, was he to be a laughingstock, an unshorn groom, an unshaven husband?

The man's hysteria seemed infectious. Spinosa's hand trembled so, I feared he would never be able to hold the razor. The bridegroom got in the chair and pulled the towel up around his neck, but Spinosa seemed to go to pieces. His hands shook like a man with the palsy and his mouth hung open and slack. Finally he collapsed into a chair.

"Tommy," he said sadly, "I'ma lovea you likea my owna son. Ifa you say givea you life I givea. But this I cana no do for you. If you stranger maybe but youa Tommy, so I cana no do it."

"Try," Tommy implored him. "For the love of God, try at least."

But it was no use. Spinosa sat down in the corner, his head in his hands and tears streaming down his cheeks. It was then that Tony's placid young wife came into the shop. I explained the terrible emergency, Spinosa's collapse, our hopeless plight. She went to the telephone. Picking up the receiver she said "Emergency" and in quick sentences gave directions for having Tony paged at the Italian-American club. It seemed an eternity before she spoke again but when she did I knew that Tony had been found and there was yet hope. Speaking a word of comfort for the man in the chair, she slipped the sanitary paper pad behind his neck without his even knowing it. On a clean tray she placed a white towel and, in an orderly row, the instruments that Tony would need. Having opened the door she carefully scrubbed her hands and drew more water for Tony. Then with a squealing of brakes Tony's car pulled up to the curb. I glanced nervously at the clock. It lacked but ten minutes of the hour. Tony strode in, stripping off his coat with an economy of motion.

"Ten minutes, Tony," I whispered as he went by me. His terse nod told me that he had heard, and the look on his face was grim but resolute.

Now he had put on the white coat of his profession and was scrubbing up at the washstand. While he crooked his elbows and held his hands aloft to dry, his wife buttoned the white coat up around his neck. They approached the chair together, the girl on his left with the tray of instruments. Appraising the head before him, Tony extended his hand.

"Clippers," he said. And they were laid in his hand. Starting low on the neck he brought the clippers up in an outward curve. Again and again he did this until a symmetry began to appear.

"Scissors," I heard and then after a pause, "comb."

The girl seemed to anticipate each command and not a second was lost in the transferring of instruments. Tony's face was a frozen mask of concentration and never did he look up from his task.

I dared not look at the clock but I knew that five minutes must have passed before I heard the terse command: "Brush."

The hair was whisked from Tommy's neck and with a deft movement Tony collapsed the chair into the horizontal position. So much was done but was there time? Was there time enough?

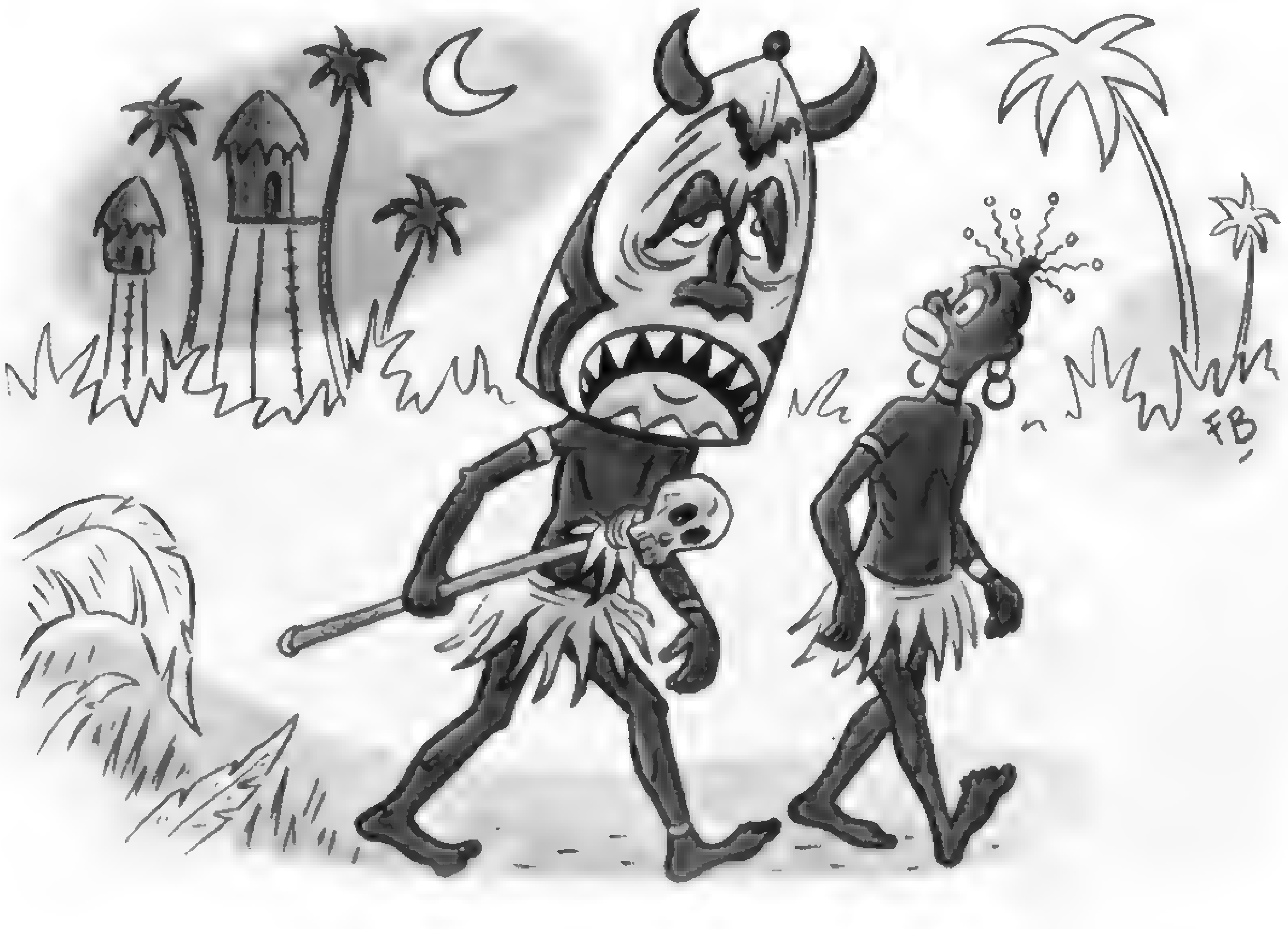
I went over to Mr. Spinosa and patted his shoulder. Turning away, he hung his head. This had hit him harder than I thought.

"Razor."

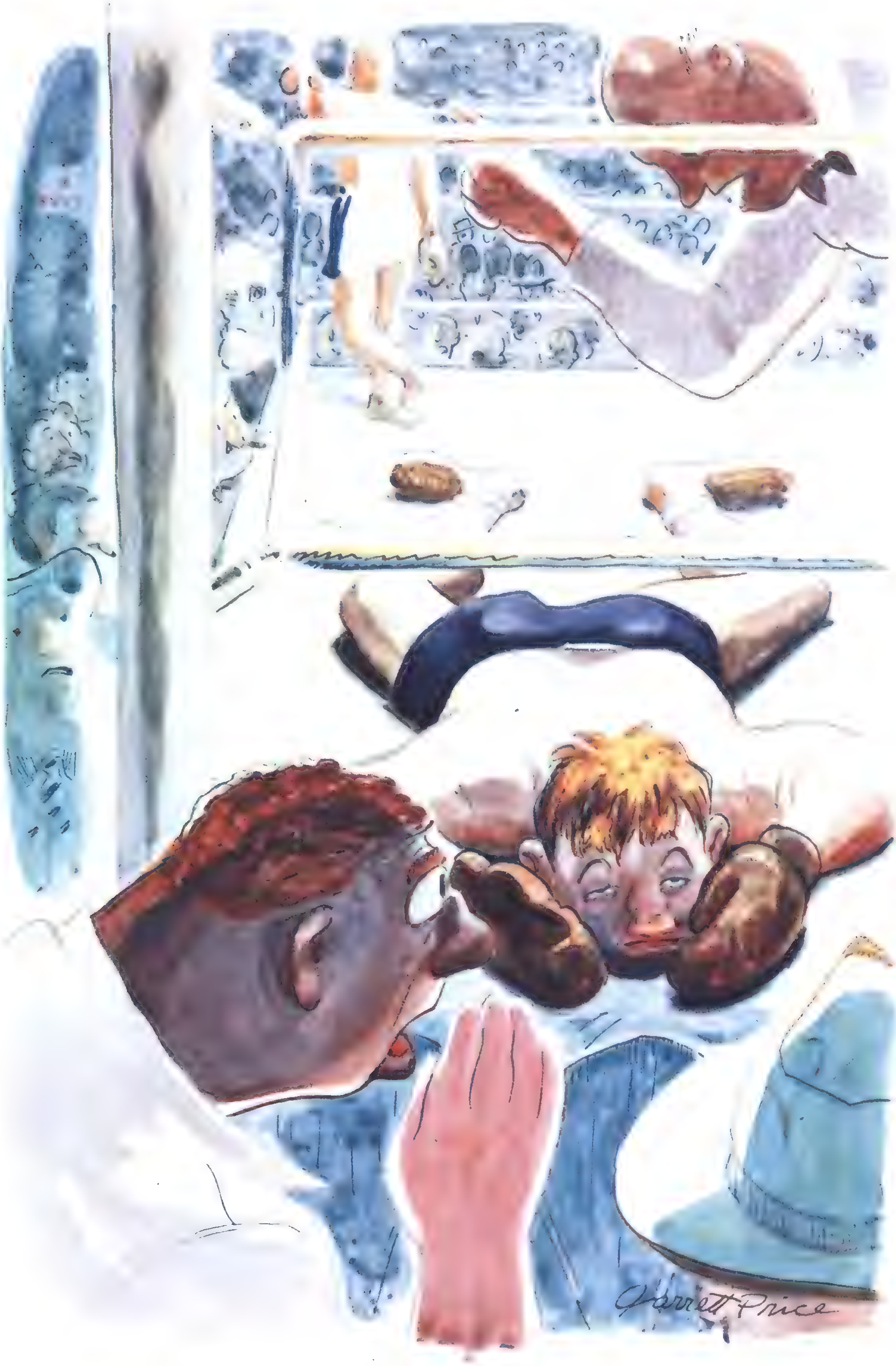
I could hear the harsh scraping sound of steel on flesh. I forced myself to look. There was Tommy lying supine with the long white cloth covering him almost to the spats and Tony's long sure fingers moving with dexterity. The girl at his side reached up with a white cloth and wiped the fine beads of sweat from his brow. A quick glance of gratitude was all he allowed himself and the razor never stopped.

"Sponge."

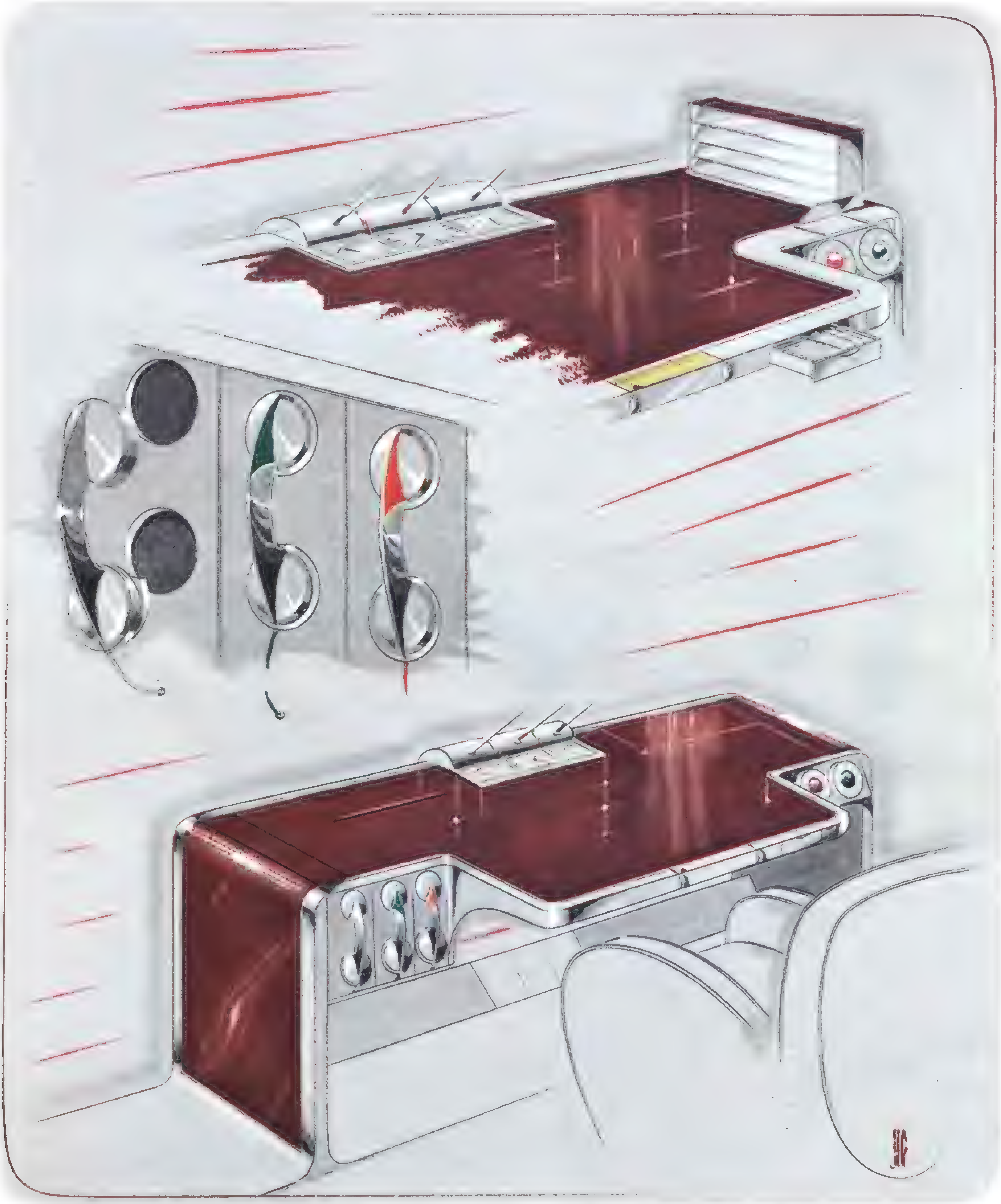
It seemed only a moment more before the chair came upright and Tommy, like a man reborn, leaped from the chair and dashed for his car. I looked at the clock. One minute to go. Tony had done it. But now the reaction of that great strain set in. Tony opened the top buttons of his white coat and slumped into a chair. His wife lit a cigarette and put it between his lips, but only his eyes said thanks. Utterly spent, I looked down at my hand. Somewhere in that frantic half hour I had squeezed the wooden pistol so hard that the trigger guard was broken completely off. ⁜



"I don't mind being a doctor but it is this continual getting up in the middle of the night that gets me down"


Garrett Price

"Get up from there . . . you're getting your new trunks dirty"



MECHANICAL PROPHECIES, No. 6

Front-Office Desk

By Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

A functional desk for functioning executives is the Sakhnoffsky theme of the month. Sans flash and with realism, the designer has fashioned a desk that is primarily a work table and only incidentally a thing of beauty. Drawers have been deleted and placed out of view in a cabinet along with dictaphone, private files and other executive accessories. Phones and dials are separated left and right, with a third handphone for dictating. Ink in three colors is housed up front, as are slots at either side for incoming and outgoing correspondence. Luxurious accommodations include a radio, clock, cigarette and cigar drawer, built-in ash tray, as well as a pedal-operated lighting system which makes left- and right-hand shuttered lamps appear and vice versa.

To effect the one infallible cure for her husband's opium habit, Mrs. Chang needed the heart of a live crocodile

Strong Medicine

by ALEKO LILIUS

It must be said in all fairness that old Chang was a good cook. The trouble with him was that he was an inveterate opium smoker. I would have fired him long ago, but his wife was an excellent laundress and in Thakhek, on the east bank of the Mekong, Indo-China's mystery river, honest washerwomen were worth their weight in gold.

Mrs. Chang's full name was Mei Ka Ching—Beautiful Clean One—and it's quite possible that fifty-odd years ago she had been pretty. Now she was toothless, her Annamite face was covered with countless wrinkles, and her head was almost bald. However, she was a loyal soul who tried hard to compensate with hard work for her worthless husband's lack of efficiency. Repeatedly she told me that she had a sure cure for his opium smoking. All she needed was the hair from a tiger's tail and, of course, the heart of a live crocodile. She could always pick that hair from the rug in the Big Room, she said, but as to catching a live crocodile the matter was more complicated.

Now if I could advance her five hundred francs of her husband's pay, she knew of some native hunters who could corral a croc for her. And if she could add to the mixture the blood of a python, the cure would be infallible.

Things with Chang went from bad to worse. In desperation I gave Beautiful Clean One the money and told her to go ahead and pick the tail of my living-room rug. The next few days she was a very busy woman and got dangerously behind in her daily quota of washing, a matter of greatest concern in the tropics where three changes of clothes a day is the rule. I told her pointedly that I hoped this croc-catching business would come off soon so she could go back to work, but she answered that the time was not yet propitious. The men were waiting for a clear night at full moon.

Then the idea struck me that as I was paying for the fun, I might as well enjoy some of it, and I told Beautiful Clean One that I would like to go along on the hunt. That would cost me two hundred francs more, she reported on the day three young Laos showed up in their dugout to take us upriver. They had as bait a squealing suckling pig in a sack, and on the bottom of their boat there was a roll of strong hemp rope, several stout shark hooks and a length of steel chain. All day long we punted and late in the afternoon we turned into a narrow tributary which soon developed into a swamp, with smelly mud banks and enormous, vine-covered trees growing on its fringes. Chattering monkeys scolded us loudly and indignantly. Parrots screeched at us. Lizards ran up and down the tree trunks: snakes slithered in all directions. Now and then we heard the heavy splash of a large crocodile clumsily sliding off a bank or a log into the water. I was squatting in the middle of the dugout, my gun in my lap. Beautiful Clean One was perching behind me, brandishing a wicked-looking knife with which to cut out the heart of the crocodile. Deeper and deeper into this swamp we punted and it was still daylight when we reached an opening on the jungle bank, and here we stopped. The swamp formed here a black pool, very still and ominous, an ideal place for crocodiles to wallow in. The dugout was pulled up and the frantically squealing pig was extricated from its bag.

Expertly the men tied the shark hooks to the pig, and a chain was attached to the hooks. One end of the rope was next fastened to the chain and the loudly protesting pig was tied to a stake close to the water's edge.

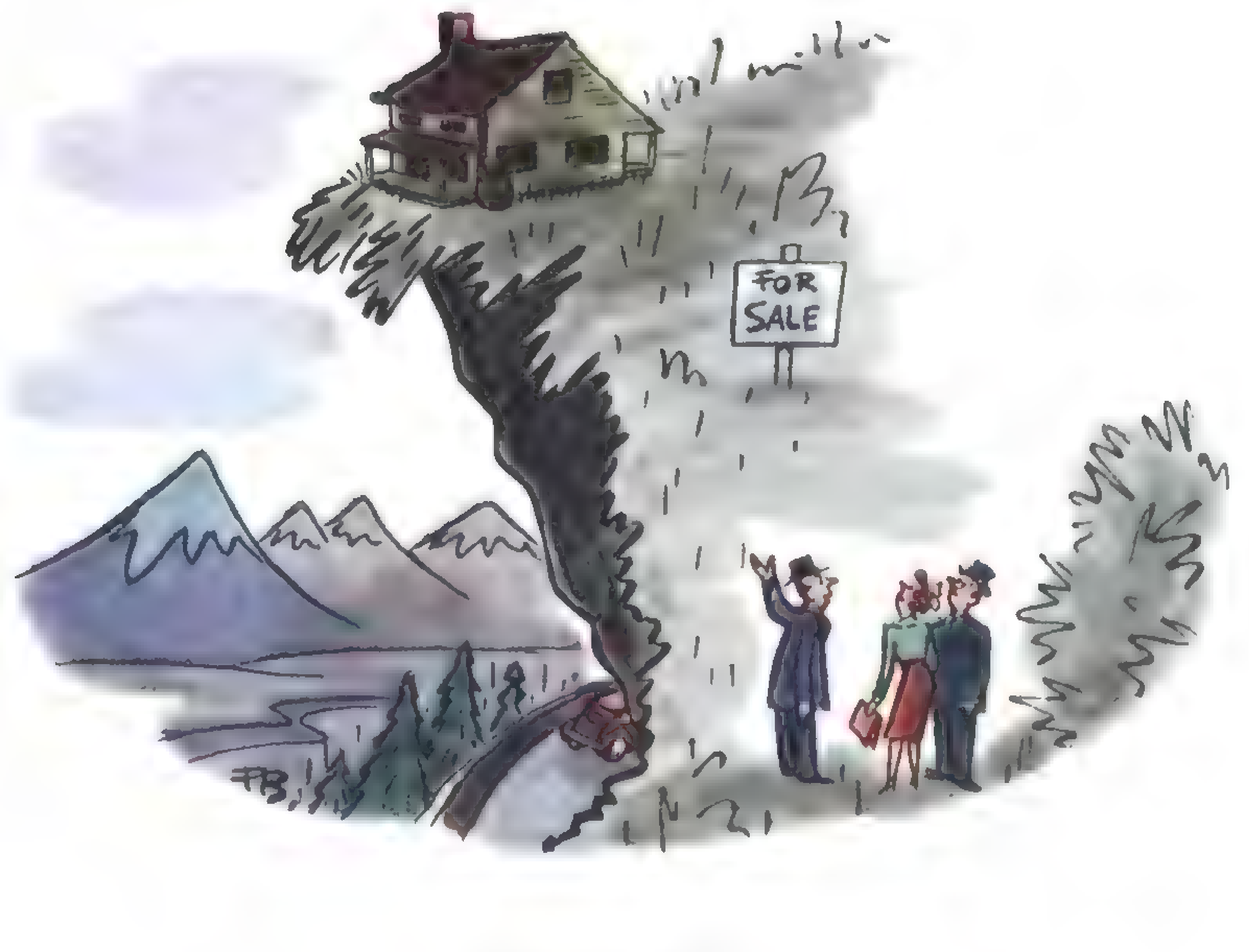
It was getting dark now, and by the time we had had a meal, it was night and the full moon rose above the treetops. We sat down to wait. Now and then the men would pull at the rope, and the pig would squeal. A million frogs started up a concert, cicadas sang in the jungle foliage, mosquitoes were buzzing around my ears. For an hour we sat quietly, waiting for something to happen. Soon the moon was high and before long it poured its green light over the bank and the pool beside it.

I was the first one to notice a deft movement in the tree trunk a dozen feet above the spot where the pig was tied; something black and silent and ominous. A leopard, I thought, and quickly lifted the gun, when the restraining hand of the man beside me stopped me from squeezing the trigger. Then the thing slowly uncoiled itself and slowly and determinedly began to lower itself toward our squealing bait. In the deceptive light of the moon, the python looked downright enormous. I knew what would happen next; in a moment it would drop on the pig and either crush it to death or smother it in swift constricting coils. I was so fascinated by the drama about to unfold before me, that I never moved; neither did anyone else. We held our breath and sat very still. Then someone nudged me.

"*K'an*—look," Beautiful Clean One whispered excitedly. "*Tsai shuei—tsai shuei*—in the water."

There was a movement in the pool and the upper part of a large crocodile's head was seen cutting the moonlit surface, leaving in its wake a wedgelike ripple. First the protruding eyes and the snout showed, then the head and the dark, scaly neck, very wet and covered with mud and vegetable matter. As its speed increased, it took the bank in a rush, the water foaming around it, stormed up the bank, its terrible jaws wide open—and the next moment the squeals of the pig were silenced. Instantly the crocodile turned to lunge back into the water. I could see the chain hanging out of its mouth and dragging in the sand, and the next instant it was jerked back so violently that the crocodile slipped on the muddy bank. The shark hooks must have cut deep into its jaws because, infuriated by the sudden pain and loss of balance, the monster did a complete somersault, its white belly gleaming in the moonlight, its claw-fingered legs pawing the air. A cou-

(*Continued on page 233*)



"It's a steal"

Screwball stunts gain big-time publicity for small-time schools and the quality of their honorary degrees is never strained

Old School Ballyhoo

by HERB GRAFFIS

GREENE

DOES it give you a slow, deep burn to have a person ask you, "And what is your school, Mr. Burpmeyer?" and when you reply, "Migraine Teachers College," have the person raise eyes and nostrils and remark patronizingly, "And may I ask where Migraine Teachers is located?"

If you have suffered this humiliation which turns four years of campus life to postgraduate social dust, you know what class warfare lies ahead of many an aspiring scholar now acquiring the higher education under the G.I. Bill of Rights. Heedless or unfortunate youths will go to small colleges whose administrations are concerned unduly with dunking students in the Pierian spring of culture and with material matters such as the care and feeding of cattle and poultry. These young men, like alumni of the small and passionately anonymous establishments, probably will get out of school knowing something, but what good is that if the school isn't known?

Old grads of new schools and big men who graduated from an old small school have felt the pain of being sons of an humble and comparatively unknown alma mater. In a way it makes them feel they are rather Lincolnesque in their educational background. But Lincoln belongs to the remote period of Republican presidents and these substantial and aging graduates would like to identify themselves with contemporaneous fame. There is no distinction in being rich, now. But being rich and educated, too . . . ah, that's something!

And no matter what a dummy you are, if you graduated from a well-known university you frequently will be regarded as educated.

Hence, of late years there has been a great deal of attention paid by alumni and brilliant administrators of smaller institutions of learning to the problem of acquainting the public at large with colleges previously known only to alumni, students and next of kin.

First came the obvious effort to employ better football teams than older and larger schools were hiring. In several instances that practice succeeded quite well. Little, almost unknown schools began to whip the Golden Goliaths and place student-employees on at least one of the several hundred expertly selected All-American teams.

It was a fine wholesome enterprise for all learning and for football. It was a challenge to the small-school faculties to make scholars of rugged and nimble youths whose prior formal education had been stopped cold after two scoreless years in eighth grade. How magnificently faculties met this challenge! You rarely heard of a talented student-employee of a football school failing to meet academic eligibility requirements. Pedagogic genius and sheer dogged application of the student-employee worked wonders. After such victory comes triumph for the old grad who helped finance and direct the campaign to make his school known! One of the old grad's brother alumni completes school and is hired by a professional football club. The brother becomes a sensational performer. The brother's services are in such keen competitive demand he is harassed by injunctions, a mandamus or two, citations for non-support, and various other writs. Or perhaps we should say the brother would be harassed if he could steel himself to the ordeal of reading legal papers.

But it's worth all it costs when the old grad meets a prosperous and prominent illiterate who speaks fervently: "I saw Gorilla Growlovitch from Migraine Teachers play with the Scourges last Sunday and he is terrific. The Scourges, using the modified E formation around Gorilla, are worth nine to five of my money any time. Migraine sure did something for football with their E formation."

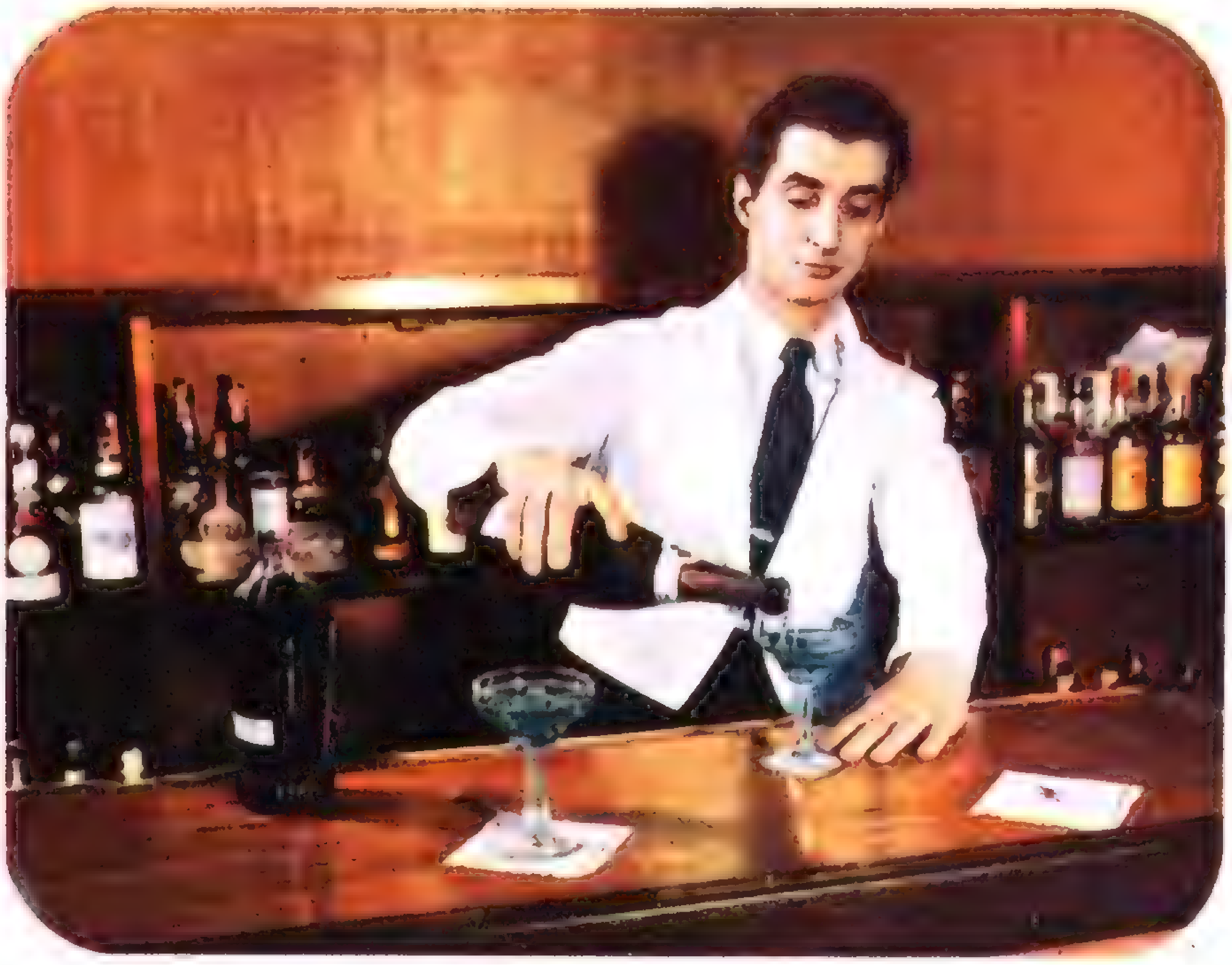
The old grad beams and says: "Yes, Gorilla's quite a boy. I know him well. Migraine's my own college. Of course the old school tie makes me partial to Gorilla but even if he'd gone to one of the other good old universities I'd say he's the smartest football player turned out in a long time."

The prosperous and prominent illiterate then is awed sufficiently to give alumnus Burpmeyer a good return on his investment in the higher education for himself and the Gorilla. Confidentially, though, Mr. Burpmeyer heard when he went back to school to look over the books—and they weren't textbooks—that the only test Gorilla Growlovitch has passed at Migraine was his Wassermann.

Despite such satisfying experiences as this, football has passed its crest as a glamourizer of small-budget colleges. It is a sport with them again.

The smaller schools can compete only temporarily with the big universities having superior experience, finances and alumni recruiting groups.

Therefore the smaller college sometimes reverses the field and tries to get into the newspapers by putting on the gridiron a squad with a national record of consecutive defeats. The strain of scheduling stronger teams finally becomes too much and a game accidentally is booked with another club having the same base ambition. The tie sours the record of both and puts an end to the amusement, if any,


GLANTZ

First it whispers, then it clouts

It's called Arise My Love. *Obviously it's not a drink to top off a successful business afternoon or smooth an air-conditioned conference, but one that works into a strict masculine fit for time spent in a quietly significant place, a desirable woman across the table. After you've been sitting there a while, you can walk up, hand in hand, to any* Arise My Love *in the place and call it by its first name. It works that way. In the glasses here on the bar in the Barberry Room in New York, bartender Ray Cesaritti has put a teaspoon of créme de menthe and is filling them, quite simply, with champagne,* comme ça. *The rule on the amount of créme de menthe required isn't mandatory and after some experience with the power of the drink you may want to call for the fortifier measured to your taste.*

of the spectators and the interest, if any, of the newspaper sports departments.

Then the school has to begin all over by trying to get a club comprised of redheaded, cockeyed or left-handed lads, or boys uniformly distinguished in some way other than by football ability.

Basketball, because of its smaller squads, has provided opportunities many small schools have capitalized in attaining national prominence. In basketball the small school can stand competitive bidding against many large establishments longer than in football. But eventually the small school, at its luckiest, is merely another school with a good basketball team, so some greater distinction must be achieved to gratify the alumni.

Hence searching for and *shanghaiing* youths of glandular abnormalities which make them tall has been a brisk enterprise of the small schools. But now the giant basketball clubs are becoming so common that to be unique a small college will have to put onto the courts a team of midgets. That may come. Pressure for queer publicity no longer can be resisted by the old-time small college that was more concerned with teaching than getting into type.

However, the publicity craving frequently has been beneficial in pepping up school administrations and faculties. Even at some of our better-known football schools the academic standard is approaching the reputation for gridiron excellence long boasted by the schools and their partisans.

Possibly the most conspicuous case of a college earnestly endeavoring to elevate its academic reputation to somewhere near the altitude of its nationally publicized athletic standing is that of a widely publicized girls' school. Displays in picture and sports sections of newspapers have indicated that each maiden attending the school divided her time between the tennis courts, swimming pool and golf course. The school agent was careful to see that photogenic rating was considered when scholarships were being handed out.

Success outdid itself. Other schools' publicity departments also went in for cheesecake pictures and the innovators of the girls' campus bust-and-limb art were swamped by the flood. Now it's rumored they are trying to figure out a way of getting papers to print a picture of a student with a book.

GLANTZ

Cook's Tour: Saber Khouri

The Mecca Restaurant, located in Manhattan's rug district, attains the dual purpose of dispensing home cooking to Syrians of that neighborhood and serving as an adventure in dining out to native New Yorkers. Syrian-born Saber Khouri explains that since the aim of his restaurant is to accent the natural flavor of food, only the most delicate of seasoning is used. Because Syria is not a rich country, its basic food is vegetables—principally dandelion greens, eggplant, okra and artichokes. Of the dishes shown in the Kodachrome the one with white coloring is meat covered with Laban (cultured cow's milk), and the pastries are Fatayer and Boughaga. You are invited to try Mr. Khouri's recipe for Sheesh kabab (which is similar to the Russian Shaslik) as follows: Put four or five inch-square chunks of lamb, from which fat and muscle have been thoroughly trimmed, on a skewer with a thick slice of tomato and a piece of onion. Broil under the flame until well done, and then season to taste.

The possibilities of school promotion by sports accent are still far from exhausted by the smaller schools. There remains a chance for the smaller school to improve its popular status by proclaiming itself the alma mater of a weight-lifting champion who has the body beautiful, by having the nation's No. 1 team at riding to hounds, by presenting a skeet-shooting team of potential Annie Oakleys, or by collecting the international collegiate championship fly-casting squad. The minor sports are nearly wide open, although such items as archery pictures receive space now and then in bull-pup editions with the same corny captions about "this modern Diana."

Screwball non-athletic stunts, most of which have been put across by press agents for commercial enterprises using the schools and students as stooges, have accounted for much publicity received by the lower-grade institutions of the higher learning. If the publicity stunt is goofy enough there'll be an ample supply of eager young dimwits to pose for any sort of picture the P.A. devises.

But the recognized defect of such school publicity activities is that the affairs have a tendency to identify participating schools as places where the mentally retarded are students.

As far as the publicity-hungry students are concerned the old gag of having the college funny paper withdrawn because of latrine wall juvenile humor is virtually worn out. It's been used so much that the campus, faculty and general public are numb to it. Newspapers won't go for this endeavor, so at its strongest, it's only a word-of-mouth enterprise outside the campus. The parties responsible, instead of getting the notoriety they desire, are quietly turned over for a little session with a psychiatrist.

There is a somewhat better chance to get the old school mentioned by having the college serious paper run a rebellious editorial, which causes brief excitement on the campus but the general public is disposed to let the incident pass unnoticed or with the casual comment, "I see that campus jerks haven't changed a bit."

Where the little school now is making its biggest bid for free publicity is not by use of its student body, but by awarding honorary degrees to people who never went to school. That's long been an effective space-grabbing practice of dignified old schools.

An honorary degree is not a rarity to men in high public office. President Truman has such degrees by the bale. Churchill got one from the school that flunked him as a student, and others from universities apparently committed to a policy of reminding their students that the way to get a degree was to get to work somewhere else.

Businessmen, actors, actresses, and military professional men, at each commencement, are awarded honorary LL.D., LL.B., Lit.D., and Ph.D. honorary degrees with lavish hands not, as often used to be the case, as the school's receipt for endowments, but because the recipient of the degree is more of a headliner than the college.

Now even the honorary degree ballyhoo on the orthodox basis is getting thin. Colleges with more of a modern circus element in them bestow on public characters special campus Oscars.

A moll whose education has been profitably limited to never giving the wrong answer to the right people gets herself in marquee lights. Then by the combined efforts of the studio and a college publicity department she is given a degree as a Doctor of Pulchritudinous Erudition. She doesn't know what it means. She gracefully accepts her degree before the photographers, and others in whom she has no deep interest. After that she can be referred to as a woman of letters and that won't hurt her press any. The school has made the papers as a trailer to her new picture, and that's what the school wanted.

The necessity of adding new punch to the honorary degree practice will have the eager schools offering honorary degrees for which the recipients really qualify. The man who makes a better mousetrap steps up and gets a BMT.D. degree. The Croesus who achieved his distinction by snatching any desirable property not under heavy guard, gets a degree of Distinguished Larceny. DL.D. after his name will look much better than the number he'd have had if his lawyers hadn't been the best. The prominent businessman who's notorious for his affairs with wenches can be handed an honorary M.W. degree as a Master of Wenchery. The prominent patron of the school who comes to the platform wavering under a cargo of 90 proof spirits can be given a Th.D. as a Doctor of Thirst.

The school will get mention in the papers for appreciating the genuine distinguishing talents of those upon whom it confers its press agent degrees. That's what the school craves and must have to keep up with the rapid advance of American education. A school may find a few strong characters who will refuse to accept its honorary degrees, but there'll be fifty willing to step in and share the spotlight with the school for every one who refuses to be a party to the school plan for chiseling free space. And each of the fifty will have eminence, of some sort, to contribute to the collegiate ballyhoo. The fifty will have degrees conferred on them, eventually.

So, all together now, fellows, nine rahs for Bushwah; the old school must get its name in the papers. ##

How's Your Fashion Quotient?

Esky proffers his spot quiz of the month, which you may try on your fashion-conscious friends as a parlor game for their amusement, amazement and general enlightenment

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

Here are 20 questions pertaining to matters of dress to gauge your instinct for good taste and your knowledge of fashion terms. Allow 5 points for each correct answer. A score of 85 is good; 60 to 85 is fair; below 60—not so sharp. Correct answers appear in the box under the illustrations.

1. Cuff links selected to complement a grey suit and blue shirt may have (a) Blue stones, (b) Brown stones, (c) Green stones. (Note the illustration at the top of the next column.)

2. Mackinaw is (a) Coat-style sweater, (b) An interlining used in sport coats, (c) A short heavy outercoat with a full belt.

3. Galosh is (a) Native Hungarian dish, (b) An alternate name for suspenders or braces, (c) An overshoe which is worn on sloppy, snowy days.

4. Accordion-ribbed hose are (a) A length of garden hose which plays a tune when water runs through it, (b) Six and three or three by one ribbed socks in two-tone color ribbing, (c) Horizontal ribbed hose.

5. Grosgrain is (a) Ribbed fabric of silk or synthetic blend for facing of lapels of dinner jackets, (b) A breakfast food packed in kits for sportsmen, (c) A fine texture leather with grain effect finer than Scotch grain.

6. The best hat to wear with a dinner jacket is (a) A black or midnight blue Homburg felt, (b) Light grey snap-brim, (c) Brown Homburg.

7. Trousers of a dinner jacket have (a) A single braid on the side seam of the trousers, (b) Two lengths of braid on the side seam.

8. The turned down or fold collar is correct with (a) Dinner jacket, (b) Tail coat.

9. The right outercoat to wear with a dinner jacket is (a) A tan camel's-hair topcoat, (b) A dark blue overcoat, (c) A brown tweed overcoat.

10. The correct shoe with a dinner jacket is (a) Black perforated wing tip, (b) Black Scotch grained medallion tip, (c) Black plain toe patent leather.

11. Capeskin leather is (a) Made only in Capetown, Africa, (b) Used in men's gloves, (c) Used to reinforce the shoulders of raincoats.

12. Collar stay is (a) A strip of plastic, metal, or plastic-covered metal to hold slot, (b) Tab that buttons on collar button, (c) Processed collar fabric that needs no starch.

13. Wool jersey sport shirt is (a) A finely woven fabric, (b) Made only from the wool of sheep on the Isle of Jersey, (c) Made of lightweight knitted wool.

14. British Warm is (a) The British version of the American hotfoot, (b) A quilt-lined sport coat, (c) A shorter than knee-length double-breasted overcoat.

15. A box coat is (a) The outer wrapping used on packing cases, (b) A loose-fitting outercoat with set-in sleeves, (c) Jacket worn by boxers entering the ring.

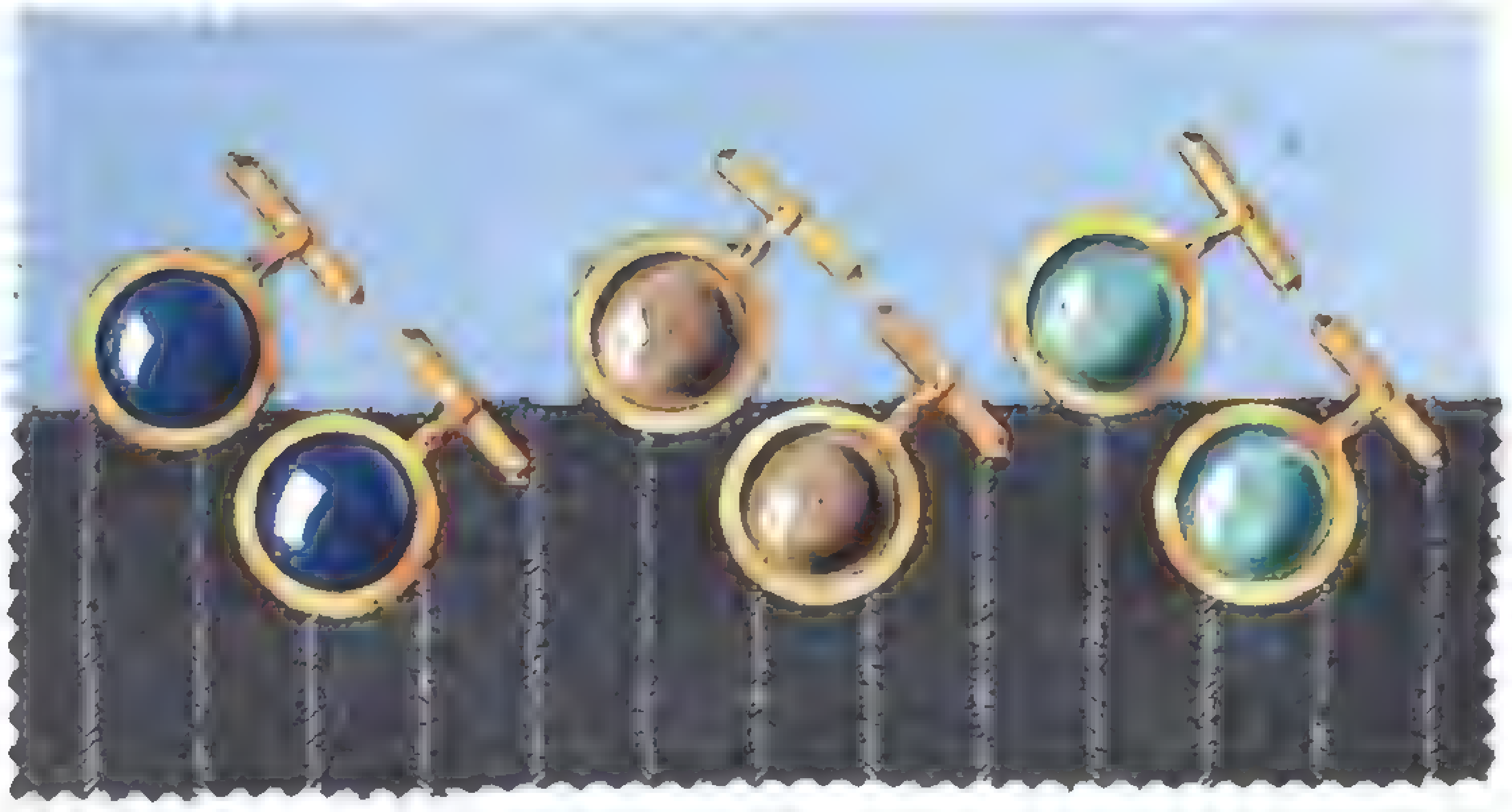
16. Cordovan is (a) Made from buffalo hides, (b) So-called because it is reinforced with small threads, (c) Made from fine horsehides split so as to retain their grain. (Center illustration.)

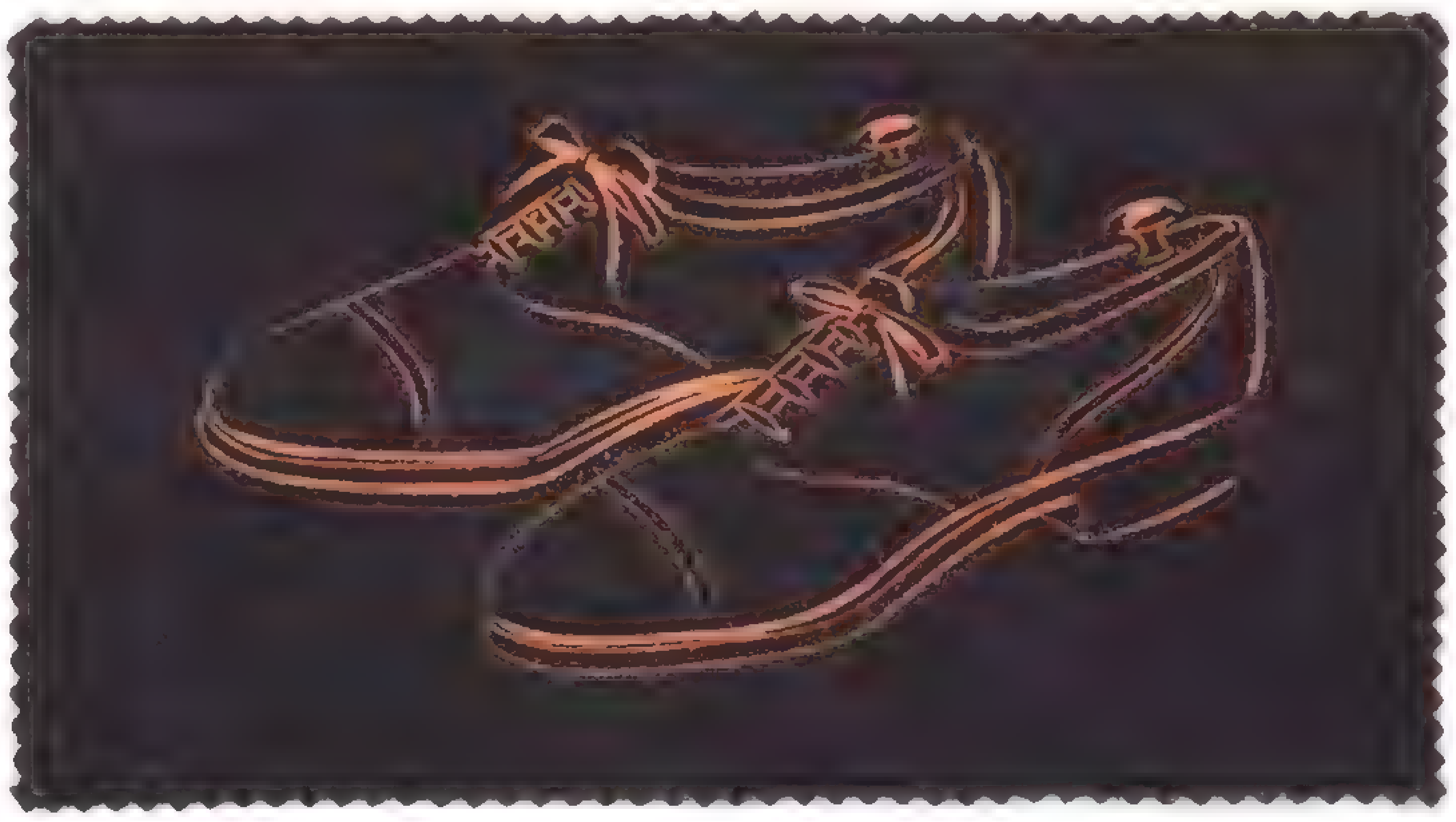
17. The most appropriate accessories with a dark blue overcoat are (a) Grey felt hat, maroon figured foulard muffler, grey mocha gloves, (b) Green hat and muffler and pigskin gloves, (c) Brown hat, maroon knitted gloves, grey scarf.

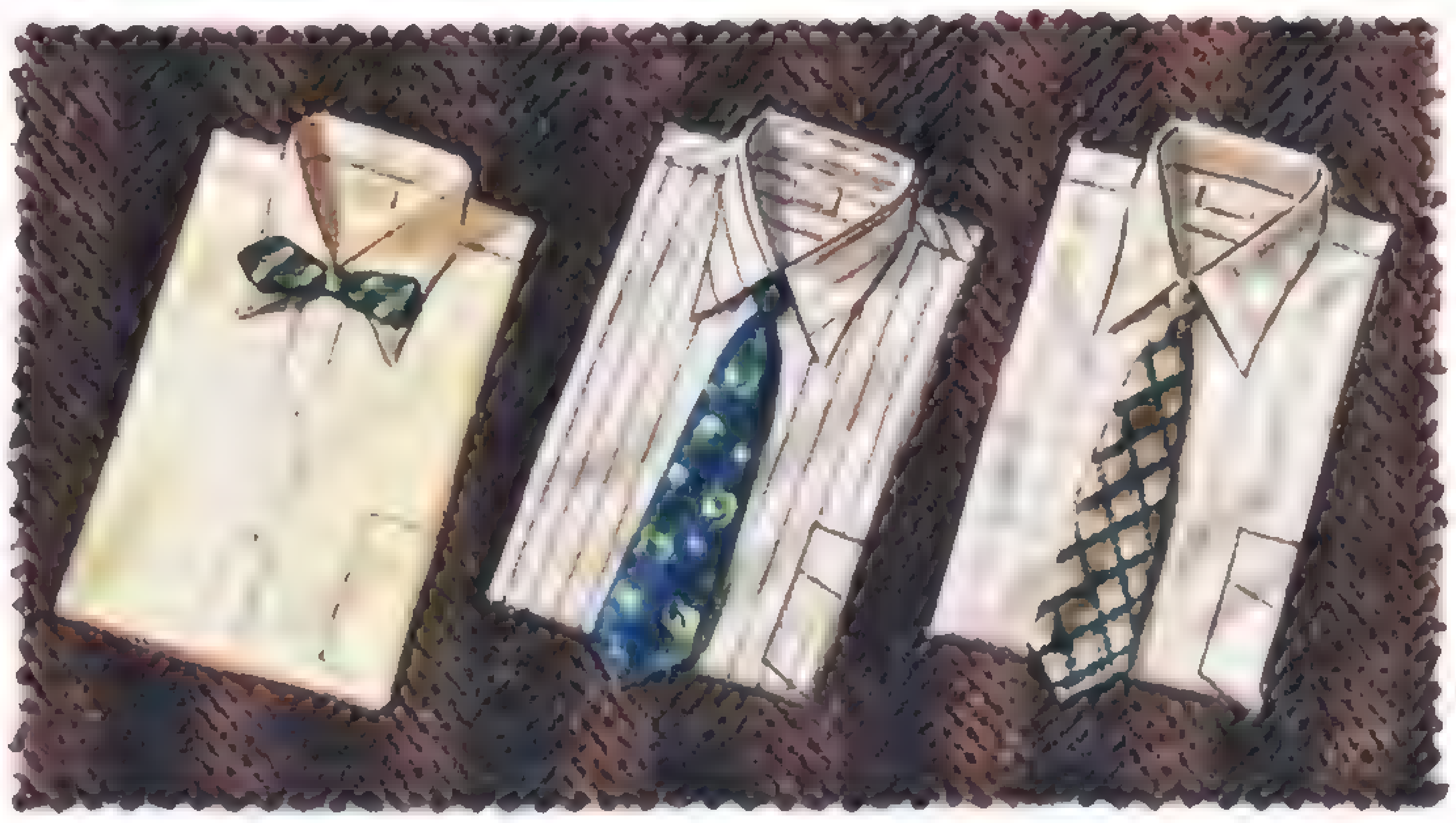
18. The best choice of accessories for a brown tweed suit consists of (a) Green and gold stripe bow tie and a tan shirt with button-down collar, (b) Blue and yellow figured tie and maroon and grey striped shirt, (c) Tartan tie with tan plaid shirt. (Bottom illustration.)

19. A large Tartan design sweater is acceptable with (a) Glen Urquhart plaid sport coat, (b) Diagonal weave tweed, (c) Large hound's-tooth check.

20. The white waistcoat with formal evening clothes should extend (a) Below the front of the tail coat, (b) Slightly above the front of the tail coat. ⌗

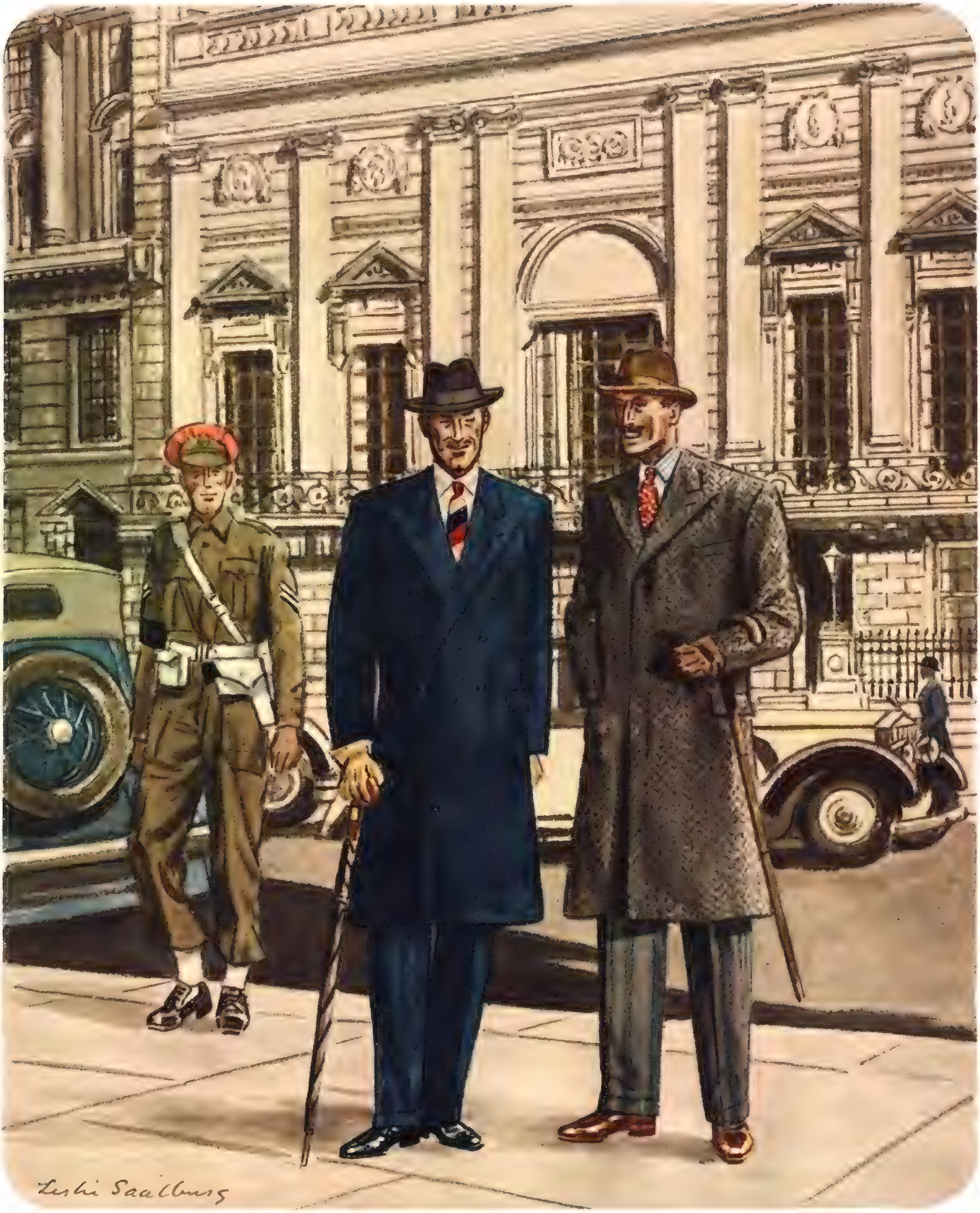






Answers

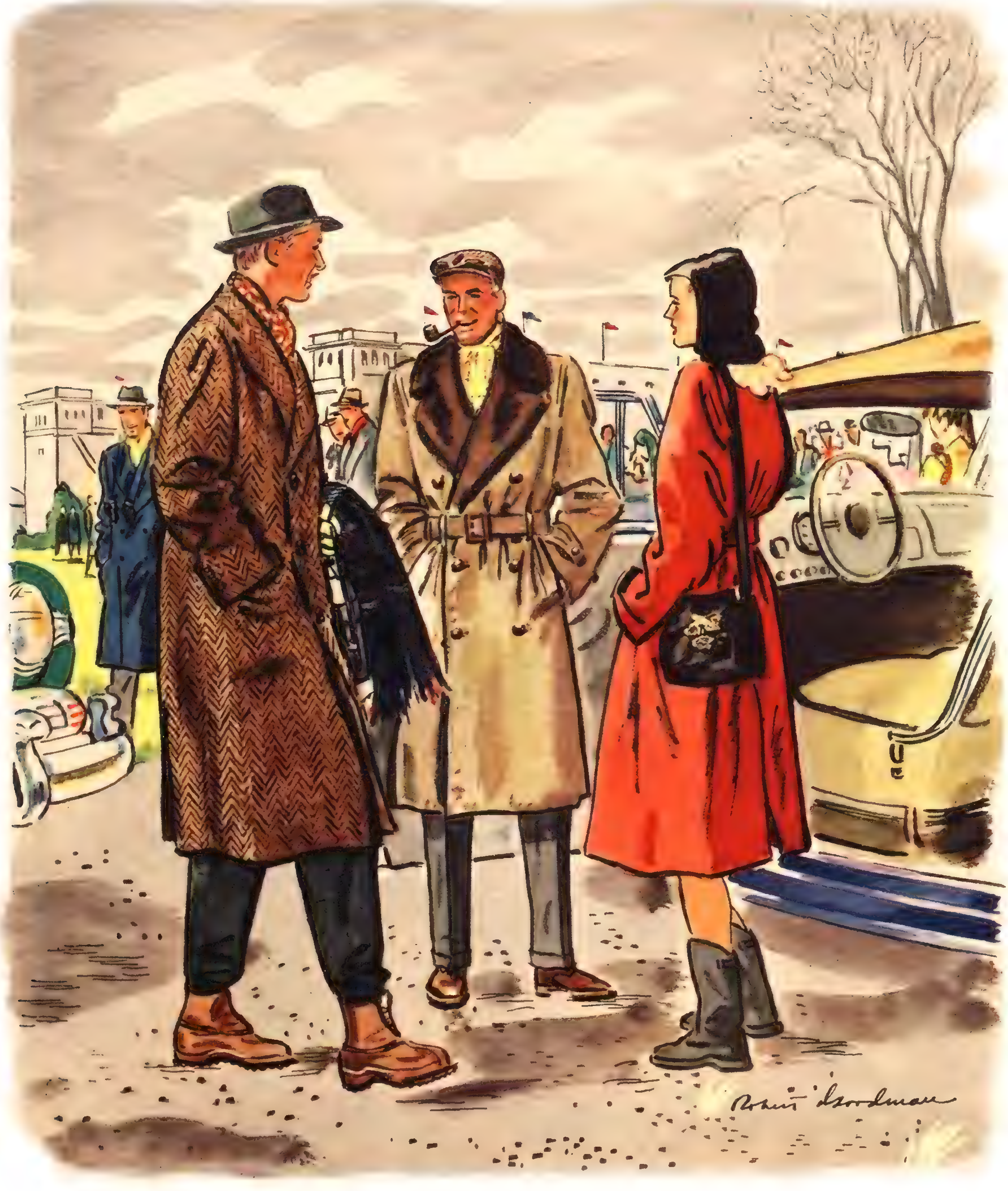
1—a	6—a	11—b	16—c
2—c	7—a	12—a	17—a
3—c	8—a	13—c	18—a
4—b	9—b	14—c	19—b
5—a	10—c	15—b	20—b



STROLLING IN WHITEHALL

Drawing by Leslie Saalburg

Most Englishmen prefer overcoats that are slightly shorter than knee length and are thus adapted to the salutary British habit of walking. The gentleman carrying the wood shank umbrella tops his wide grey-striped blue suit with a six-button double-breasted blue overcoat and black Homburg. His accessories: a white shirt with widespread collar, a grey, red and black club stripe tie, chamois gloves and black shoes. His companion wears a fashionable semi-fitted overcoat in grey herringbone with fly front and peaked lapels over a grey worsted suit with spaced blue stripes. A grey Homburg, blue striped shirt, tie of wine background with white angular pattern, brown capeskin gloves and ruddy brown shoes complement this outfit.



TRIANGLE AT THE STADIUM

Drawing by Robert Goodman

You can't blame a coed for making the most of the manpower surplus, and besides, comparisons are always interesting. The undergraduate wears the new small pin-check cap; his blue and yellow plaid wool scarf adds a note of color to his tan gabardine outercoat, which has a warm brown pile lining. Note the brown brogues and flannel slacks. The alumnus at left wears a green country-type hat that is gaining favor among sportsmen and urbanites. His yellow and red Paisley scarf furnishes a nice contrast for his tweed overcoat, which is designed in a six-button double-breasted style. His Lovat Shetland tweed suit has a blue overplaid. And for insulation against the cold he wears sheep-lined stadium boots and knitted wool gloves.

GREENHALGH

Columbia's omniscient robot reports the average response to radio shows, reveals why one program flops and another clicks

Big Annie Tells All

by DELL CHANDLER

Big Annie is less than four feet tall but she weighs 275 pounds. With such a figure it might seem improbable that she would fascinate anyone. She does, though. She wins complete attention from some of the highest paid men in the amusement industry. What gets them is Annie's astonishing capacity for telling the truth. She is no "yes" woman. When a show stinks she tells her boss, "It stinks!" She has already kicked a number of radio shows off the air, changed the format of others and determined which newcomers should get the breaks.

Obviously Big Annie is superhuman. With increasing frequency she is being used to test the audience reactions of mere humans. Annie is the nickname radio researchers have given to their giant program analyzer which records the second-by-second audience response to radio shows. Before Annie's arrival a program's popularity could be judged only by the "who and how many listen" surveys of established nose-counting techniques of Hooper and Nielsen.

These and other rating services rely, for the most part, on telephone surveys and the Listener Diary in which chosen families note their daily radio fare. From these methods they can estimate with a fair degree of accuracy how many listeners a given program has at a given moment. They can also judge the flow of audience from one show to another. At no time do they concern themselves with why one show clicks and another flops or what elements within a program win regular listeners. They may guess but they don't test. Those who make their living in radio quake as their ratings come in. Abject or elated as the decimal moves one way or the other, both performers and their sponsors tend to forget that these surveys contain a singular gap. The all-important discovery on a larger, more scientific basis, of "which parts of what programs listeners like or dislike" and "why" had to wait until Annie came along.

Big Annie does her full-time tattling for the Columbia Broadcasting System. For her tests, station announcements invite listeners to "come judge a radio show." A representative group of one hundred is carefully selected on the basis of age as well as of educational and economic background.

Here's how it works: as you and the other volunteers who accepted the broadcast invitation arrive, you are escorted to an air-conditioned, medium-sized studio by a bosomy blonde who hands you an 8 x 10 cardboard to use as a writing support. You walk to a comfortable leather-covered armchair on which rests a numbered pair of red and green buttons. These are connected forkwise to a single cable The cable runs under the row of chairs and is plugged into the bottom section of what looks like a streamlined roll-top desk. This is Annie. From the front, she is fat and hooded in an unprepossessing light blue. From the other side, you can see what makes her tick.

Two glass cages about the size of a meter box enclose rolls of graph paper drawn like toweling over two rollers. The paper is marked off into vertical and horizontal lines. Each vertical line designates two people, each light horizontal line five seconds of time. In one case a swinging red pen and in the other a swinging green pen chart the taste of the button-pushing judges. Thus, if twenty listeners press the disapproving red button for fifteen seconds the red pen will draw a line across ten vertical lines while the revolving tape passes under the pen point for three "five second" lines. At the same time, in a similar way, a graph is being made of those pressing green. Both tapes are synchronized with the program being tested. A timed script is at hand for the psychologist conducting the experiment. Between the script and the tape he can take in at a glance which parts of the program are being reacted to favorably or unfavorably and which are not making any impression at all.

But that's behind the scenes. Out front the double studio door is shut on time. A bustly, toothsome young man comes in to make every one feel at ease. He gives the purpose of the experiment: to learn what you like and don't like and why. In a chummy way he gets the simple instructions across.

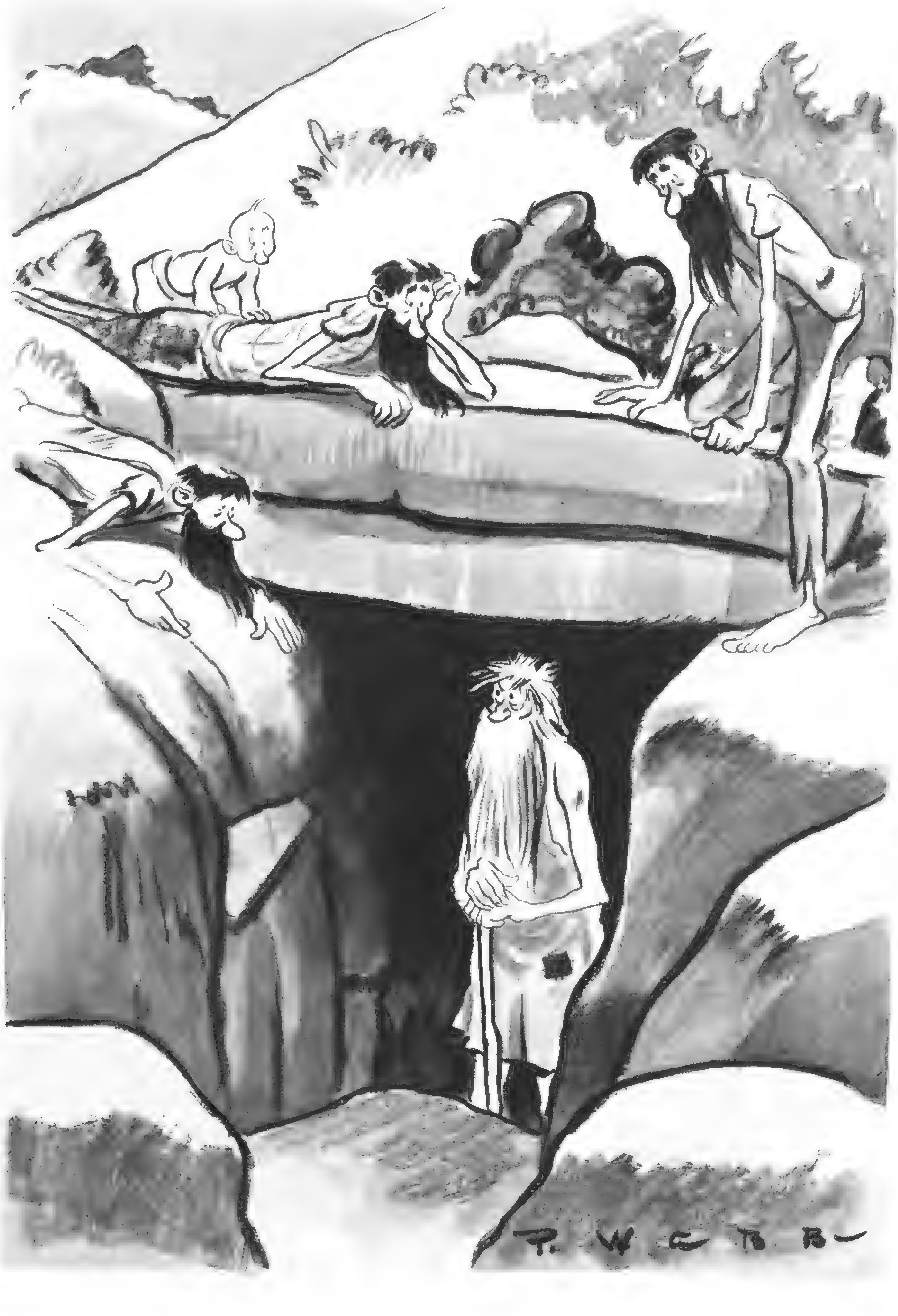
"Pick up the pair of buttons belonging to your chair. Press the red button when you don't like what you hear, for as long as you don't like it. Press green when you do like it, for as long as you like it. Hands off when you're indifferent."

There was a practice run. The instructions were intoned a second time—this time from a record platter. Just for good measure our host with the Dale Carnegie smile reviewed the rules a third time. As a final request, you and your fellow listeners are asked to tend to your own button-pushing and not be influenced by your neighbor's opinionated thumb. To make the whole atmosphere homier, and to facilitate independent thinking, the lights are lowered and the recorded broadcast is on.

A respectful silence ensues while a syrupy voice, with bedroom overtones, enjoins the ladies to smell and dust with Queen Helen's perfumes and powders. The red graph begins to build peaks of displeasure. A sweet and schmaltzy tenor is followed by a supper-club chanteuse, also in a dreamy tempo. The sudden intrusion of a north-of-the-border rumba temporarily jolts the listeners from their pleasant somnolence. For no apparent reason other than that there is a guest star from the theatre, a dramatic skit is introduced. The announcer is the boy, the lady of stage and screen is the girl. ("But she sounds old enough to be his mother," your neighbor comments.) Boy and the grande dame voice get into a whimsical conversation, the kind that only happens to casual acquaintances who meet on the airlanes. Audience attention begins to wander after the fifth or sixth volley of limping repartee. Now the announcer returns: to urge and entreat women of the world to try the Queen Helen products. Practically everyone is *(Continued on page 224)*

BURR SHAFER

"Oh, there's not much to tell—all I remember is that they put some sort of mask over my face"



"Heck! Her folks married her off to a feller from Snagtooth twenty years ago . . . they ain't a-gunnin' fer you no more"

FAULKNER

The Esquire Sports Poll on Pro Football

Astute and vehement as usual, our experts sound off on some gridiron growing pains

by **JIM CROSSETT**

When Jim Crowley & Company divided the house of professional football last year they set the experts to speculating as they hadn't speculated since the turn of the century when baseball's house was split down the middle by the American League. The new All-America Conference, set up on a coast-to-coast basis from Miami to Los Angeles, has spent money like a sweepstakes winner, pirated name players of the caliber of Lee Artoe and Norm Standlee, issued reams of publicity—and, in short, joined the issue with the NFL.

So the battle is on and the large question—however phrased—begs an answer to the new league's chances of making good. The Esquire Sports Poll sent out pre-season ballots to its gallery of experts and asked: "Do you think that the new All-America Conference with its coast-to-coast membership will overshadow the National Football League in national importance?"

The response was a stalemate, with yeses and noes balancing beautifully and both camps vocal with a vengeance. Following an established policy of letting the experts speak for themselves, Esquire offers the following samples of sentiment and comment on the matter.

For the National Football League:

"There are too few natural rivalries in the new league and distances make it impossible to develop them."—Dick Cullun, Minneapolis *Times*.

"The National League has an established following throughout the nation already and securing of the former Cleveland franchise by Los Angeles will boost interest on the West Coast."—Vince Lloyd, Peoria *Journal-Transcript*.

"It would take another generation for the All-America to overshadow the National. Who doesn't remember the Packers, Bears, Redskins, etc?"—Bob Leonard, WSOY, Decatur, Illinois.

"As some wag aptly put it, Jane Russell wasn't built in a day. It took the National League over a decade to challenge college football prominence. It'll take the All-America a long time to prove itself. The big question marks of the new conference are the 'weak sisters'—Buffalo, Miami and Cleveland. These three can take away a lot from an otherwise good thing."—Bob Fouts, KYA, San Francisco.

"The new league will generate great interest because it is a new venture, but it won't overshadow the National in the fan's mind until at least he has a chance to see the type of play it produces."—Bill Stern, Director of Sports, NBC.

"The teams in the National League have a definite following—some of it dating back a quarter of a century. At least seven out of ten clubs operate a 'perpetual' season ticket list, which is somewhat of a guarantee of a financially sound season. Too, the new AA falls down on its less important population centers."—Ed Nichterlein, *Press-Union*, Atlantic City, New Jersey.

For the All-America Conference:

"The 'coast-to-coast' angle will give the National Leaguers something to worry about. The quality will be there and the new league will do it on the 'A to P' scope." —Vic Diehm, Hazleton, Pennsylvania.

"The new league will naturally overshadow the old because it is backed by sports-minded men who will give it all they've got. Any big-time sports promotion, financially supported with the proper salesmanship flare, will go big today."—Abe Green, Paterson, New Jersey.

"Because the All-America is new it will show its heels to the old league. People today go for the new and different things. The 'name' stars and coaches are plentiful in the AAC and more fans will go to see them because of the wide coverage of the loop's membership."—Joe Halberstein, Lima, Ohio, *News*.

"Major cities on the Pacific slope have retained much of their wartime population and all are definitely sports-minded, judging from increased attendance in other sports. I think the AA will be very well supported and surpass the National in importance."—George Bertz, Oregon *Journal*.

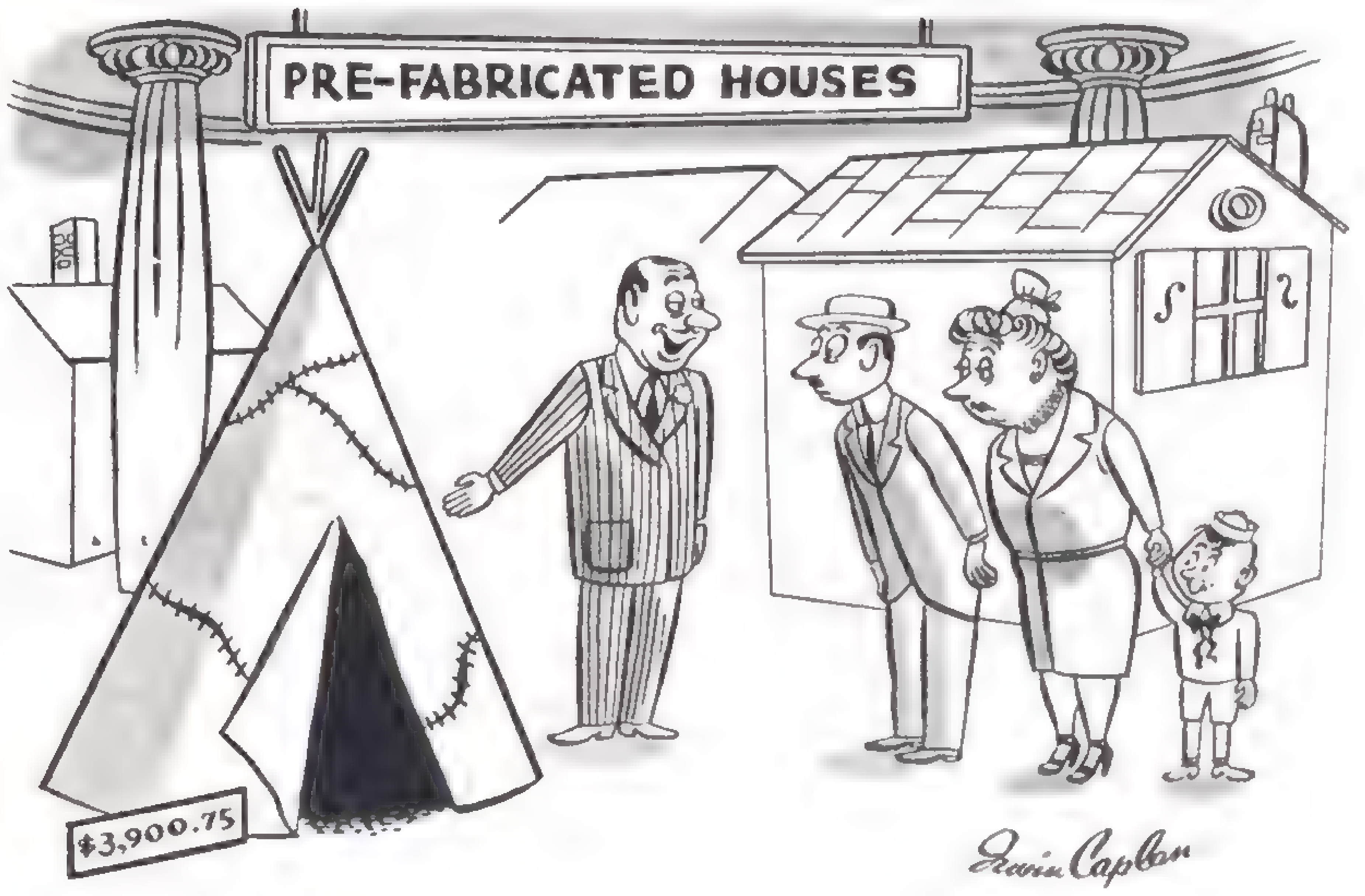
"Better schedules, better players, more progressive and realistic outlook all go to help the new All-America overshadow the National from the start."—Hy Turkin, New York *News*.

"'Overshadow' is the word—because of its very structure of coast-to-coast membership more fans will be interested. Also the reportedly higher salaries offered by the AA will attract better players and make for better football from the spectators' point of view!"—Bill Kastelz, St. Augustine, Florida, *Record*,

"Better organized, better financed, better advised and, finally, more colorful makes this new league the big shadow in the sun for the old regime."—Roscoe Bennett, Grand Rapids, Michigan, *Press*.

However divergent their opinions on the battle between the two leagues, the majority of the experts predict that lion and lamb will be lying down together come Autumn, 1947. Basing their guesses on the "kiss and make up" experience of major-league baseball, they figure the adult NFL and the infant AAC will soon be waging a pro football world series, beginning with a single postseason game and blossoming into a best two out of three affair.

Taken in toto, their opinions size up something like this: Pro football is big and it's growing and there's room enough for another league. The birth struggle of the All-America Conference has cost the moguls on both sides hard cash and sleepless nights, but it's a healthy thing all around. Already, the players have come into better times as salaries have zoomed. Once the cauldron simmers down, it would seem that where there was one league there will be two and both will be better off for it. Maybe professional football—which spent a generation fighting collegiate competition and won—will soon be big in the way baseball is big. Anyway you look at it, the paying customer figures to profit—and that's as it should be. ⌗



"Here's an early American style very popular out West"

You don't have to believe in the stuff to peddle it, but it helps both parties considerably when the buyer has faith

Harlem Love Potions

by DALE KRAMER

DOMINIC

High John the Conqueror, a stocky, barrel-chested Negro with a broad face and protruding, good-humored eyes, was waiting for me at the bar of the Harlem Lounge & Grill. He finished off his gin, taking it without a chaser. "Subahdar Jabo is at his studio," he said. "Let's go right down there now."

When I first knew High John he was simply T/4 Pete Green in a quartermaster outfit in New Guinea. As a cook he had access to dried fruits and canned berries and occasionally some half-rotted potatoes out of which he fermented probably the best jungle juice on the island. One afternoon we were sitting around drinking juice out of C-ration tins when a buddy of Green's yelled under the side of the tent, "High John, you got a conjure potion that'll bring my girl out to this jungle?"

High John laughed, and after a couple more tins of juice he told some stories of his prewar Harlem career as dealer in mysterious roots and oils, ritualistic baths, advice from dead prophets—generally from Moses—and other forms of magic. High John the Conquering Root, supposed to be the most potent of all the magic herbs, had provided his title.

But on theory and many details High John was vague. Subahdar Jabo, his old boss, knew all those things. The Subahdar, who had picked his title out of a book on India, was the best two-headed doctor in Harlem—two heads because he worked in both the spiritual and physical worlds. High John promised that when we got back to New York, he would get the Subahdar to explain magic to me.

* * *

High John pressed a bell at a step-down Lenox Avenue apartment and when no one answered he pushed open the door and we entered. "The Subahdar can't be far off," High John said.

Gigantic purple mohair chairs filled a good half of the room, and the space was further reduced by mauve tapestries which hid one corner. I was studying an oil painting of a yellow-turbaned Oriental when a slim Negro came in from the street. He was dressed in a dark cherry red suit, a carefully starched wine red shirt with a single white horizontal stripe in the collar, beautifully burnished tan laceless shoes, and a new varnished straw hat with a violet ribbon.

"Here the Subahdar," High John said when the Negro entered.

On Subahdar Jabo the clothes did not appear gaudy. They were offset by his quiet tan eyes, the cool bearing of his slender body, and the reserve of his ochre, slightly high-cheekboned face.

He handed a package to High John. "Gin. Bring four glasses. Margo is coming."

He sat down carefully in one of the big fanbacked chairs, crossed his legs, and lighted a gold-tipped cigarette. "You want to know about the magic mind," he said finally. The lids drooped slowly over his opaque eyes.

High John came back from the kitchen with the gin. "Now then, Subahdar, this is a friend of mine," he said. "We ain't going to sell him nothing. You can dispense with the fancy stuff."

Subahdar Jabo's eyes snapped open and his lips shot back in a white smile. "Okay, we'll talk shop. I guess I got a sort of habit." He raised his glass and let the gin trickle down his throat. "Everybody's got a little of the magic," he said, handing the glass to High John. "Take a woman getting her palm read free with a six-bit lunch. Now, she don't believe it, and then again she don't entirely disbelieve. Same with horoscope stuff—why do you reckon the newspapers print little daily reports on the stars?

"Of course, biggest share we get in this business—spiritualist, voodoo, conjure, two-headed doctor, and such—are uneducated, never had a chance to learn. I got a young fellow due in here now. He's green. Came up from a cotton field, catches a little work washing cars and the like. Scared of the city. Lacks confidence. Afraid to ask a girl out, afraid to go into a dance hall, even a church. It's all psychology. Now, I got to give that boy self-conviction. Only way is by a little root, a little oil, maybe a mojo bag—that's a little flannel or chamois pouch with some piece of magic in it."

High John was pouring more gin, and he nodded comfortably. "The Subahdar know. The Subahdar is a philosopher."

The doorbell jangled and Subahdar Jabo admitted a Negro youth wearing a tremendous pork-pie cap, a heavy gold watch chain which looped from belt to knees, and a worried expression. The boy's hands were muscular and rough. His cheap suit was unpressed, but his heavy shoes had as bright a polish as the leather would take. The Subahdar excused himself and disappeared with the youth into the kitchen. I studied the oil painting again, at the same time searching my pockets for a match.

"In your breast pocket," High John said. "I saw you put them there. That's our business, watching every tiny little thing thataway." He took the painting from the wall and handed it to me. It was a fairly accurate likeness of Subahdar Jabo, with his eyes narrowed.

"But the Subahdar hardly ever works in costume any more," High John said, replacing the painting. "That's one fault the Subahdar's got. He's lazy. Nowadays a gobo comes in, the Subahdar don't pay no heed to the trimmings."

"What's a gobo?" I asked.

High John leaned forward. "That's a gobo in there right now." Then he looked puzzled. "How come they're called gobos I ain't sure. Subahdar, he can explain that."

Subahdar Jabo escorted the youth, the worry almost erased from his face, from the kitchen to the street door. "That boy is forging along," he said, coming back to his chair. "He saw others with pork-pie caps and gilt-iron chains, and he got them. One of these days he is liable to grow into a sharpie—wear peg-bottom pants and a fancy green coat—and then he won't need no little piece of root or bottle of oil to get a girl. Or

(Continued on page 177)

"You know something, Dad? We're both in love with the same woman"

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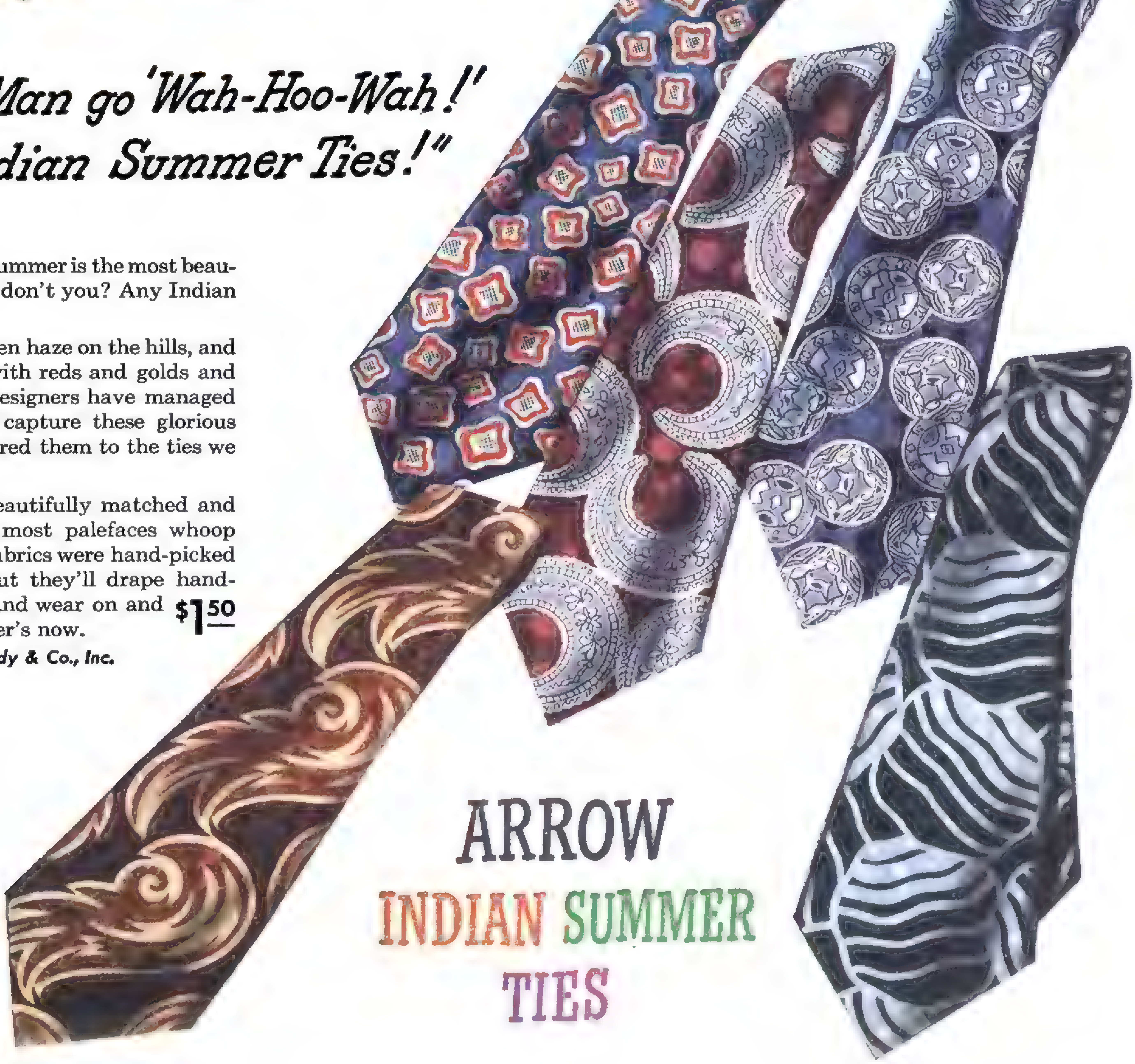

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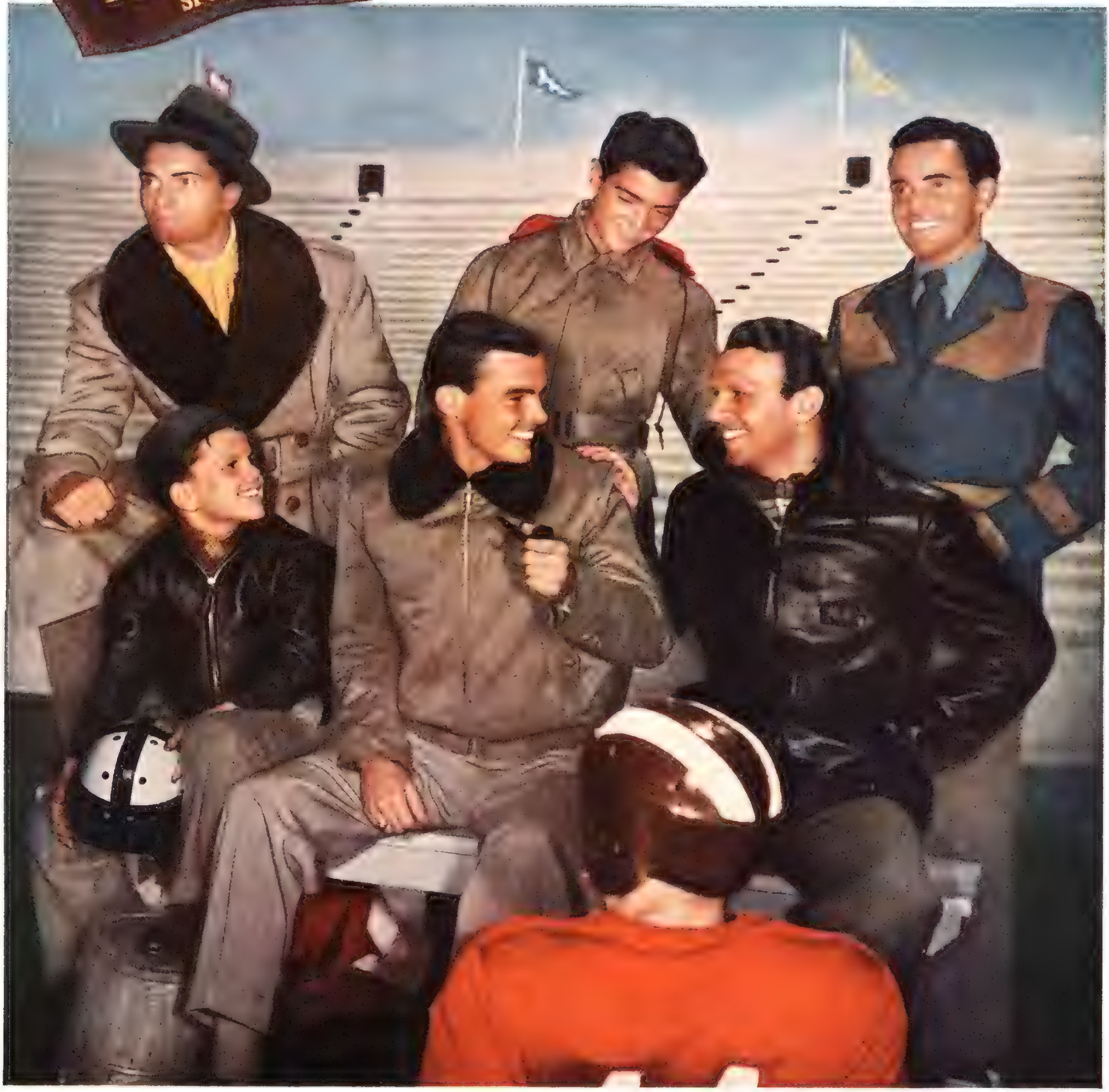

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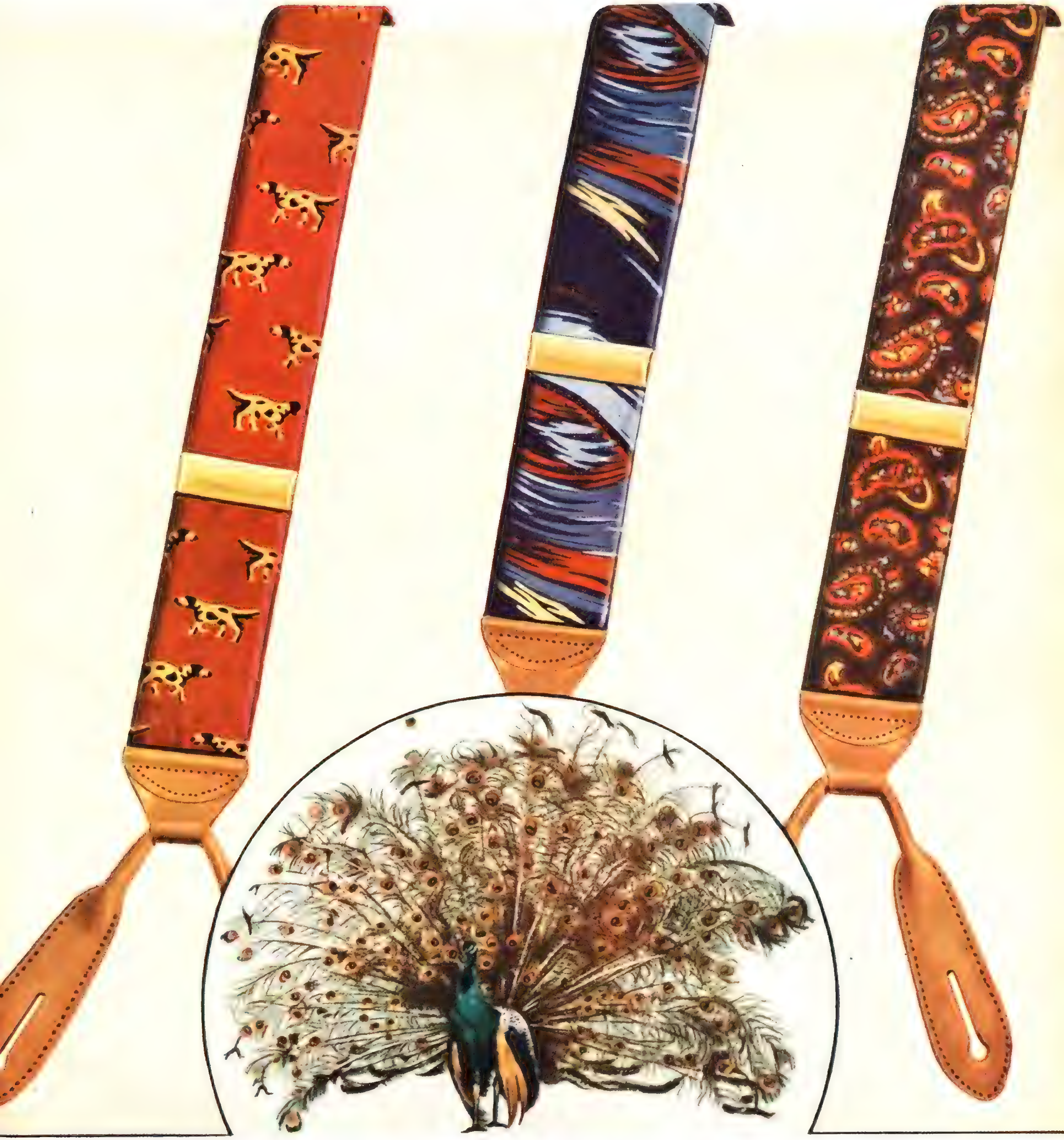

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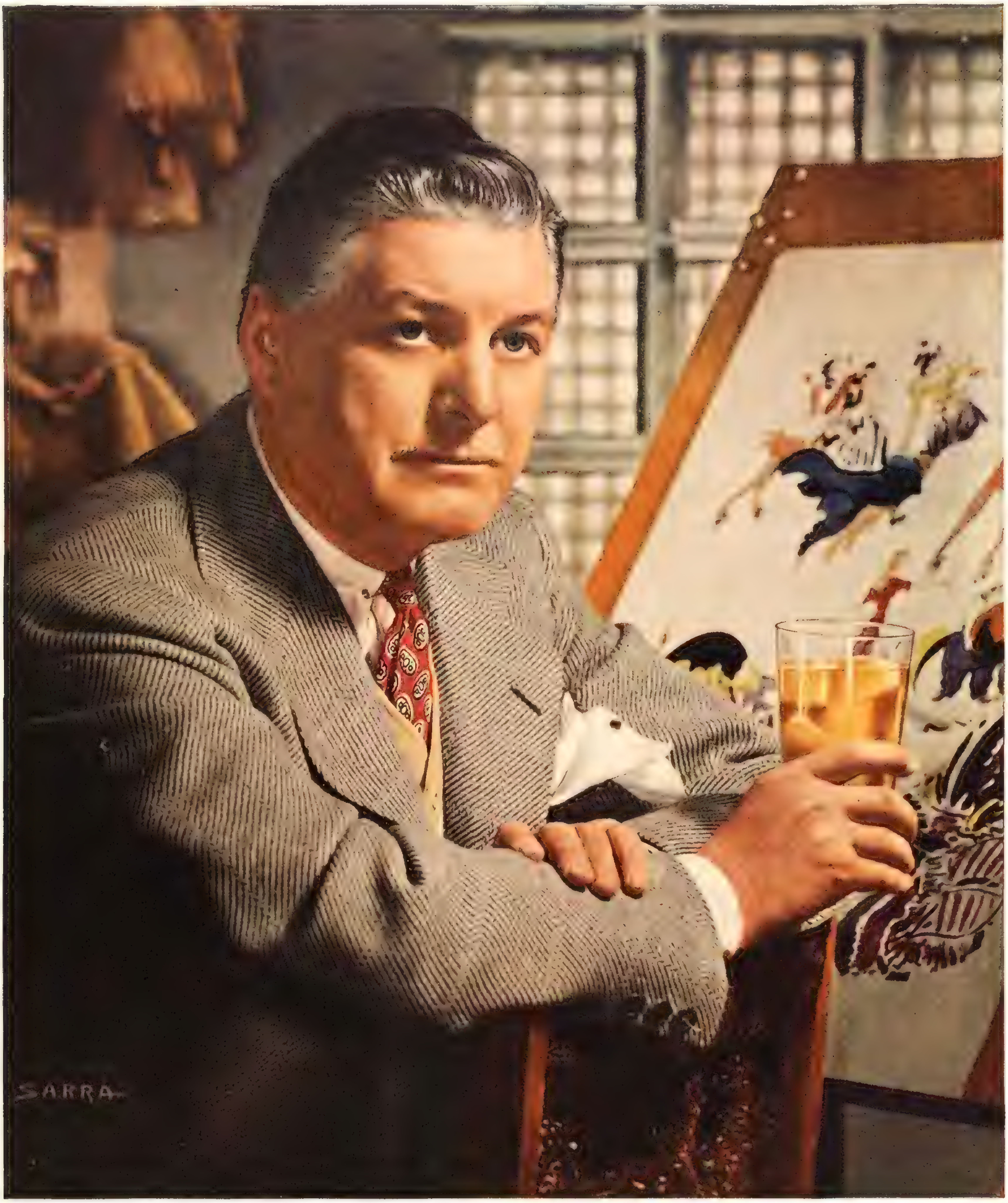

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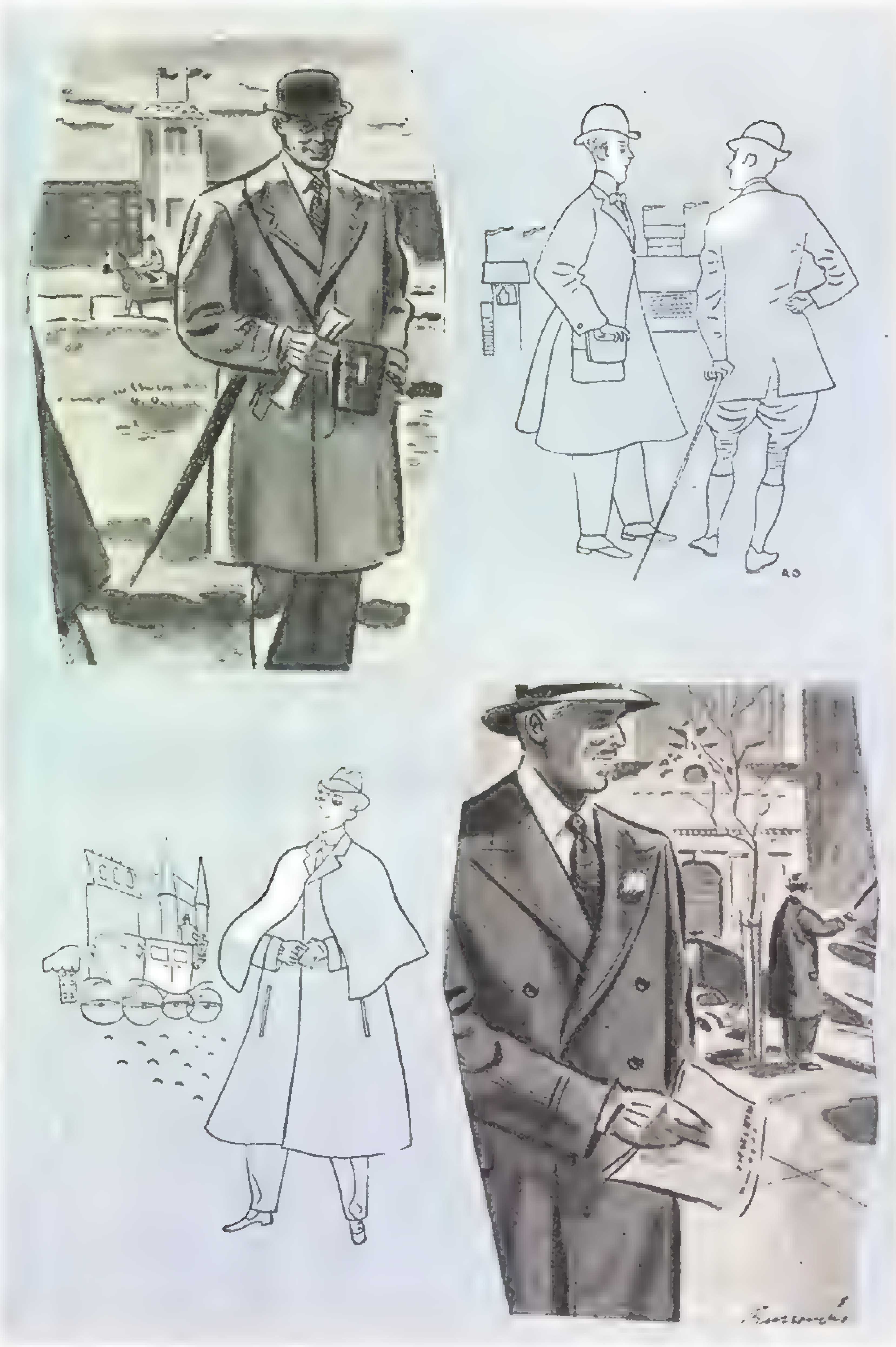
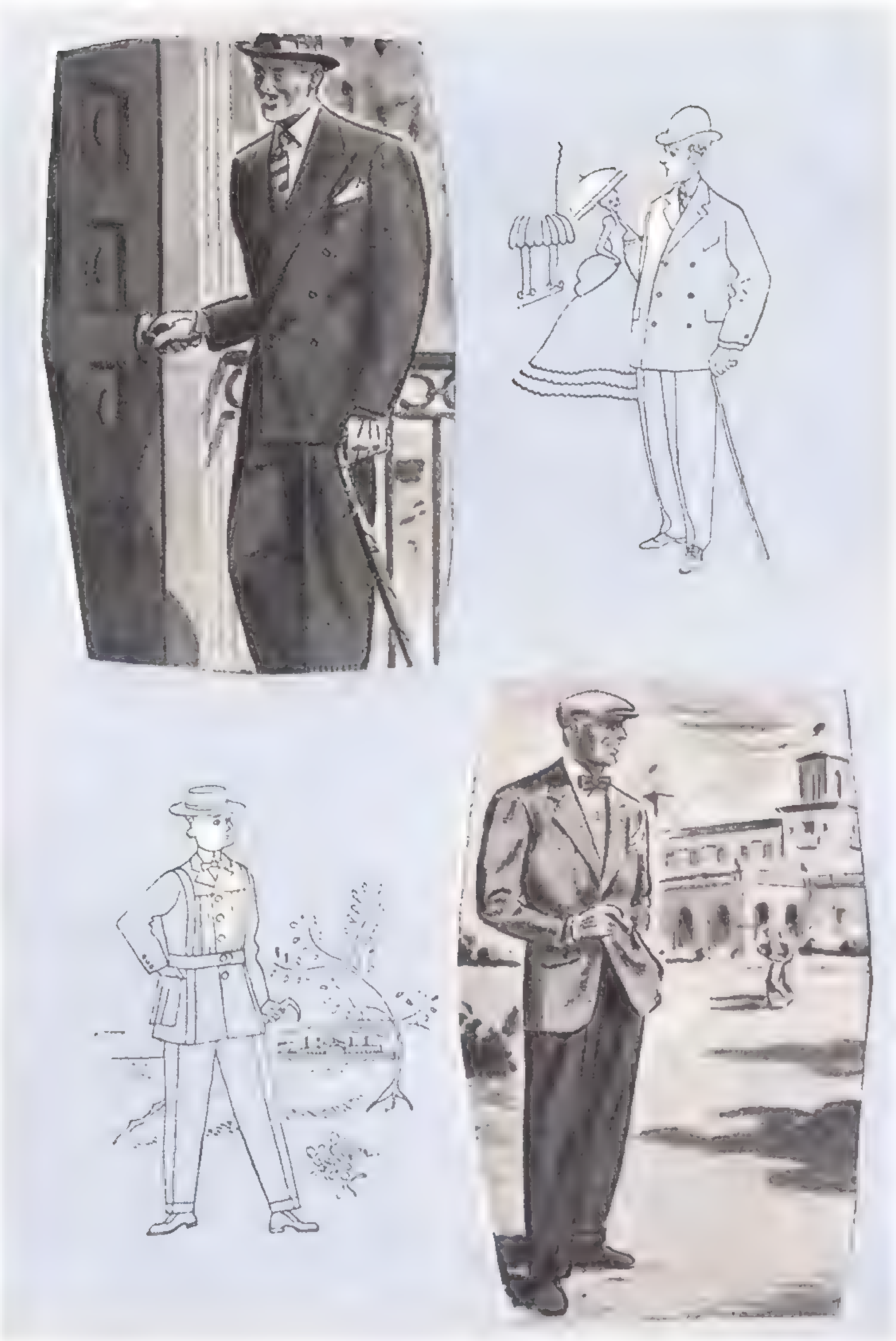
A quick flashback to wearables of the horse-and-buggy era demonstrates how far we've come in the campaign to combine style with comfort

Progress in Men's Fashions

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER



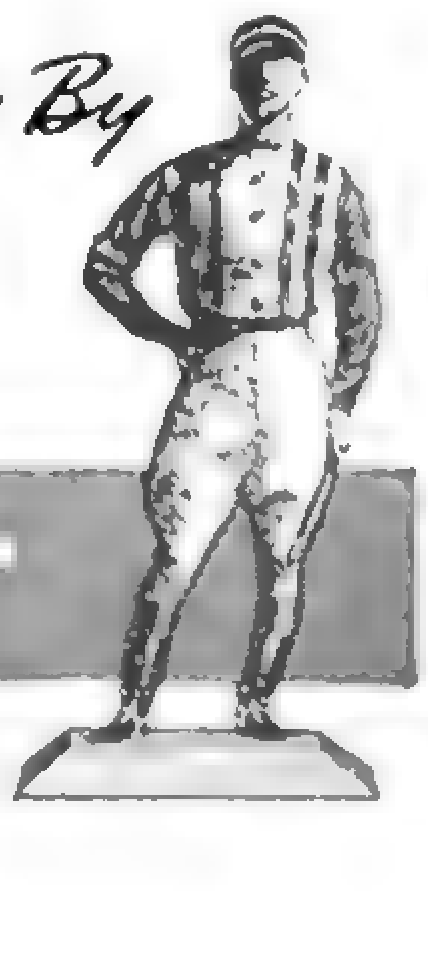


It is obvious that clothes today incorporate refinements over yesteryear's styles. Nevertheless there are always among us the vocal few who occasionally comment that men's clothes are about as static as an undertaker's wardrobe. For a changing of mind, the latter are referred to fashions of more than a generation ago, flashbacks to which will convince them that there have been many reassuring advancements.

The improvements have been prompted by a complication of influences, among them changes in living conditions and in the needs of the individual, and above all, a concentrated drive for comfort in dress. The well-groomed man of today has the very same reasons for being careful about his appearance as did men of years ago. To quote Disraeli, a fashion plate in his own time, "Dress does not make the man but it often makes the successful man."

Psychologically, personal neatness creates an air of well-being, self-respect and accomplishment. It jacks up the whole personality, for good clothes worn at the right time instill self-confidence. Overall, it is fortunate that with today's fashions all the advantages of good grooming may be achieved with more comfort and ease than was the case years ago. Men who sought the well-dressed effect back in the high-collar days often were forced to sacrifice personal comfort for style. But the double-breasted jacket of the present-day businessman's suit is actually a sound combination of styling and comfort. It conforms to physique and has ample breadth at the chest and in back—a long call from the tight-fitting, stiff, uncomfortable jackets of a generation ago. In addition, roomy trousers have replaced the narrow, binding models, and low-collar-attached shirts cut on natural lines which do not constrict the neck have ousted the high, tight, starched "dog collars" worn in the era of the tandem bike, handlebar mustache and Weber and Fields.

All down the wearables line, common sense has supplanted nonsense, with the result that being well-groomed is a multiple pleasure today where it was a compound nuisance yesterday. The campaign toward sensible and well-styled suits has even affected country clothes, which have hit a new high in practical comfort. Jackets with manifold pleats, tucks and belts have given up the fancy ideas and gone refreshingly simple. Topcoats and overcoats have taken the same cue. ⌗



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A Kind of Robbery

He knew there would be trouble when he saw that worried look

by **DAVID FRIEDMAN**

I COULD TELL. One look at that fellow in the soldier suit and I could tell. I knew he had something on his mind.

Myself, I am good when it comes to sizing people up. I can take a look at a man and read him like a book when he has got something up his sleeve.

That, now, is the main idea, as far as I am concerned, when it is a matter of dealing with the kind of customers we have around here. The main idea is to figure out what the other guy is thinking about and what he is up to. I have found, from long experience, that it pays to do a little outguessing now and then and to know what the opposition intends to do maybe a second or two before he gets around to doing it.

It was that way with this soldier boy who passed by in front of the shop. One look at him told me that he had something on his mind. And what he had on his mind was, to my way of thinking, nothing particularly legal.

A man does not look worried and sly and cautious, and he doesn't look around sort of frightened that somebody might notice him, if all he means to do is strictly neighborly and nice. He seemed on the verge of coming into the shop, and then all of a sudden I could see that he changed his mind and he turned and went off down the street in a kind of a hurry.

The way I had him figured out, he had decided not to risk it. And a good thing for him that that was the decision to which he had come, I figured. There is a drawer in the counter, and in that drawer there is a gun, and that gun, I am here to say to one and all, is not there for any ornamental purposes whatsoever. That gun is there for only one single solitary reason: for use.

The second time this soldier passed by, I looked at him like a hawk. I was leaning my elbows on the counter, just sort of watching the populace pass by, when he went by the second time.

Down on this end of Main Street, there are a lot of drifters. A lot of people who just stop to sort of gawk at the stuff we have got here in the window. A hock shop has got all kinds of stuff, naturally, and somebody is always looking.

The average man I don't give a second glance to. But this man in the soldier suit—he had something on his mind. Right away I was on my guard. I was plenty on my guard.

As I said often to Emil, who is my partner, "In the hock shop business you have got to keep your eyes peeled and that is all there is to it. You have got to look into the stuff the people bring you, and you have got to look into the people themselves. Remember, a certain percentage is bound to have something up their sleeve."

Well, the third time this soldier passed by and looked into the place as though he were sizing it up, I went to the door and I looked after him as he went down the street.

The next time this soldier came by the shop, he sort of slowed down at the door. Without seeming to do anything, I pulled open the drawer, and I let my hand drop down on the .38 hammerless. But I did not have to pick it up. He lost his nerve again. He went on by.

That .38 has done some good work for me. There was the eighteen-year-old kid who tried to hold me up, once. I let him have it. I sure did. Right in the lungs, both of them. Sure he was just a kid, but a crook in my language is just a crook, no matter how old he is.

Then there was the time the tough character tried to stick some stuff in his pocket and walk off. I got it back from him, but it took a little time. When I was through persuading him, the shop was a mess. The back partition was down, on account of I knocked him against it. Some shelves were down, and there was broken stuff all over. But the way the shop looked was nothing compared to the appearance of this tough character.

I am not like my partner, Emil, who was held up three times in the six years he had the shop before I bought a half of it. Emil figures a robbery is just one of the liabilities you have to put up with in any kind of business, like the overhead.

I have often said to him, "Emil, you are too soft. You are not tough enough. Why don't you carry a gun and protect yourself?" He figures that a robber has got the drop on you, and you are pretty sure to catch a slug if you don't give him what he wants. I said to him, "He has not got the drop on you if you spot him first." Myself, I can size up a crook a mile away. They haven't been able to fool me yet.

When this soldier had gone past, I decided to warn Emil. Emil came in about four o'clock, and while I was putting on my coat to go out and get a bite to

Continued on page 140

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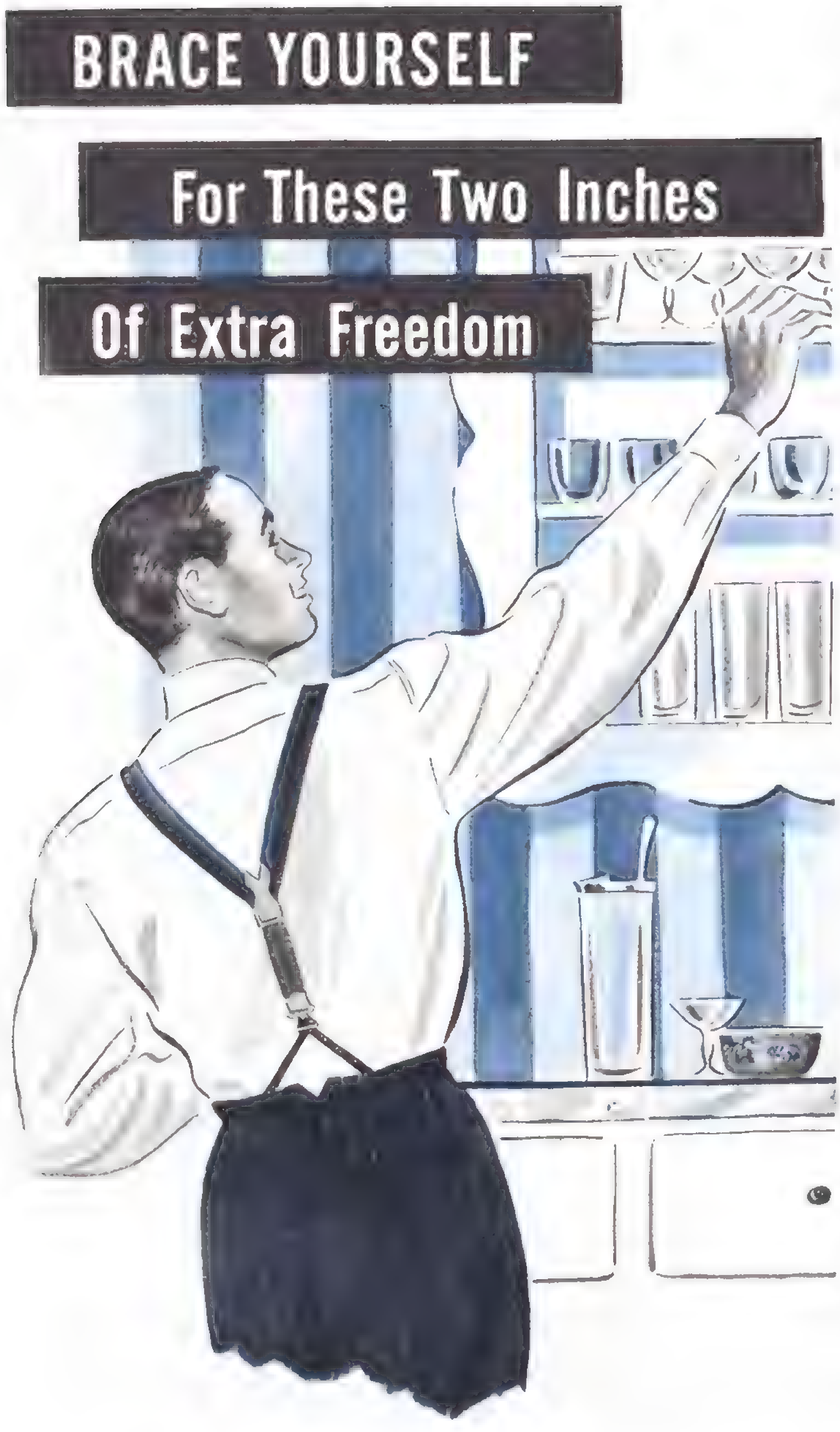

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A Kind of Robbery

Continued from page 138

eat, I told him all about the guy.

I said, "Listen, I think a guy is figuring to make some trouble for us. He is a soldier, in khaki, about thirty-two, and he has got a look in his eye which I don't like. My guess is that he is trying to get up enough nerve to bust in here and stick the place up."

I told Emil that in my opinion the man was an amateur, or else he would not be giving himself away by going past so many times and looking in.

Emil said, "Is this soldier a little guy with a kind of big nose and he needs a shave? That's funny. I've noticed him too. He was standing outside and acting like he was worried."

I told Emil what to do. "Stand back of the counter, and keep the drawer open. In case he comes in, hold the gun behind the box here."

I knew that Emil would do nothing of the sort. He figures a holdup is like a rainy day, and there is nothing to do but take it, and write it down in the loss column. My own attitude toward crooks is the rougher they are handled, the better.

I hurried back from eating, and Emil told me that the man had passed the shop again, and had stopped outside, but hadn't come in. When I heard this, I snorted.

"What is that bozo doing, playing a game with us?" I went to the drawer and I took out the .38 and I made sure that it was loaded. I got the oil can, and oiled it up. Just to be on the safe side, I took some extra cartridges from the box and dropped them in my pocket. I put the gun in my pocket, too, just to be sure.

That night, after Emil left, I had plenty of business. I sold a kodak for fifteen dollars, and a samurai sword, and a Japanese rifle, and some old coins, and a set of machinist tools. I had several hundred dollars on me. I was in no mood to be giving it to any crooked character, at all.

I sort of wished somebody would come in and try to stick the place up. I was spoiling for a good fight. I would have filled him full of lead. I would have made a hundred per cent pure sieve out of him.

I made another sale, and I was counting the money, when the bell on the door jangled, and here was this soldier. I put the money in my pocket, and I kept my hand there.

He was an ex-soldier. He had the yellow discharge insignia sewed on his chest. He was down on his luck, I could see. His clothes looked slept in. I watched him.

He put something on the counter, said, "Like to sell these." I looked at the stuff. A knife, like a dagger. It had something in German written on it. A cigarette lighter, made out of a big cartridge. And three medals.

I looked at him. "Where did you get the medals?" I asked.

"Where did I get them?" He acted sore. "Where the hell did you think I got them?" After a little while he said, "I sure don't want to sell them. They are worth a million to me. But I got to get hold of some cash today."

I studied the stuff on the counter. What could I offer a man for his medals?

"I'm afraid I can't help you much," I told him. "Most I can give you is twenty dollars."

He didn't argue. I peeled off four five-dollar bills. He got out in a hurry. I tried to figure out what kind of a hole he was in, when he needed twenty dollars so badly he was willing to trade his medals in for them.

Emil came in, and the first thing he said was, "I saw that soldier come out of here. Is everything all right?"

"Sure," I told him. "He just came in to sell something."

When Emil heard that, he perked up his ears. He went to the counter, and looked at the stuff. "How much?" he said.

I tried to make it sound casual. "I gave him twenty dollars."

"Twenty dollars!" Emil shouted it out like he was in pain. He picked the cigarette lighter up, and he tried it, and he threw it down. He picked up the medals, and he threw them down. He gave the knife a shove. "Twenty dollars for that? Twenty—"

Emil hit himself hard on the side of the head with the palm of his hand. He looked at me as though he hated me. "Are you drunk?" he yelled. "Medals! Twenty dollars for three medals. How much do you think we will sell them for? For twenty cents? If we ever do sell them! Frank, for God's sake!"

He waved his hands and he told me that it was out and out robbery when a man brought in a tin knife and three old medals and a busted cigarette lighter and walked out with twenty dollars. "Before I would let a man rob me like that I would go out of business. I would see a doctor before I would let a man rob me like that. Frank, I got to tell you that I am disappointed in you."

I put the lighter in the case. I put the German dagger alongside the knives. Meanwhile Emil kept on giving me hell.

"Medals!" he said. "A busted cigarette lighter! Is there a demand for such stuff? Tell me, are people rushing in here and pushing and shoving and stepping on each other's feet to buy such stuff? Are medals a hundred dollars apiece—or are they ten cents a dozen? Tell me, all I'm asking you to do is tell me—do you think we will get two bits for that lighter?"

I let him talk. I did not say anything. I had nothing to say. I knew he was right. I took the medals over to the trayful of medals in the window and I dropped them in with the rest. ⌗

Diamond and emerald jewelry from Harry Winston

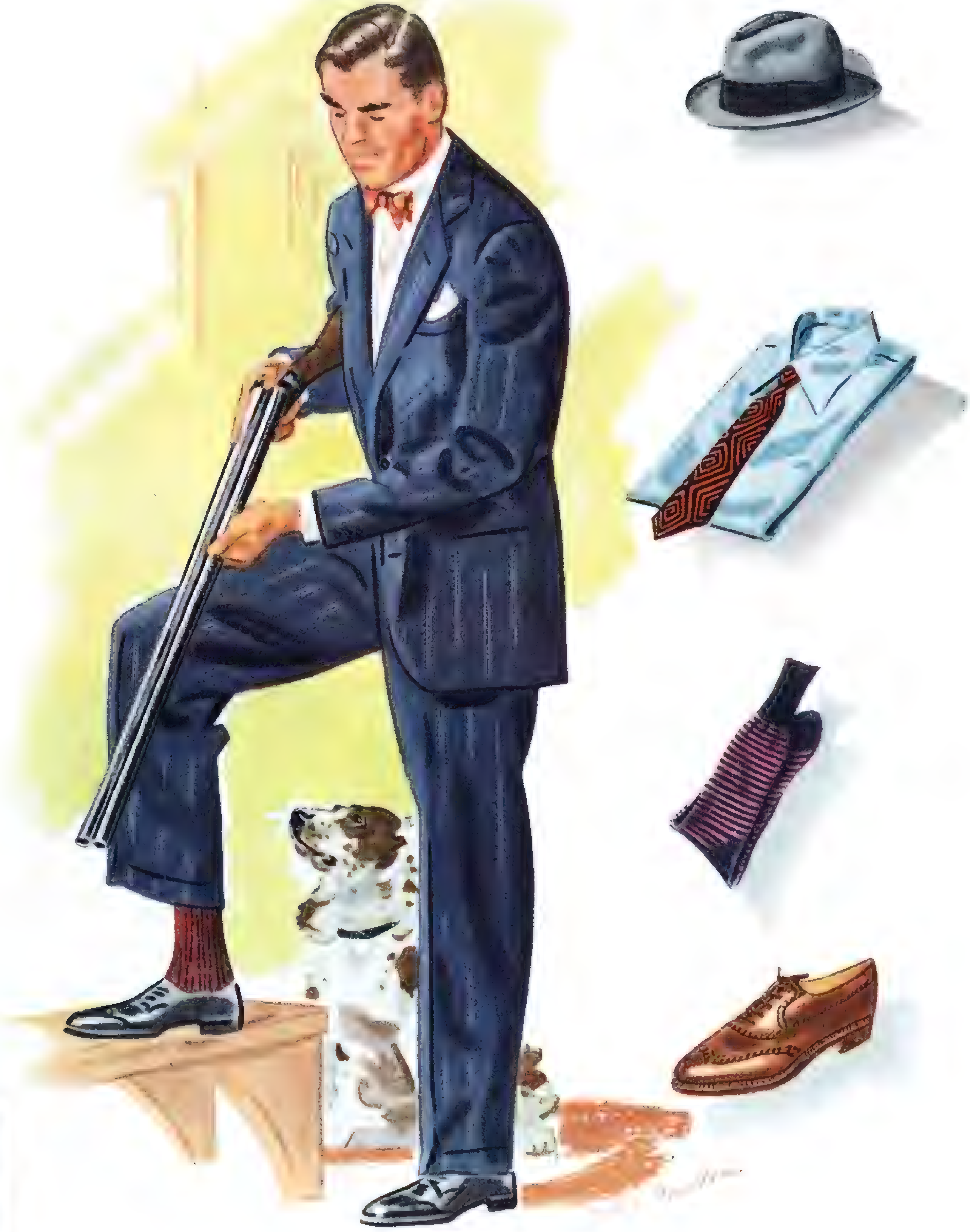
Lenthéric Paris, announces a distinguished new perfume

dark Brilliance de Lenthéric

Languid splendour set to fragrance

Copyright 1946, Lenthéric, Inc. *Made in France*

dark Brilliance de Lenthéric



WHEN DUCKS FLY SOUTH

Drawing by Jack Fenton

This hunter and his dog have caught the first glimpse of feathered V formations in the sky, and know it's time to get the old shotgun out. The business suit he is wearing above is made of an unfinished worsted fabric marked with spaced stripes on the subdued side. The color is Corsair Blue, an Autumn shade slightly lighter and brighter than Navy. The jacket is a two-button model with buttons set low, and with it he wears a white broadcloth shirt, red foulard bow tie and black wing-tip shoes. Other suitable accessories shown at the side—a Crane Grey welt edge brim hat, blue broadcloth shirt and giant geometric pattern tie, red and blue cross-stripe lisle socks, and dark brown wing-tip shoes. (Yes, it is okay to wear brown with blue.)

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Clothes harmony

Smoothest trumpeter in our land is the famous Trumpeter label of Hart Schaffner & Marx. It is your assurance of style, fit and value that are smoothly in step! Next time you choose a suit or coat, look for the Trumpeter . . . and bring a new, refreshing note into your wardrobe.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

How pro football got razzle-dazzle

1895 **Thrills, action, color!** That's what professional football offers you today. Started in 1895, when Corby's was in its 37th year as a famed Canadian name, pro football's first paid player, an experienced quarterback, received $10 for filling a vacant spot on a Latrobe, Pa., team.

1906 **Pioneer** pro football teams were active in Ohio 48 years after the name Corby's came to Canada. Pro players later began to open up the game because the mechanical perfection of their play enabled them to bring the forward pass into its own as an attack weapon.

1920 **The first** big gate for pro football saw 15,000 people at a game in New York. Ex-college stars and famous coaches later began to contribute blinding speed and dynamite action to the pro leagues, as Corby's reached its 62nd year as a grand Canadian whiskey name.

N. Corby
SAY CORBYS
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
JAS. BARCLAY & CO.
PEORIA

1946 **You can** see more great stars, more passing, more razzle-dazzle touchdown plays in an afternoon of pro football today than ever before. The game has developed its own big following, and so has Corby's Whiskey. With football, it's thrills, action, color. *With Corby's, it's light, sociable flavor* that does wonders for any drink. That's why so many people ask for the whiskey with a grand old Canadian name. Won't *you* join them?

Look for me
on every
Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois

Getting Away With Murder

Obsessed with the need for "gimmicks," radio writers now wallow in homicide

by **GEORGE RICHARDSON**

Hundreds of fantastic murders are committed in the United States every week. Seemingly innocent people are stabbed with icicles (the weapon dissolves at body temperature), others are fed typhoid culture in their tuna fish sandwiches, while a random few slowly disintegrate from the uranium stuffed under their temporary fillings by diabolical dentists.

Across the nation, men lie awake nights devising ever more fiendish methods for lowering the census. A remarkable feature of these murders is that most of them are solved within half an hour of their commission. Even more interesting is the fact that not a single one of them ever gets into newsprint. They are all committed on radio programs.

Now, when Mr. Average Citizen decides to commit a murder, he merely reaches for the most convenient blunt instrument and lets his victim have it. But nothing so likely to betray the amateur can satisfy Raymond the Radio Writer. No, Raymond's crime must have a plot which features several twists or surprises, known to his profession as "gimmicks" or "snappers."

Granddaddy of the ordinary garden-variety, single-surprise gimmick was O. Henry, whose short stories were famous for their sudden plot twists. In the final lines of his *Gift of the Magi*, for instance, the reader is startled by the sudden revelation that while the hero has sold his watch to buy his wife a comb, the wife has cut off and sold her hair to buy him a watch chain.

Radio audiences are demanding more and better gimmicks. Broadcasters find that twenty years of radio homicide has developed a cult of armchair detectives who are able to phone in the name of the murderer two minutes after one of the old assembly-line single-gimmick thrillers goes on the air. As a result, modern writers have had to develop more devious plots to fool the listener. Big problem is to keep from "telegraphing the punch" before the show is over.

For a while, public indignation was forestalled by using the double gimmick. In this type, the plot suffers a double reversal, turns, and bites itself in the climax. For example, the killer turns out not to be the killer but the detective, while the detective, who has fooled the audience into thinking he's a great guy, turns out to be a homicidal maniac.

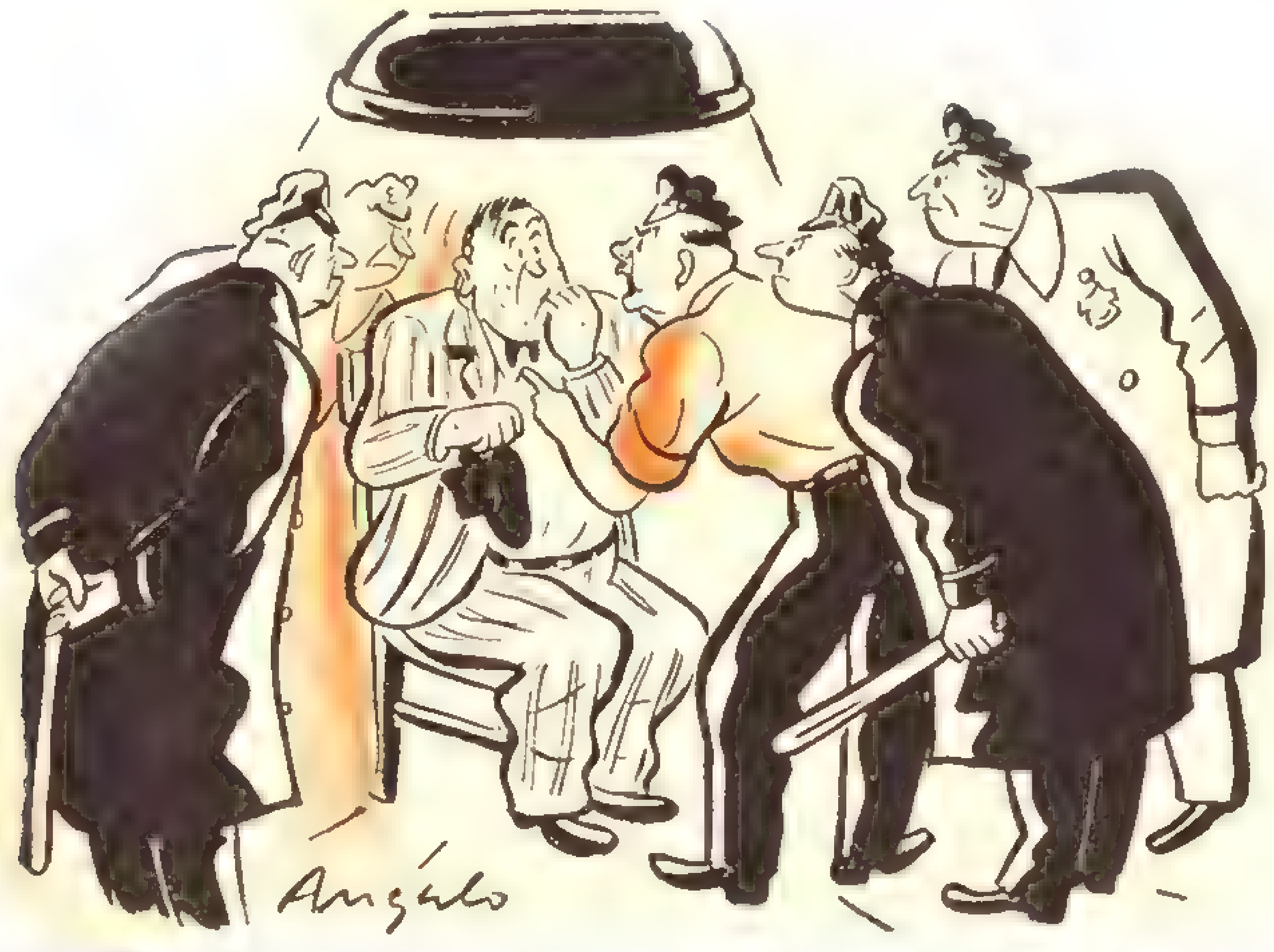
Veteran listeners soon caught up with this device and learned always to suspect the least likely character.

Harried radio writers went back to their typewriters and soon came up with the triple reversal, dubbed by the profession "the tri-ply double-breasted, belt-in-the-back gimmick." Sometimes not even the director can find out whodunit until after the second or third rehearsal.

Vague legends circulate from time to time that strange geniuses in out-of-the-way places have worked out scripts with seven or eight gimmicks, and occasionally one of these actually gets on the air. Here's an example of one of these multiple-twisters:

Certain people receive free theatre tickets in the mail. While they are at the show, phony agents bring prospective customers up to their apartments and rent them. (Gimmick No. 1.) One man knows too much and is given a fake blood transfusion

Continued on page 146



"I don't care how 'Information Please' does it! We're gonna do this my way!"

"Tops"

FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY

Always smooth—always smart—your new "Paris"* Belt is perfect anywhere. You'll be first with the newest when you wear this original—different belt. Here is genuine imported Giboia Snakeskin—lustrous and beautifully marked—bench made in the famous "Paris" Padded Construction. The modernistically designed buckle is tooled of brass, cleverly shaped to fit the rounded contour of the belt. About $5—in Rich Brown—at all the better stores. Other fine "Paris" Belts, most styles $1.50 to $10.

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Men prefer
SWANK

This mark *identifies*
Swank Karat Gold

SWANK—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off., Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

Getting Away With Murder

Continued from page 145

with blood of the wrong type. He dies. (Gimmick No. 2.) The detective suspects a little old lady selling violets outside the theatre. Sure enough, he finds her sending the profits from the racket to the Big Boss by carrier pigeons released at night. (Gimmick No. 3.) To trail the pigeons to the hide-out of the Big Boss, he paints them with luminous paint and follows them by helicopter. (Gimmick No. 4.) He catches up with them at Long Island and finally nabs the Big Boss. *But* the Big Boss turns out to be an internal revenue agent to whom the crooks have been sending their income tax returns by carrier pigeon. (They're too smart to commit a *federal* offense.) (Gimmick No. 5.) In the last scene, the tax agent reveals that the detective is really the crook. (See what I mean?)

Also included in the category of the gimmick are unusual methods for killing victims. Among the less fantastic are such prosaic devices as killing a man by burning him with X-rays through the brick walls of his apartment, injecting air bubbles into his blood stream by concealed hypodermic, driving him to suicide by feeding him a poison which makes everything he sees appear blue, or, if he is an elderly banker with a weak heart, presenting him with a box of off-center golf balls.

A single week's survey of the normal bill of fare on the major networks reveals that the normal life expectancy of the potential victim in a murder mystery is about eight minutes. Somewhere on page nine, he is slipped the lethal dose. Either his car explodes when he steps on the starter, or his head is crushed by a boomerang hurled from somewhere offstage (but not necessarily from Australia). If either of these catastrophes has not happened to him, he is probably a natural for being stuffed into someone's electric washing machine with the dial set at "rinse-dry." The listener might feel that this gimmick is based on the false premise that some people can get washing machines these days, but radio writers are seldom queasy about procurement problems.

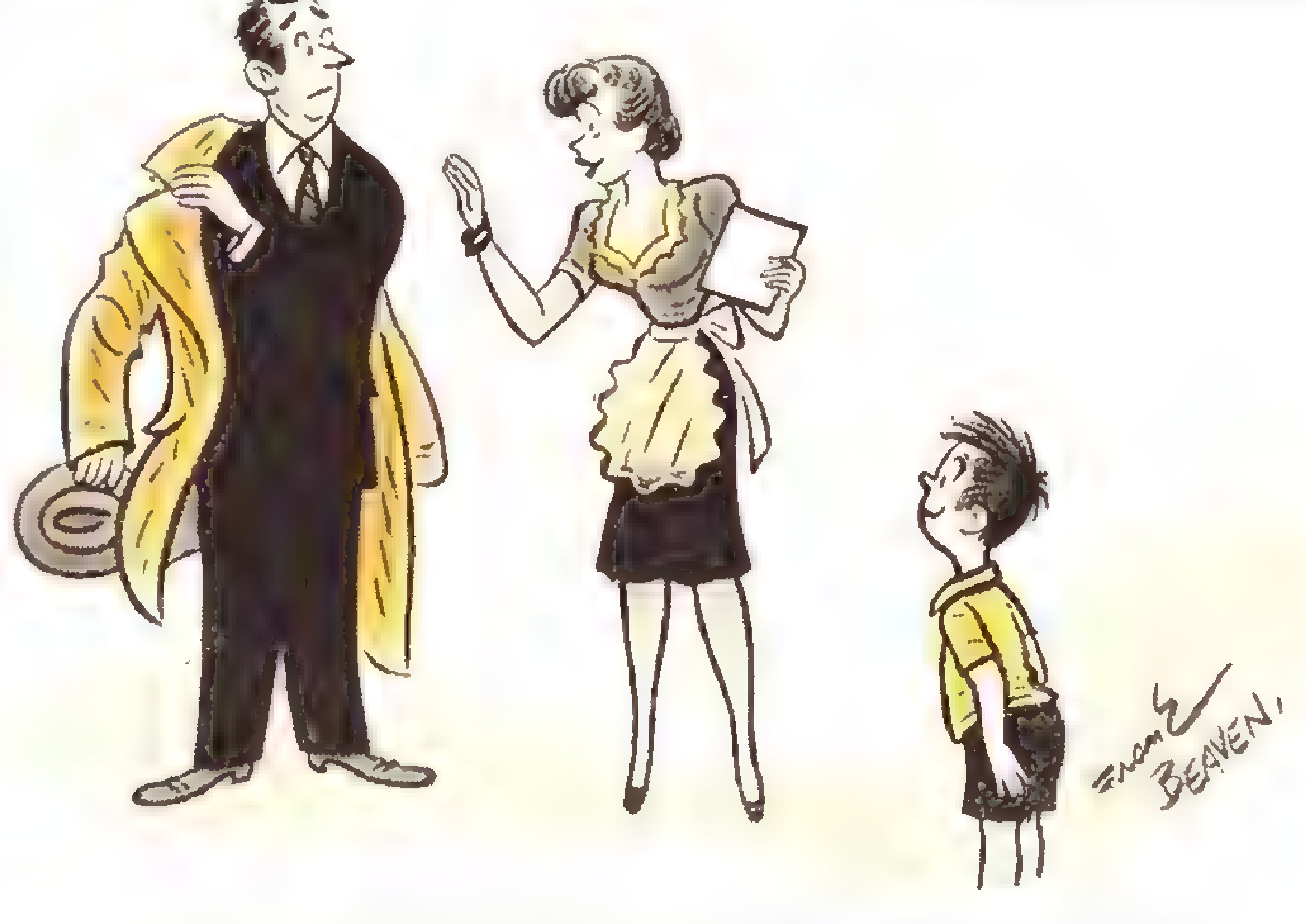
A few of the weekly shows really go all out for murder. In a certain well-known thriller which comes on to the accompaniment of a creaking door, as many as twenty-three corpses were counted lying around the studio during a single performance. The story now making the rounds at Colby's, favorite meeting place of radio's scribblers, has it that after one program, Orson Welles phoned the producer as a gag. He pretended to be a college professor and complained the bodies were hitting the studio floor with such abandon they were jarring the seismograph at Fordham University.

Favorite victims of radio mayhem are wives who just don't understand, double-crossing gangsters, heavily insured husbands, and in some cases, poor innocents who just wandered into the script and had to be disposed of.

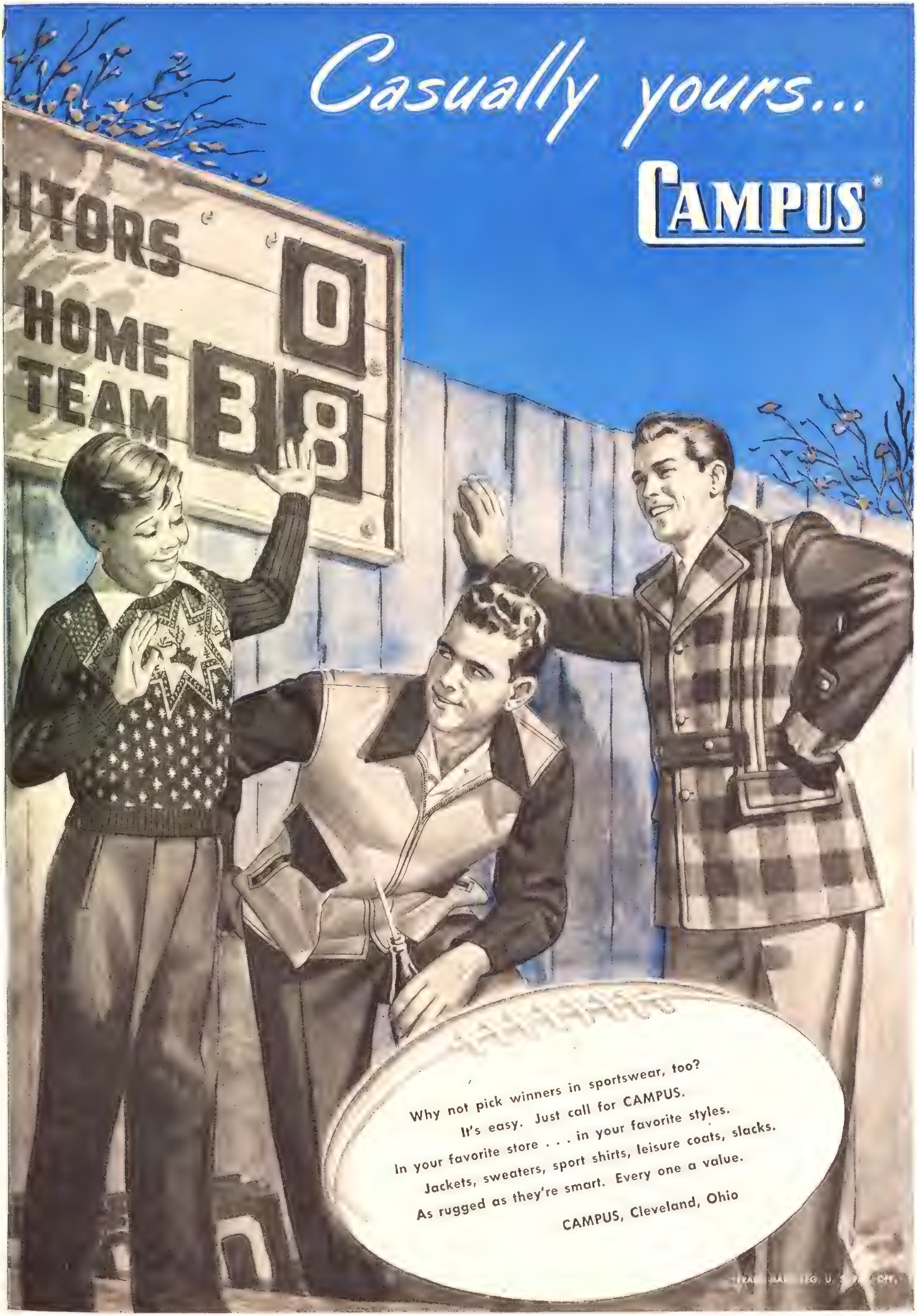
A peek behind the scenes of any radio murder reveals that a good homicide is sixty per cent sound effects, thirty per cent heartburn, and ten per cent agent's fees. The innocent listener hears the gunshot—or more than one shot if it is a crime of passion—then the dying gasp and the thud of the body. While all this is happening, the busiest man in the studio is probably the sound-effects man. He might be stabbing a watermelon with a bread knife to simulate the sound of a real knifing, or gargling a good mouthwash to simulate forced drowning, or possibly brushing off his new suit close to a microphone while the listener hears noises approximating a violent scuffle between the victim and a mob of attackers. Odd actors walking around the studio murmuring the magic words "rhubarb, rhubarb" are merely making noises which, over the air, sound like a crowd gathered around the scene of the crime.

In a democracy such as ours, most men have the privilege of dying without a sound. But the

Continued on page 148



"Junior's teacher says he's doing much better . . . he is second from the top on the list this time of those who failed"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These are the Dunhill masterpieces. The Denicotea holder in 14 kt. gold, $35 . . . The Rollalite lighter, in an outer jacket of 14 kt. gold, heavy ribbed, $160 . . . small size, $150. Prices subject to 20% Federal tax

alfred dunhill
FIFTH AVE. AND 50th ST., NEW YORK

Getting Away With Murder

Continued from page 146

radio actor exists in a world made up of sponsors, directors, and Hooper ratings. He finds it mandatory to shuffle off this mortal coil, very often, in the grand manner of Goethe, Heine, and Nathan Hale, with some deathless epigram on his lips. No longer does "they got me" do the job. Today, between the sustaining of the mortal wound and the sound man's "body hits floor" cue, the victim often manages to gasp out (1) his surprise, (2) a summary of the plot to that moment, and (3) some incidental philosophy. The classic example, from a well-known Wednesday night program, runs something like this:

Sound: Six shots

Victim: Ohhh! Judson! You've shot me! You shouldn't have done it. When you juggled those accounts it was I who helped cover up. If only you'd waited a little longer—but it's too late now, you've shot me—I'm dying.

Sound: Body Falls to Floor

Who are the men responsible for these assaults on the national eardrum? Many of them are staff writers, but the majority are free lances. They get their ideas the same way William Shakespeare assumed men get greatness. "Some are born great . . ." These are the geniuses who are constantly being bombed by unusual gimmicks while shaving, while going up and down on escalators, or while contemplating their in-laws. Arch Oboler, a gimmick man of phenomenal talent, is an example.

"Some achieve greatness . . ." These are the majority—the boys who chain their art to a mental bulldozer and plow ahead until the last page of the script.

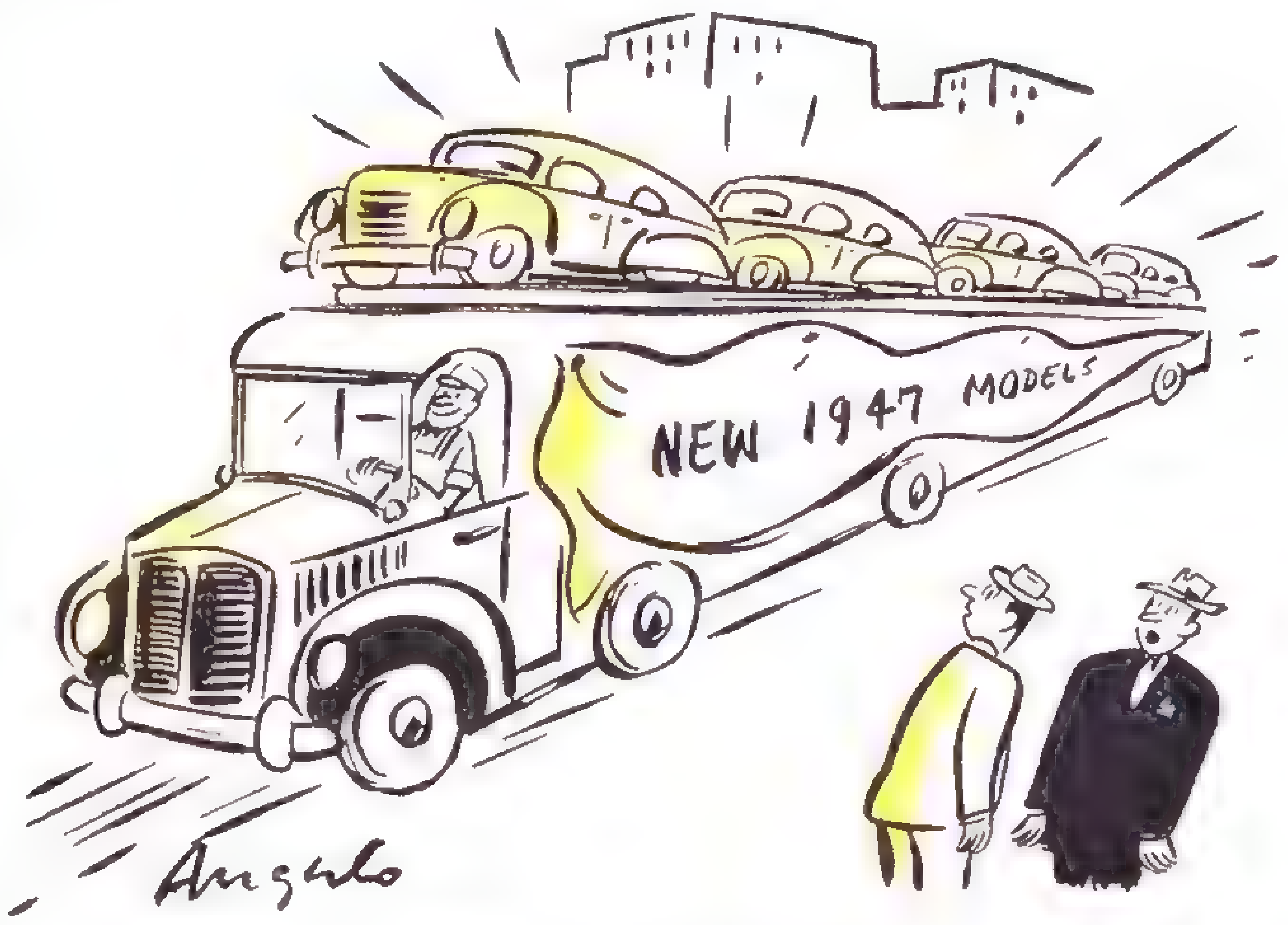
The third type "have greatness thrust upon them." And in this category are included the fellows who listen to other writers' programs, absorb several plots, combine them, rework them, and retitle them for their own use. This operational procedure is based on the ancient maxim of copyright law that stealing from one source is plagiarism, but stealing from many is research.

Payments to free-lance writers not under contract vary between $100 and $300 for a single script. The average murder-merchant who happens to be in the literary groove can usually whip through an acceptable assassination in about a week. Selling his product is another matter. It often calls for bending an elbow with the right people, the heartless business of pacing through countless revolving doors, or—sheer merit.

However, a script may be well-written from every respect, have distinctive characterization, good dialogue, a plot crackling with gimmicks, and still meet an editor's cold shoulder. The reason? It doesn't fit the formula. Regular radio shows are highly ritualized affairs. Each has its own code of do's and don'ts. Writers for the Phillips H. Lord *David Harding, Counterspy* drama, for instance, must be briefed like bomber pilots before taking off on a script. As Leonard Bass, the show's watchdog solemnly explains, David must never know true love, and remain a stranger to alcohol, tobacco, and dancing.

Some shows are so highly formularized that the normal listener is entitled to at least a little eyebrow-raising. Ellery Queen, for instance, has been madly in love with his pretty young assistant, Nikki, for almost ten radio years, and has never declared if his intentions were honorable.

The *bête noire* of every radio circus is the script editor. He has participated in so much vicarious violence in reading scripts that it takes a grisly item indeed to tickle his jaded palate. Among writers who must turn out creditable murder plots with clock-like regularity, it is an exceptional man who has escaped verbal bludgeoning by his editor. When the perfect mystery script is finally produced, the gimmick is almost certain to be the strangling of a script editor, by a writer, over a national network—entirely unrehearsed. ##



"Must be a mirage"

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with your miniature camera

YOU'RE ready to take full advantage of the year's most lavish display of color, with Kodachrome Film in your miniature camera . . .

The autumn festival of flaming leaves . . . the blue of fall skies . . . the gold of fields and hills—these come back to you in your pictures.

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Para Ti Corporation . . . New York
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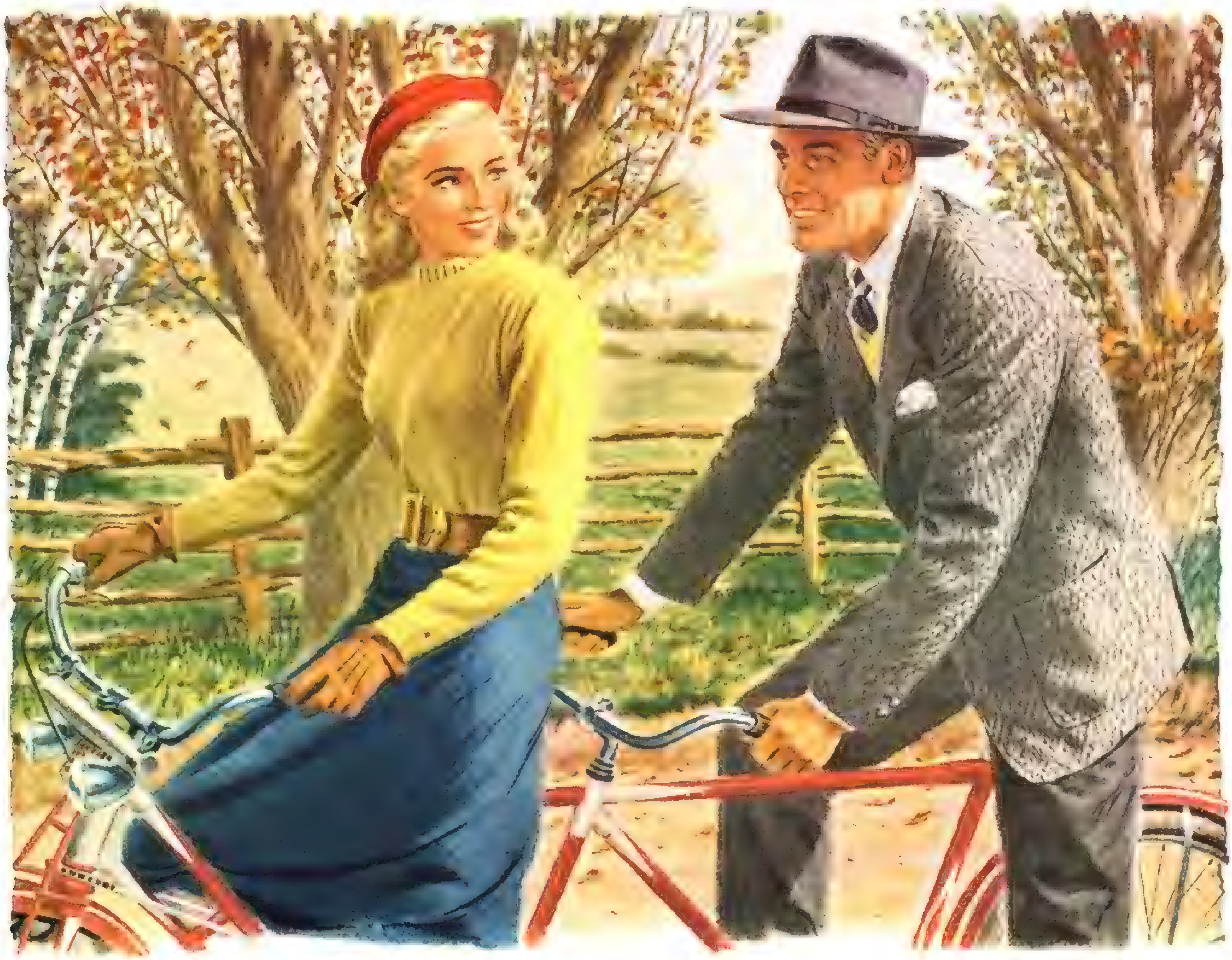
MULTICOLOR BY MITCHELL BLISS

THE GIRL IS WEARING A STETSON, TOO, CALLED TANDEM . . . $12.95. SEE OTHER STETSON MILLINERY FASHIONS AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE.

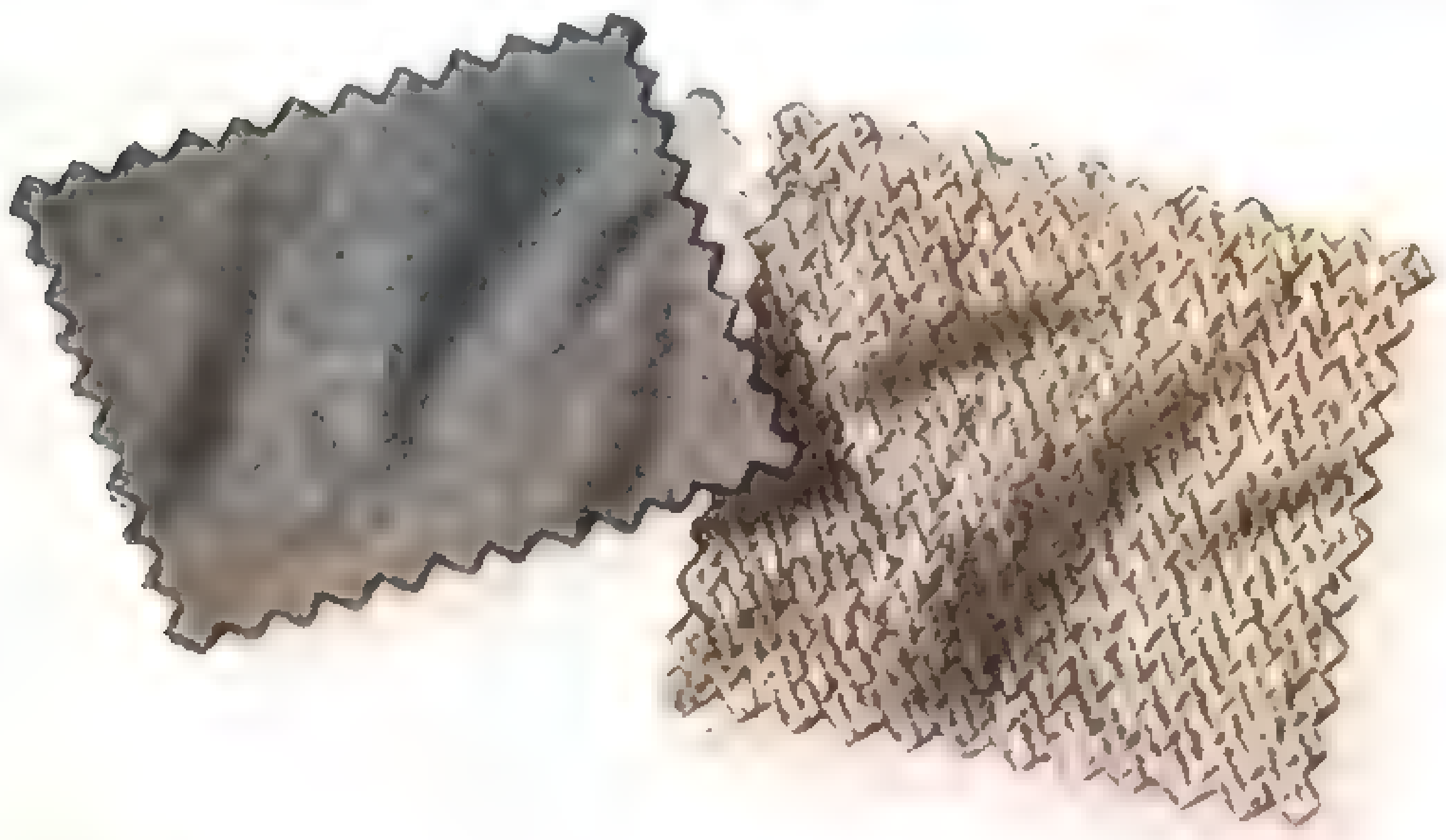


How to keep up with a smart date

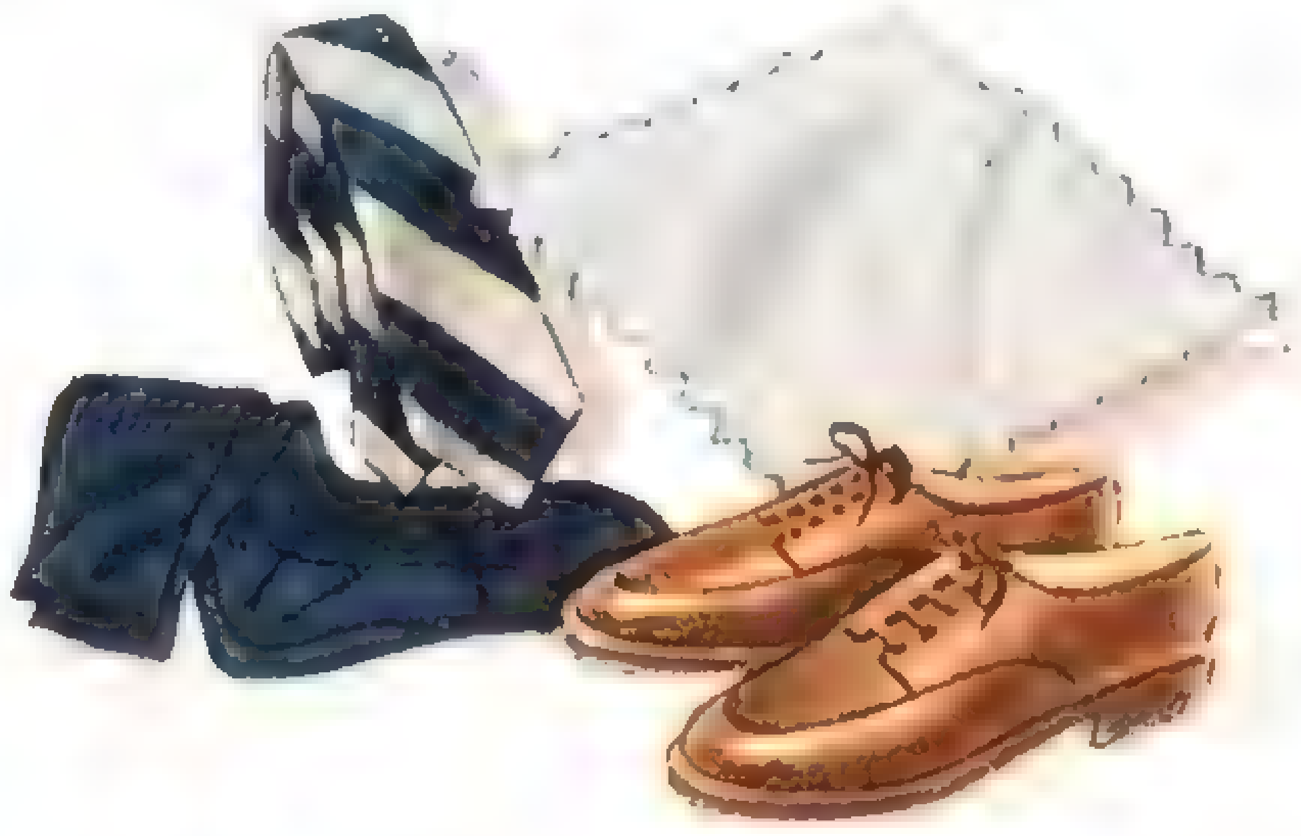
1 When you're traveling in smart company, you naturally want to look your best.

You'll get off to a good start if you remember, in buying clothes, to pick them with an eye to the occasion. The appropriateness to the time and place is a lot more important than how many clothes you have, or how much they cost.

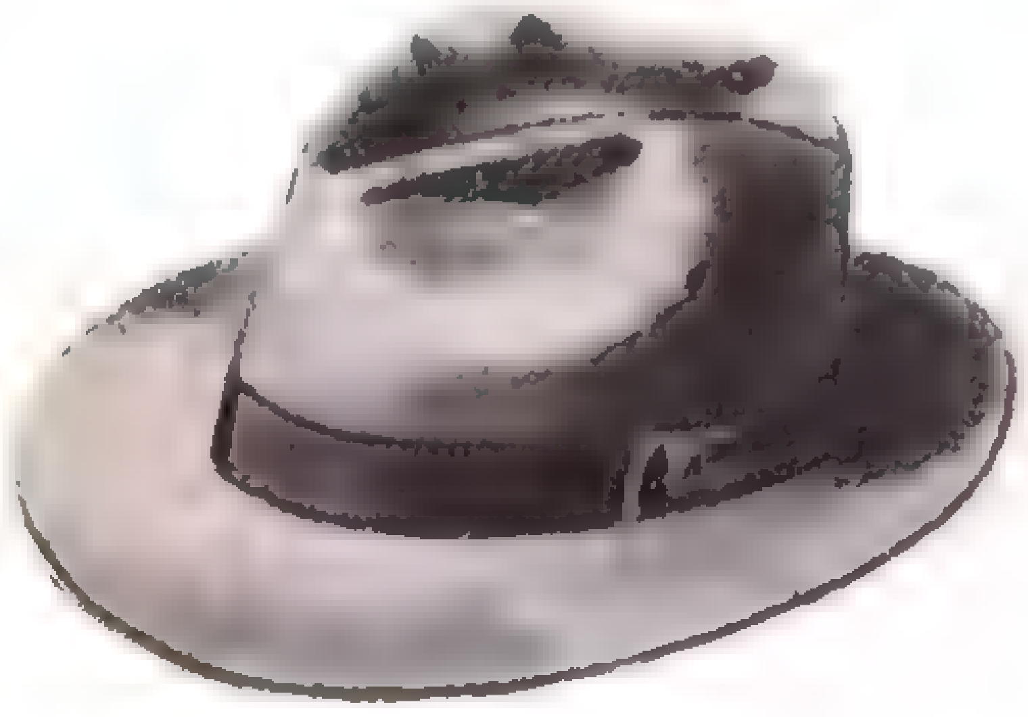
This fellow, pictured above, is doing all right (and so will you) in a comfortable, good-looking sports outfit that's perfect for the country, topped off with the ever-popular Royal Stetson Playboy...



2. This casual black-and-white tweed sports coat and those easy, informal gray flannel slacks go together as naturally as a rail fence and a country landscape.



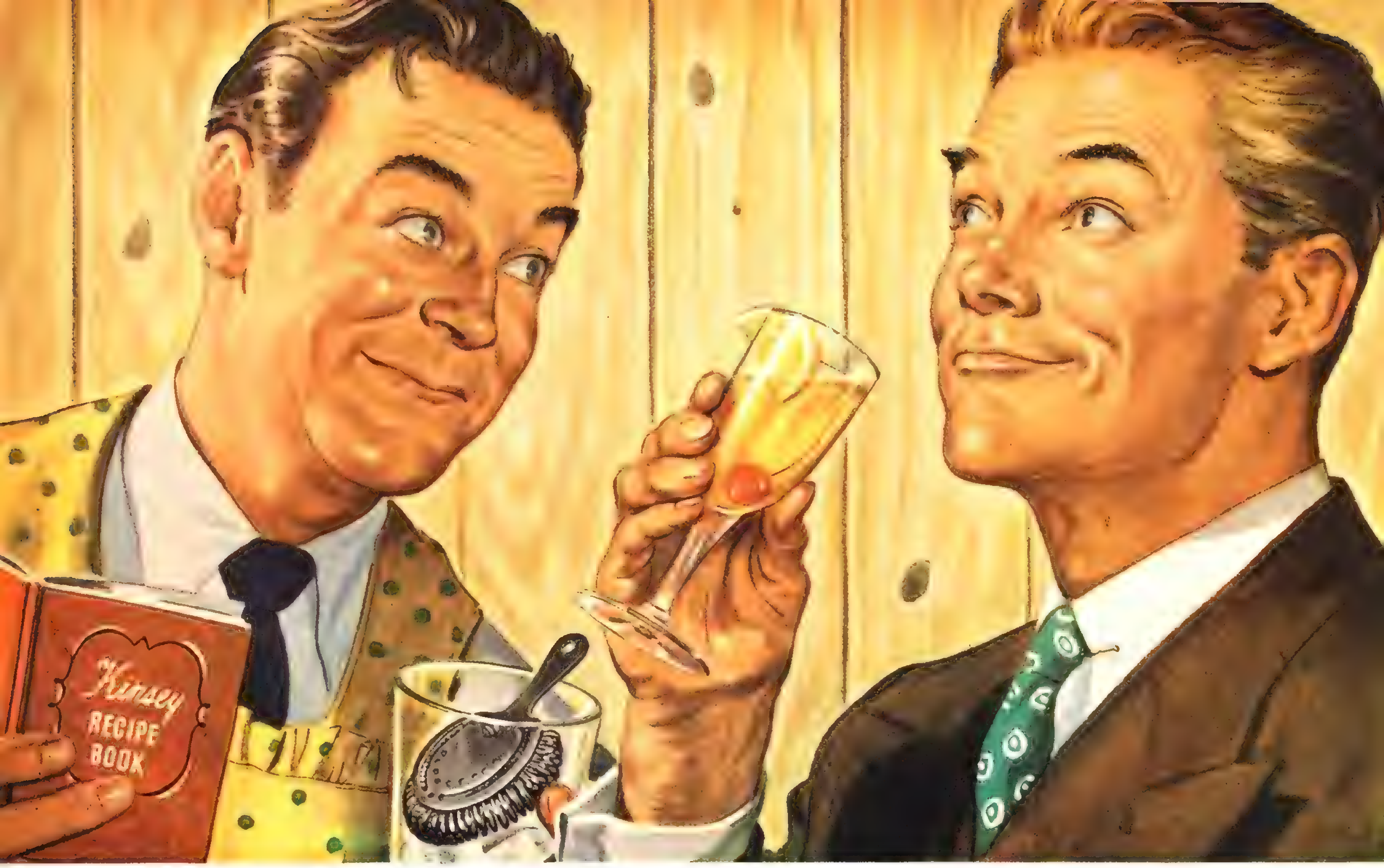
3. The blue-and-silver tie and blue shirt add a bright, colorful note to the outfit. The navy-blue socks and dark brown, moccasin-type shoes blend right into the rest of the picture.



4. The Stetson he's wearing is the famous Royal Playboy in Star Gray. Its casual, rakish lines make it right at home on any informal occasion.

The Royal STETSON Playboy — Right for that country air

The name Stetson in a hat is your assurance of quality and style. Stetson hats are made only by John B. Stetson Company and its subsidiary companies.



What are little cocktails made of?

(Kinsey and ice . . . and other things nice!)

WHISKEY SOUR

Juice of ½ lemon . . . ½ teaspoon of powdered sugar or honey . . .

2 oz. superbly smooth Kinsey Whiskey. (The secret of Kinsey's incomparable flavor is blending "know-how"—54 years of it!)

Add ice and shake, strain into glass. Pour in soda, decorate with half-slice of lemon and a cherry . . . *then settle back for the most delicious Whiskey Sour you've ever enjoyed!*

OLD FASHIONED

½ lump sugar . . . 2 dashes bitters . . . enough water to cover sugar. Muddle well . . .

Add 2 oz. mild and mellow Kinsey. (For Old Fashioneds at their best, you just *can't beat* Kinsey's matchless quality. People who *know* say they've never tasted a finer, more satisfying blend!)

Add ice cube, slice of orange, lemon, and a cherry . . . *and man, oh man, you're in for new pleasure in Old Fashioneds!*

MANHATTAN

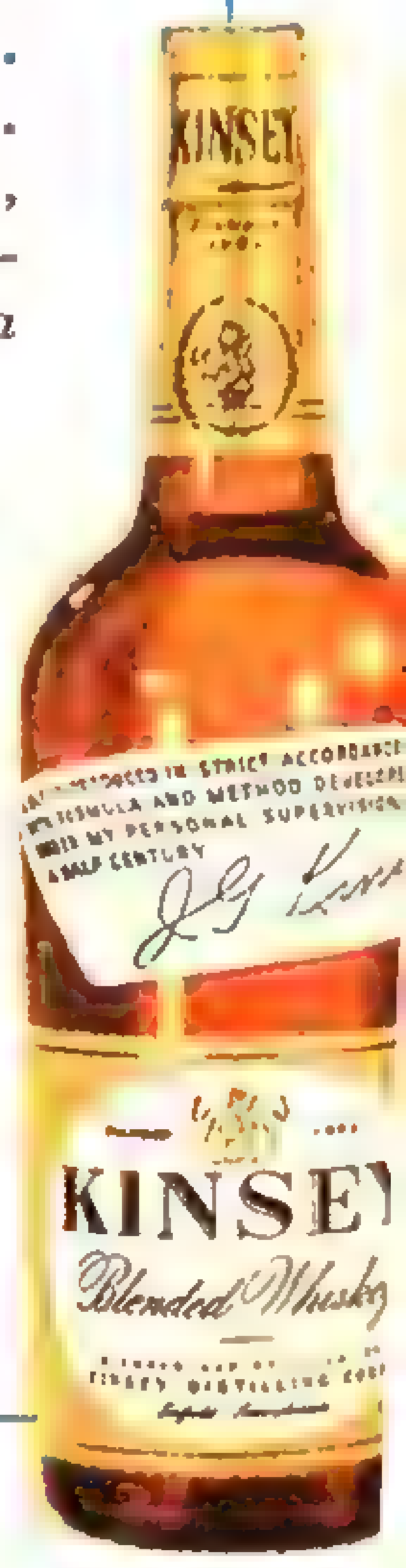
2 parts light, rich Kinsey . . . 1 part sweet Vermouth . . . . dash bitters. Add cracked ice, stir (don't shake) . . . strain into Manhattan glass . . . add cherry. *M-m-m, what a M-m-m-manhattan!*

KINSEY

BLENDED WHISKEY

the unhurried whiskey
for unhurried moments

SINCE 1892



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It Takes All Kinds of Potables

Eight questions to test your knowledge of national mores, with the accent on liquor

by **LEWIN W. WICKES, JR.**

You can see the character of each race or nation in its drinking habits. Climate, resources, and culture each plays its part. Of course, in some cases raw material for potables is so scarce that the choice is strictly limited. Can you determine from the descriptions below (a) the people and (b) at least one of the drinks described? Score 1 for each part of a question. A grade of 8 is fair, 10 good, and over 12 extraordinary.

1. (a) A deadly serious people whose politics is tantamount to a religion and who are capable, individually, of playing with tremendous energy and enjoying to the full their capacity for (b) powerful drink.

2. (a) Capable of the most delicate in-turning feelings, but schooled to meet every fate with indifference; they are human enough to have concocted (b) a drink out of almost the only material at hand.

3. (a) The greatest experts in the art of government since the Romans, reserved and moderate in everything including liquor. (b) Thus the national heavy drink is cut with water, but the national light drinks come heavy.

4. (a) Proud, primitive and nomadic, (b) even their drink must be grown on the hoof.

5. (a) A people good at governing themselves, young, vigorous and varied; like their temperament their taste runs from (b) a virile favorite drink to a type so superficial and embellished it is scorned by most other nations.

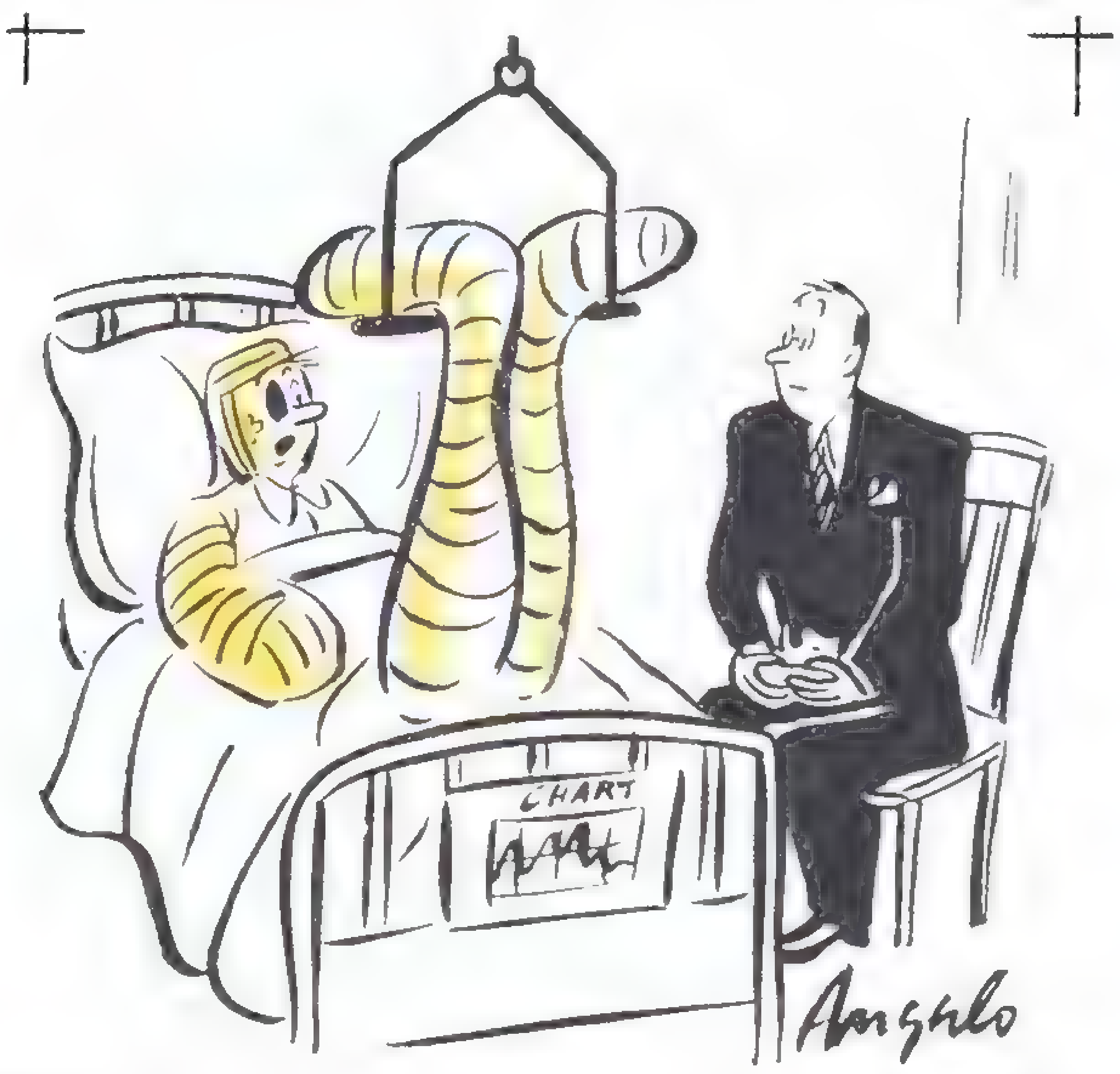
6. (a) A strange combination of political ineffectiveness and high civilization—the latter quality being reflected in (b) the three most highly civilized drinks.

7. (a) Radically different civilizations combined to make a people who choose (b) one drink required by the climate and two more consonant with their character and resources.

8. (a) Often politically vicious as a people—but they imbibe according to their individual temperament, (b) a sociable, sentimental drink.

Check List of Answers

1. (a) Russians (b) Vodka
2. (a) Japanese (b) Sake
3. (a) British (b) They drink their Scotch with water, but their ale is strong and Port one of the more potent wines.
4. (a) Tartars (b) Koumiss or kefir made from the milk of mares or camels.
5. (a) Americans (b) Statistics show that 80% of all the whiskey we drink is straight bourbon and blended bourbon—a proper symbol of the vigorous in our character. Yet only we would originate cocktails.
6. (a) French (b) The finest and most civilized drinks (good wines, brandies, and liqueurs) are best in France.
7. (a) Mexicans (b) Mexico consumes a great deal of beer but has its characteristic pulque as well as its mule-like pulque fuerte (tequila).
8. (a) Germans (b) Beer.



"I learned something coming home with the milkman last night—I'm not a chariot driver"

PURE DOWN!

Feather Foam

LUXURIOUS WARMTH! SOPHISTICATED STYLING!

The Airliner appeals to men of discriminating taste . . . who love quality, comfort, the best things in life. Full quilted lining of pure down makes the Airliner feather-light . . . keeps you positively comfortable in moderate or sub-zero weather. For everyday, sports, or traveling wear . . . the perfect coat is the Airliner. Feather Foam★ patented construction *guarantees* your coat will always be light, fluffy, and have maximum *insulating* efficiency.

At best shops everywhere.

THE AIRLINER

★NOTE: A superior product of scientifically processed pure down, developed by those who designed and manufactured the genuine Air Corps quilted cold weather flying suit. Thoroughly warm at 70° below. All the resources of the Government and cooperating research agencies failed to find a substitute comparable in thermal value and durability. There Is No Substitute For Down!

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America's specialized value!
Middishade
BLUE* SUITS
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THE MIDDISHADE COMPANY, INC.
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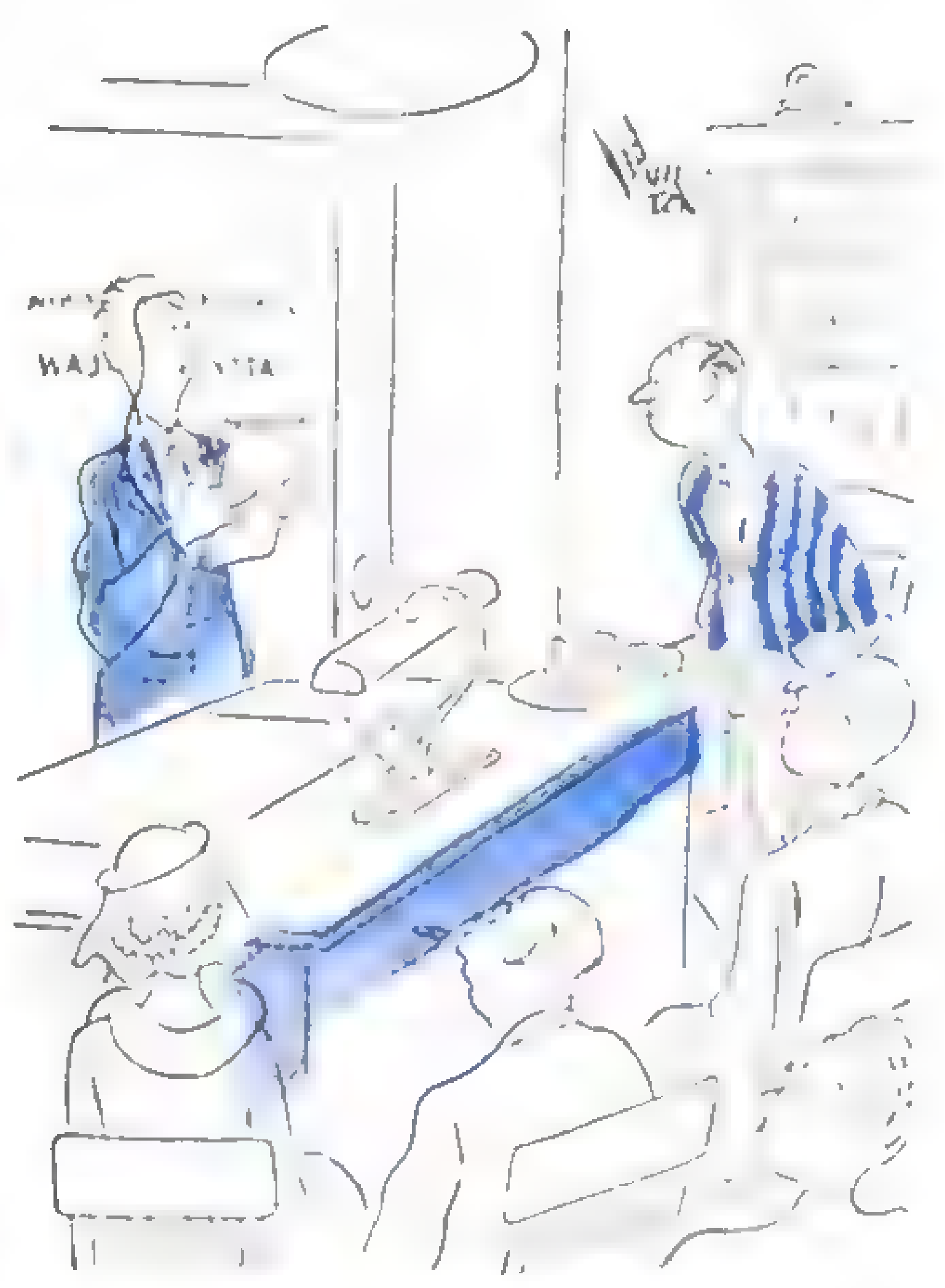
The Mad Buck of Bear Creek Burn

Continued from page 108

the deer's leap carried him just beyond me although his cleaving hoofs had sunk deep into the dirt within an inch or two of my outstretched hand.

"Without really thinking, I rolled quickly underneath the log to the other side. The deer and I had changed places. I half rose, still dazed, and he flashed at me again with his front hoofs. They missed by inches.

"He was an old-timer, all right. The grizzled grey of his coat was almost black and his flanks were scarred and marked by countless battles with other bucks. I'll bet he killed every one of them, too."



". . . and to my son Roger, I bequeath my third place position on the list for a 1946 Whizmobile sedan"

Here Tom paused in his account. The bruise on his face where the rifle had struck was turning purple. He took a long breath and continued.

"Again the deer jumped the log and again I rolled beneath it in time to escape. If I only had my rifle! I dared not glance down as I had to watch the Mad Buck's next move. This time he cleared the log between us gracefully and with the obvious intention of preventing my escape. I retreated backwards and crouched beneath another tree. There was room for me to slip underneath.

"Then he started using his horns. The three points of his left antlers cut a groove of wood and rotten splinters from the side of the log, six inches from my head. Rolling out the other side I dodged beneath another stump and around to the opposite side where I stood with two or three snake-like pieces of up-ended roots between myself and the wild-eyed deer.

"He stood side-on to me, ten feet away, panting heavily. For the first time I saw that he was hurt, but I couldn't tell how badly or just exactly where. He hung his head a little and again a thin trickle of blood ran from his nostril. He shook his head and his neck like a dog shaking off water.

"I edged to one side to circle to the spot where I lost my gun. Again those green, glowing eyes turned towards me but didn't seem to look at me. Rather, they looked right through me. I was behind three fallen trees when he charged.

"In one bound he cleared the space between us and dug vicious hoofs in the wood above my head. He backed away and raked the side of the log with his antlers. He had the power of a pile driver in that black neck. Then he stood panting as though he were waiting for me to make the next move.

"Again I started circling, trying to reach the spot where the rifle lay. For the first time, I realized that the side of my face was bleeding and I could feel the blood trickling down into my jacket. I glanced at the deer again and saw that he was in bad shape, too. His head hung a little and a low cough rumbled from his throat. Cautiously I sidled along the fallen logs towards the one where the rifle lay. The deer did not move. I took several swift steps and crouched behind another stump.

"The Mad Buck stood with his back almost towards me. His four feet were braced widely apart and again the low, wheezing cough whistled from his throat. In three more steps I was under the log where I had first met the deer. I fumbled towards the gleam of metal in the wet weeds. My hand touched the barrel.

"The next thing was a searing pain in my left shoulder. His hoof stamped down and glanced off the side of the fallen tree to rip open the sleeve of my jacket to the flesh beneath. Only a quick roll beneath the log saved me. I quit trying to go after the gun. I could scarcely move my left arm.

"The deer stood so close I could have reached out and touched one of his murderous hoofs. The tips were grown long with age. That was what made his tracks so big. I couldn't help thinking those razor tips would find my body on the next try. I was done.

"I was still lying under the log when he fell. I flinched and rolled out the other side, thinking it was another attack, but it was not his hoofs that struck the log but his heavy body as it sagged in death. He lay against the fallen tree fighting to stiffen his legs. The massive head and thick antlers lay on the side of the log as though he were only resting. Suddenly he collapsed in a heap. One of his hind legs twitched and was still."

Tom shook his head and then added:

"He's dead all right, but I don't even want to go near him to pick up my rifle."

We patched up Tom's arm and splashed cold water from a mountain brook over the purple bruise on his face. Later we dressed the Mad Buck and weighed him—308 pounds of insane, deadly mule deer. Tom did not even show enthusiasm at this near-record. For days his face wore the look of a man who has found a cobra in his bed. ⌗

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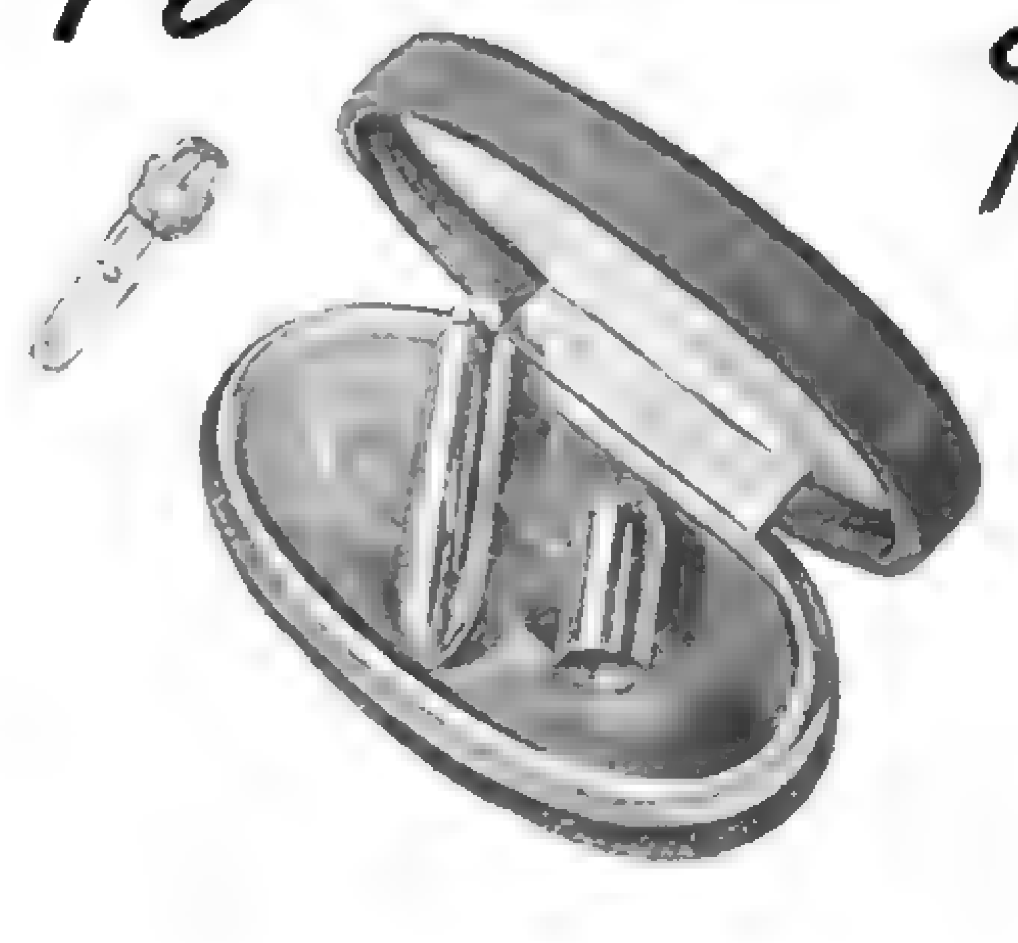

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No matter where I go
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My Alligator Raincoat is my favorite coat . . . for its style, for the tailoring that marks me as a man of good taste. It keeps me dry in a drizzle or in a downpour . . . helps keep down my pressing bills when I come out of the rain. Choosing the Alligator I wear was a pleasure . . . for only Alligator seemed to offer so wide a variety of styles and fabrics—no matter what a man's need might be.

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ALLIGATOR
Rainwear
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

Fortunes in Souvenir Swords

Continued from page 95

to accompany originals. In feudal times, powerful nobles exerted great pressure on the artisans to certify cherished fittings as genuine Gotos and in some instances the family was forced to perjure itself. Because of this, the family is said to have engraved a secret mysterious mark on all genuine Goto works they examined.

If your sword is elaborately decorated, it was probably made after the seventeenth century during a long period of peace when guards became decorative rather than protective. If enameled, it was produced after the Meiji Restoration in the nineteenth century.

Decorative designs on the fittings represent historical scenes and symbolic animals, birds or plants. The dragonfly has been symbolic of Japan since Emperor Jimmu looked down upon the Japanese archipelago from a high mountain and observed that the empire looked like a dragonfly holding its tail in its mouth. The crane and tortoise are symbols of longevity as are also the plum, the pine and the bamboo. Bamboo is also symbolic of loyalty and constancy because it bends but doesn't break. The dog and the dragon represent strength; the carp and the willow indicate peace and accord among friends. The carp is also symbolic of the male principle and the warrior because it always faces upstream and endures hardship and pain without flinching. Paper carp are flown from the ridgepoles of houses on the Boy's Festival, May fifth, each year. An emblem that looks like two commas head to tail represents the male and female principle, light and darkness or thunder. The sixteen-petaled chrysanthemum represents Imperial Japan.

A broken fan refers to the historical battle of Dan no Ura which occurred in the twelfth century. The Taira clan, while attacking a rival Minamoto force, expected divine protection from a fan placed high on the mast of one of their ships. However, a Minamoto warrior shattered the fan with an arrow and the Tairas lost the war.

Foreign influences are evident in scenes depicting Dutch or Portuguese ships and seamen, Chinese dragons and formalized European letters.

The authorship of sword fittings is determined from the type of design, signatures, composition of the metal, hammer marks, size and holes. A tortoise-shell design may be the product of the Nobuiye (信家) school and worth nearly a thousand dollars. A hundred tiny, well-carved figures may be a product of the Mitsuhiro (光廣) family in Hizen which specialized in designs of a hundred horses, a hundred monkeys or a hundred anything. These would date from the mid-eighteenth century. Extremely delicate undercut waves may show the master touch of Teruhide Omori (英秀) whose work has been imitated but not equaled. Hirata (平田) work specializes in dots and spirals of gold wire fused with enamel. A guard made of sheets of alloys folded so that different layers show in different colors is a rare fitting made by one of several artists who used that technique. Kaneiye (金家) generally worked macabre subjects such as white bones in the moonlight, skulls and tombs into his designs.

Short swords are frequently accompanied by a small knife which helps hold the blade in the scabbard. If the handle is heavy, it is probably solid gold.

The Japanese metalsmith frequently used gold in decorating a sword. Menuki which appears to be made of black lacquer may actually be made of solid gold painted over with lacquer. Shortly before Admiral Perry's "Black Ships" opened Japan, it was forbidden by law to use gold in sword decorations. This law was circumvented, however, by covering the gold with black lacquer. A faint yellow line at the crest of a black wave sometimes reveals the precious metal beneath the lacquer. Purists have criticized the overuse of gold in many of the Goto masterpieces which are sometimes more than ninety-five per cent gold. A solid black alloy may be a mixture of gold and copper.

If there is a greenish rust-like coating on your sword fittings, do not scrape it off. It is probably patina which was produced intentionally to give color and beauty to the decoration. Patina is made by oxidizing iron and rubbing it with vegetable oil. Sulphur accelerates this aging process but the exact Japanese formula is still a secret.

If you are superstitious, beware of the unlucky sword. It can cause you to lose your fortune, commit murder or drown in the ocean. According to the Japanese, a sword takes on the spirit of the swordsmith and becomes a living soul. The blades of Muramasa, for instance, are dreaded and feared. They are excellent in design and workmanship but are ungovernable and malicious in spirit. Muramasa, who lived in the fourteenth century, was a master artisan but ill-tempered and vicious. His blades are said to have absorbed his spirit and temperament.

As individual determinants of fortune, swords bring early death, blindness, worry, success, unfaithfulness on the part of wives, long life, death in battle and an infinite number of other fates. A fortuneteller examines a given sword and makes his predictions according to marks on the blade.

Many swords have been dedicated to temples and carry a curse for anyone who dares remove them. If there is a great deal of writing on your sword, then, beware! It may say, "He who takes this sword will be accursed. The gods will be avenged." ##

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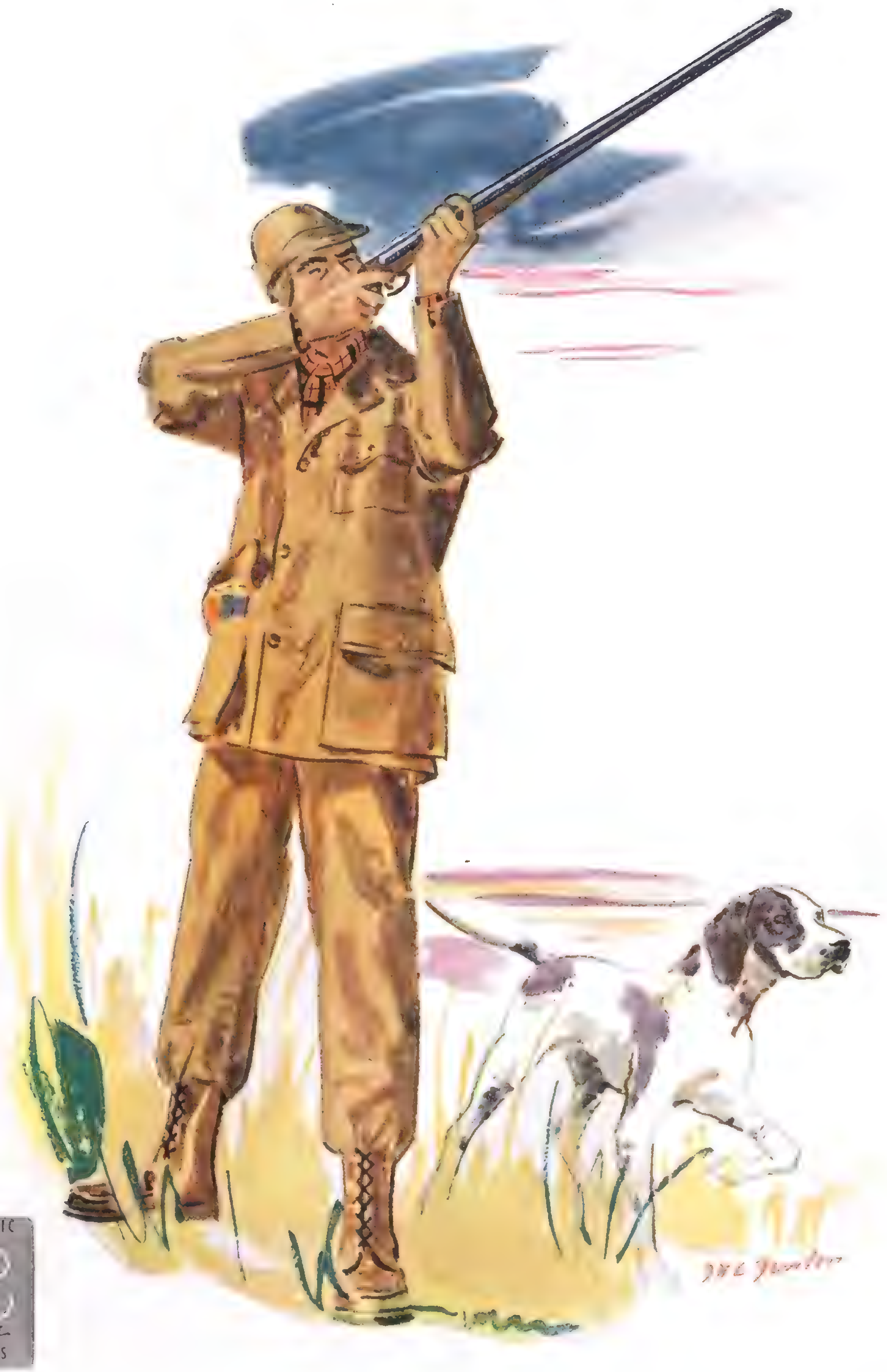
A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS



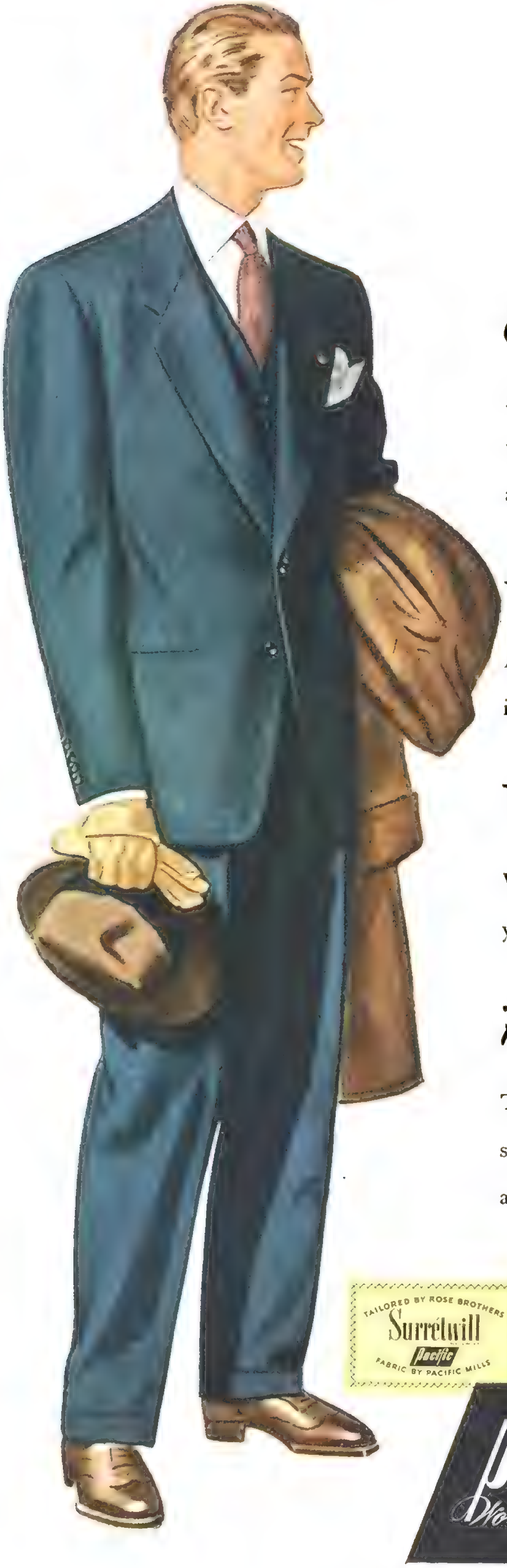
AUTHENTIC Esquire FASHIONS

HIGH FLYERS FALL HARDEST

Drawing by Jack Fenton

As he draws a bead on some birds in the distance, notice that this man's jacket has bellows-pleat construction that allows for easy arm action. Designed along functional lines, the suit is made of processed cotton that repels rain and is of a shade blending with the Autumn countryside. Styled with deep pockets, the lower pockets have special holders for the shells under the flaps. A hidden feature of this coat is the inside drop flap attached with a slide fastener and buttoned in at the sides. When this flap is dropped, the jacket becomes a knee length coat. With this outfit he wears a wool flannel shirt and a shooting hat with inside flaps. His boots are correct height for upland shooting. Note trousers tucked inside them.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



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Two for the show

As you were! The same suit of clothes puts you in step and style at the country club or stadium.

Three to get ready

With your Surrétwill suit and companion slacks, you're off to a week-end . . . traveling light!

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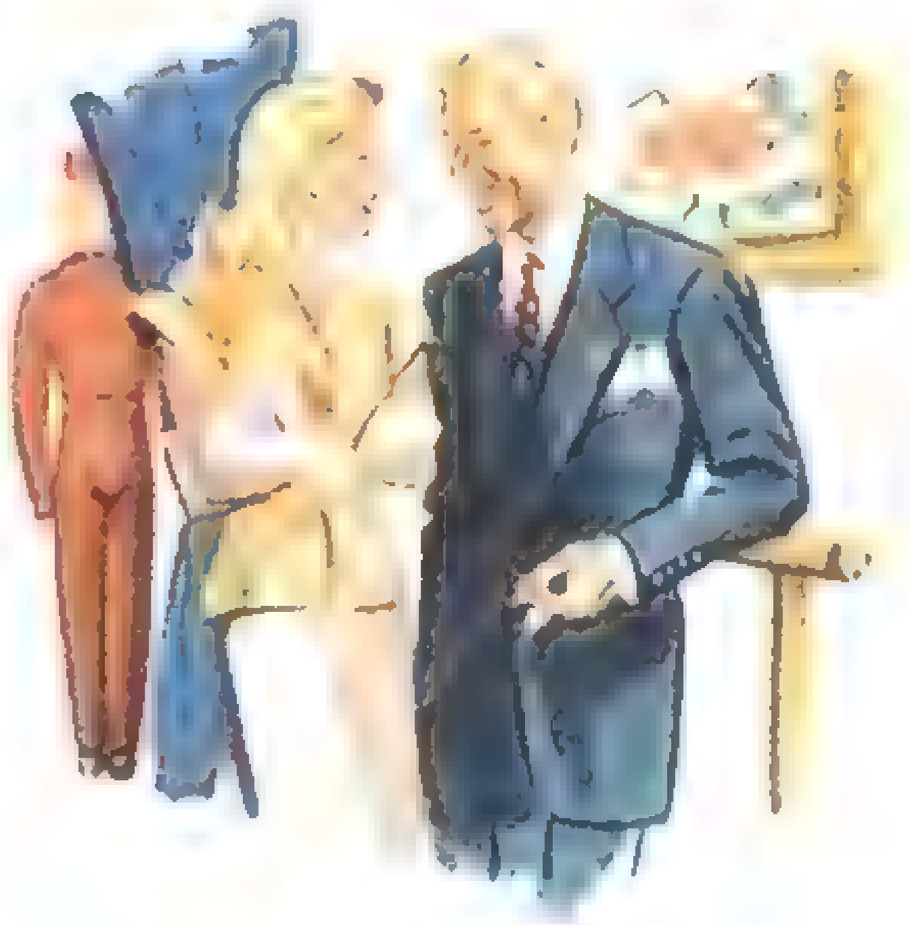

The rich, all-wool Pacific fabric with its smooth, suede-like venetian texture . . . makes you suavely attired for informal evening wear.

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Surrétwill suits *at $40 and harmonizing slacks at $12.95 are exclusively and impeccably tailored by Rose Brothers. Featured at leading stores in limited but growing quantities. Pacific Mills, Worsted Division, New York. For further information address Rose Brothers, 275 Seventh Avenue, New York 1; or Pacific Mills, Worsted Division, Retail Service Bureau, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York 10.*

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An Affair of Honor

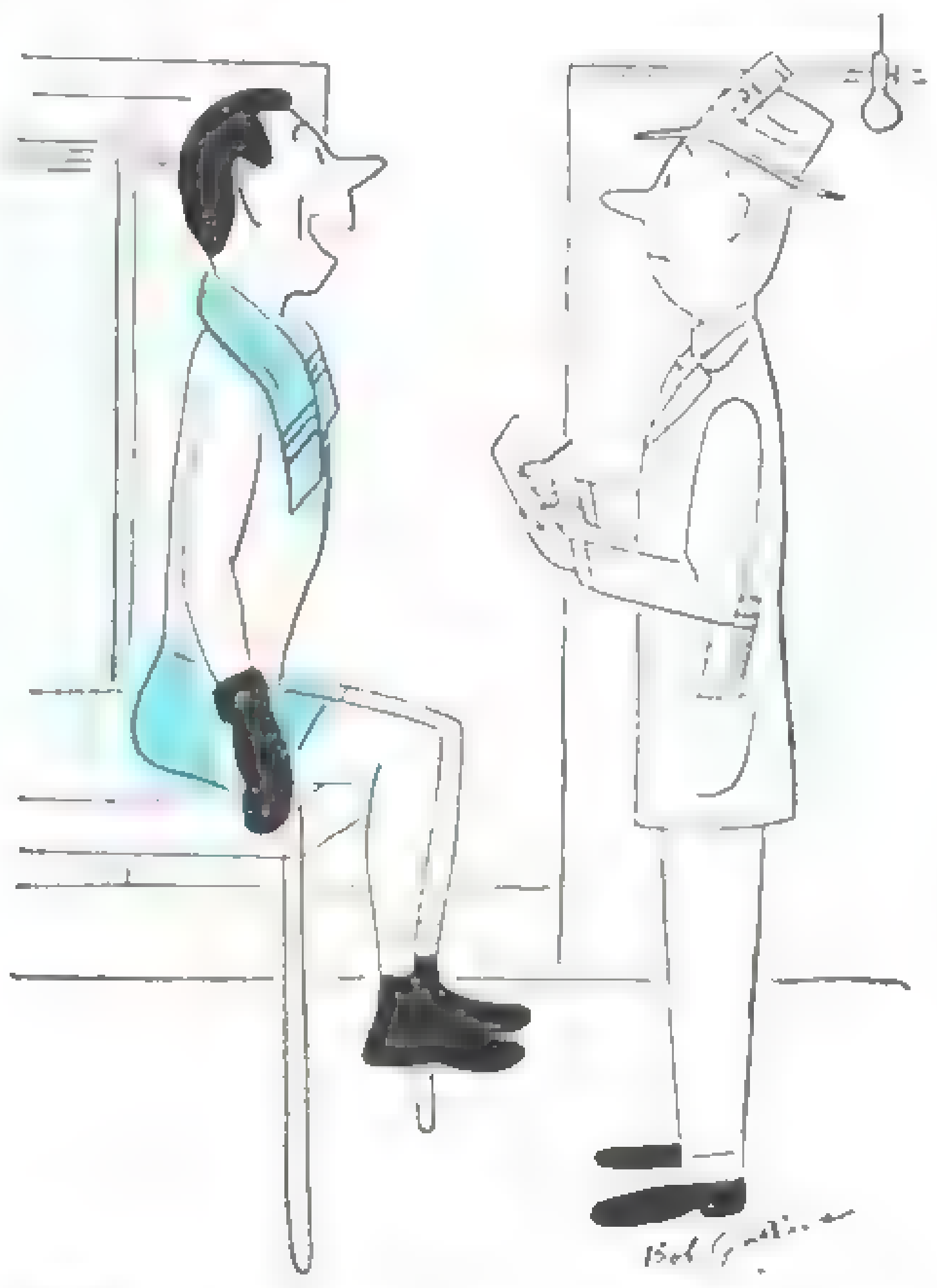
Continued from page 87

thing but magazines and catalogues) the postmistress set down a letter before her, and watched to see how she would receive it.

Madame Jolly did not leave her curiosity unsatisfied. She stood right there and read it, with many dramatic exclamations, putting her hand over her heart and sighing gustily.

"It's from Jacques, Mrs. Dubois! Yes, at last he has written! And he says I may expect him home very soon."

Word spread quickly through the village and to the lonely farms in the surrounding hills that the phantom Mr. Jolly was expected home.



"My career and subsequent rise to the championship began when my son remarked to a small friend, 'My Dad can lick your Dad'"

What puzzled Mrs. Jolly's many friends was her distraught manner during the days that followed. Had sudden joy perhaps unhinged her always slightly erratic mind?

Although she went promptly to the nearest town that had a waving machine, and got a permanent; although she bought a new dress more gloriously unsuitable than the old ones; although she baked and scrubbed and prepared for Mr. Jolly's homecoming like any normal matron—still, she made all these preparations in the guise of a woman who is feverishly excited by fear, rather than happiness.

A couple of weeks went by, and the villagers began to nudge each other and whisper cynically among themselves. Had she only played a joke on them, to give substance to the legend of Mr. Jolly?

But in this suspicion they were unjust, as later events proved. One afternoon while Jean-Philippe Gavraud was reciting a fable of La Fontaine to Madame Jolly, his lesson was, to his immense pleasure, interrupted at a difficult point by the peal of the shop bell. In walked a large, rough-looking man in poor, shabby clothes, carrying a battered suitcase.

Forgotten, rather than dismissed, the gamin lingered only long enough to see the stricken look on his teacher's face and to hear her whisper "Jacques" while the stranger "just stood and stared, without saying anything." This much he was able to report to his mother when he scuttled home to supper. When pressed eagerly for details, he was only able to say that the man looked tired and poor, "sort of like a guide in a bad season." Beyond this, he could not go.

After Madame Jolly and her husband had stared at each other in great embarrassment for several minutes, he set down his one piece of luggage and she settled him in a big comfortable chair, with a bottle of wine beside him. While she bustled about preparing supper, he sat there sipping his wine slowly, rolling it around in the glass and smelling it with great appreciation, after the manner of a Frenchman.

When they were seated at table, he looked at the good food with painful admiration, and ate with the same deliberate relish that he had displayed in enjoying the wine. Now and then he would smack his lips, to show how good it all tasted to him. But Madame still watched him with wistfulness and uncertainty.

When she served the coffee, she brought out a bottle of cognac and two small, graceful glasses with a design of vine leaves worked around the rims in gold.

Happiness lit up the dark, sullen face of Jacques Joli-Coeur when he saw those little glasses. He seemed unable to believe they were really there, and held one in his hand a long time before he drank.

"The same little glasses. It is good to drink from them again."

"Are you really glad to be back, Jacquot darling?" Madame Jolly at last ventured to inquire.

For answer he gave her the ironic smile and shrug that says so much. It says, "Why else would I have come home?" and "Can you not see that I am glad to be here?" It says other similar things, without the brutality of words.

Madame Jolly did not finish clearing the table and washing the dishes until her husband had gone into the back room and thrown himself on the bed. By the time she had done all her chores, he lay on his side, his face turned to the wall, apparently sound asleep. She undressed quietly and lay down carefully beside him.

But he was not asleep. He was too tired and overwrought to fall asleep at once. Besides, the soft comfortable clean bed was strange to him.

As for Madame Jolly, she was too excited to sleep. Her mind was racing with questions, doubts and fears. How much did Jacques know? Was he going to say anything? Should she try to talk to him, or leave him alone and wait for him to break his silence? If she only knew . . . She reviewed the "affair of honor" of long ago. She saw again in her mind's eye her dead lover's face, the look of arrogance wiped away by an ex-

Continued on page 162

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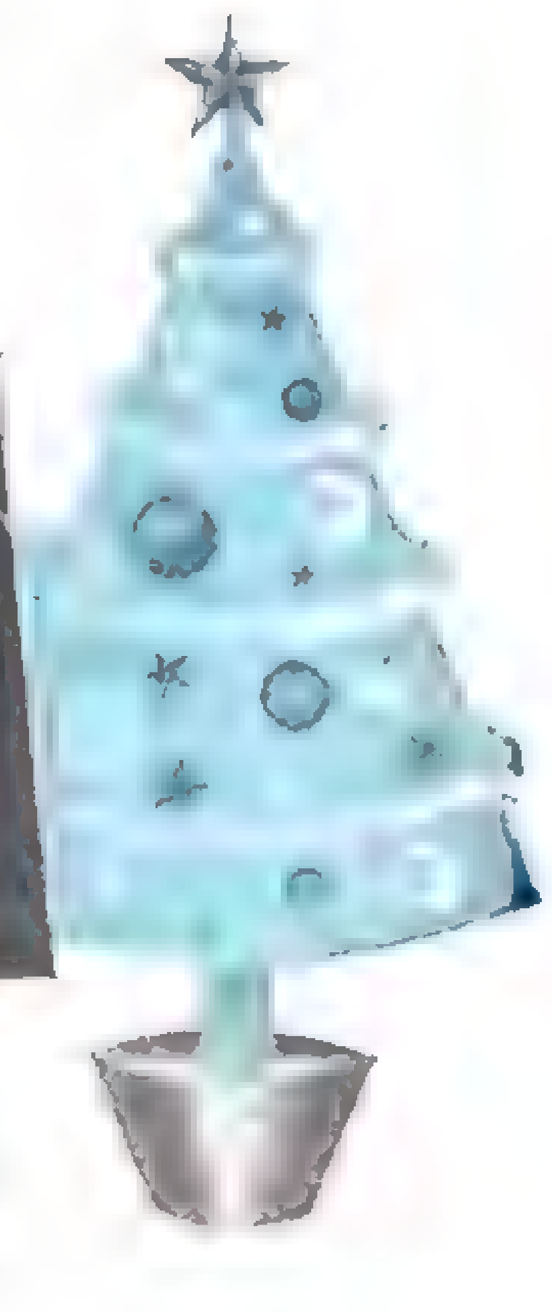

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An Affair of Honor

Continued from page 161

pression not so much of pain as of surprise. He had died too quickly to suffer much.

Had Jacques known or suspected, or not? It was true the two men had been arguing and quarreling about politics, but Jacques would hardly have killed François on that account alone—or would he?

Men, especially Frenchmen, felt so strongly about the government. She only wished she could take more interest in who ruled and how. If only she had paid more attention that day! But she had been busy serving customers in the dining room while Jacques kept the bar. All she had heard was the end of it, when they shouted at one another and Jacques jumped over the bar and went for François. He had grabbed him by the throat, roaring, "You pig of a royalist!" All she had heard François say before he died was something very uncomplimentary to the Republic.

They had both pulled out knives, but François had been too slow for Jacques. Even in her terror and pity for the man who lay dead, even as she bent over him, not daring to touch him, she had admired her husband's splendid muscular control. He stood there panting for a moment, then wiped his hands on a towel, as casual as if he had killed a chicken, and went to the telephone to call the police.

They had not made much trouble: it was common enough for men to fight over politics when they were drinking; and besides, Jacques was a person of much better standing in the community than François.

It was later that the mounted policeman came and asked questions. He had departed too, dissatisfied but unable to discover anything to prove a charge of deliberate murder. It was some time afterward that Jacques left, without explanation. Oh, the torment of never knowing what he knew, what he thought!

She had not grieved long for François. Their love had been a short, mad infatuation that took her unawares at a time when her marriage had lost its first magic and rapture. He had for her the kind of violent physical attraction that disappears rapidly after the splendid body is gone. It seemed tragic to her for so fine an animal to die at the age of twenty-five. But on the other hand, she came to realize how François would have hated to get old. This way, he would never know that time would have gradually robbed him anyhow of all that he lost in a few seconds, while the hot blood poured out. And besides, they had given him a beautiful funeral, as near first class as they could manage.

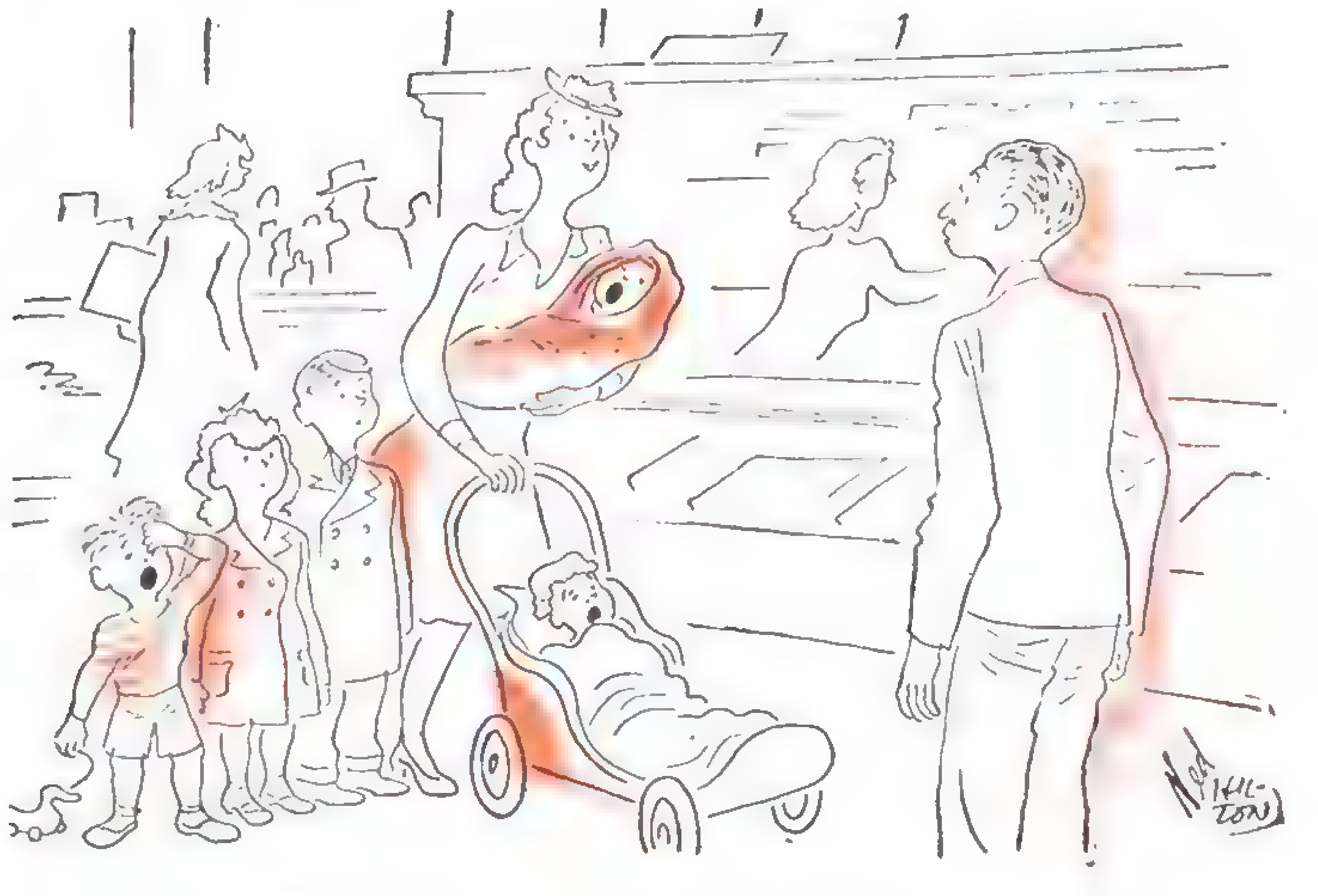
No, that had been a small grief compared to the sorrow of Jacques' desertion. How bitterly she had learned too late that strong physical desire for her lover had been of no importance beside the long, firm, deep affection and gentle devotion that she had always felt, and would feel until she died, for lazy, selfish, unreasonable Jacquot.

When years passed, and he did not come back, she still had not wished to look at another man. She lost all interest in her appearance and went about looking like a freak because she did not care any more about looking young and pretty.

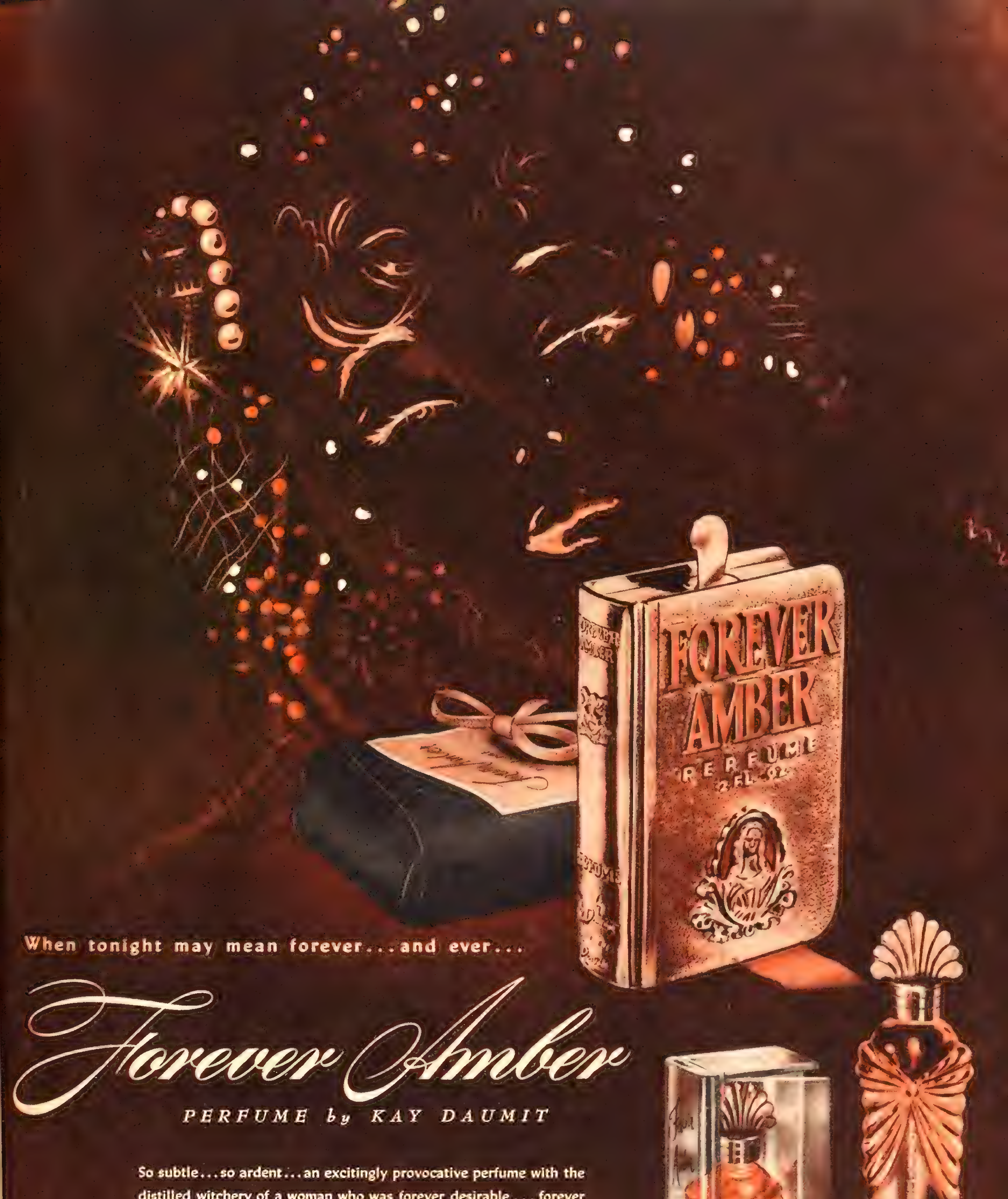
Meanwhile Jacques lay still, wondering what he ought to tell her. A man cannot admit, for the sake of pride, that he knew his wife was unfaithful, and not even beat her. Maybe he could tell her that he had been afraid of the police. Would she believe that? Guilty conscience might make a fugitive of some men, but Jacques had never felt the burden of too much moral sense. Well, he must think of something—tomorrow. In all this time he had not figured out a way to save his face and yet return to the woman and to the life that he loved.

He had gotten her letter in Alaska, and it had filled him with so intense a longing for the very sight and sound and smell of

Continued on page 164



"Where will I find the alarm clocks?"



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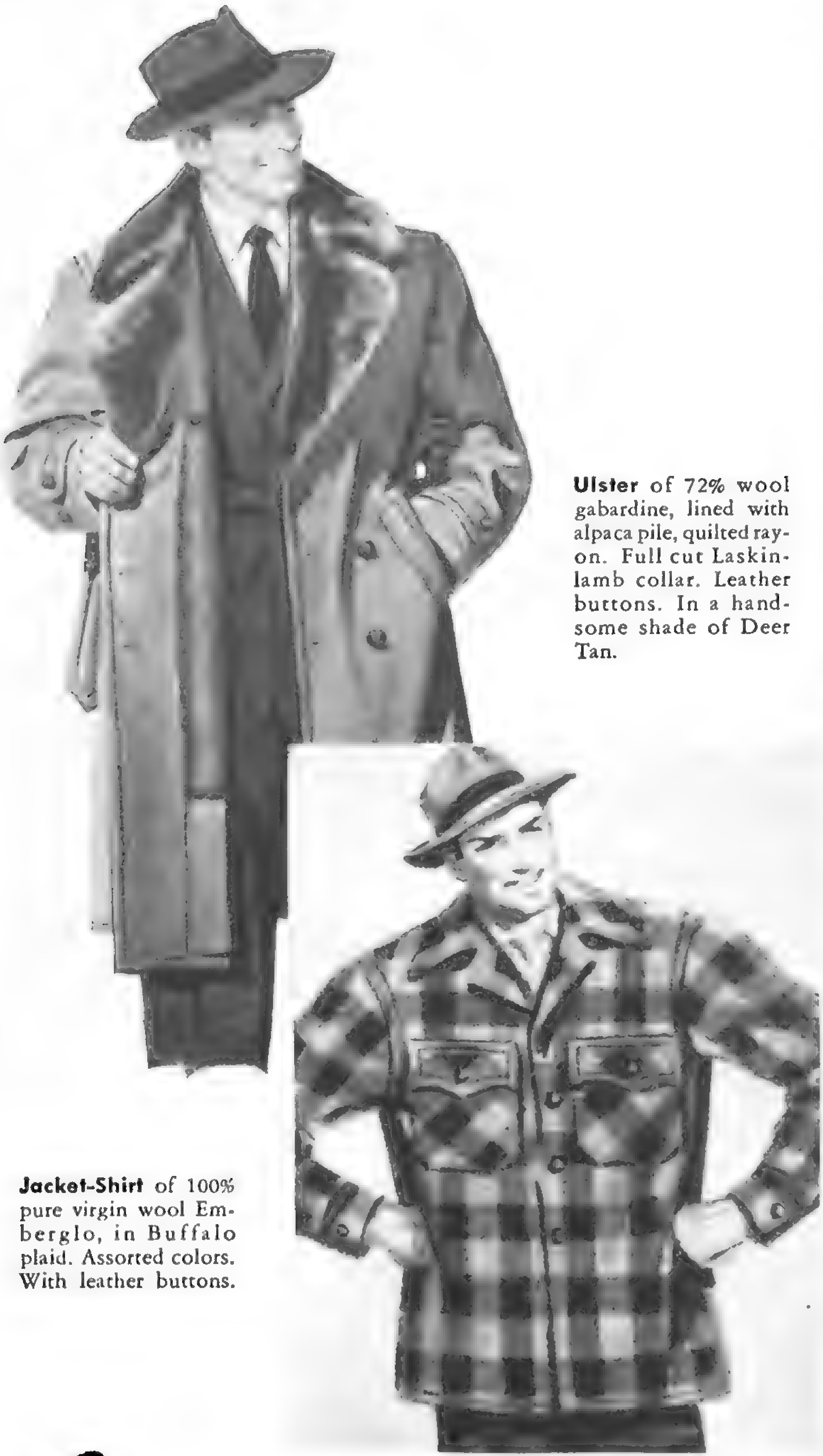

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Leather and fabric coats and jackets for sports, leisure and utility wear.

An Affair of Honor

Continued from page 162

home that he had fought down his humiliation and started east like a tired horse.

Nothing had ever prospered for Jacques after he left his wife. He had tried his hand at all sorts of jobs, but after all, it was she who had the business ability. Alone, he was nothing but an ordinary fisherman, an ignorant peasant, and not even industrious by nature. A man could not admit a thing like that to his wife. If he had spent more time running the inn, instead of letting her manage alone while he was off fishing, she might never have gotten acquainted with François, and if she hadn't known him better there would have been no trouble. If . . .

Jacques was not of an analytical turn of mind, but the years of hardship and failure had slowly taught him to think a little.

Maybe if he fished and hunted and took jobs as a guide, they could save enough to start another inn. How hard he would work, if life would give him another chance!

The very thought of all that steady work so exhausted him that he fell into a heavy sleep.

Poor Jacques! He should have known that Madame Jolly could be relied on to do his thinking for him.

After his departure, she had sold the inn as soon as she could get a fair price, and she had put every sou in the bank in Quebec, the big reliable Bank of Canada. With the accumulated interest, they would have plenty to start a new inn, and she would take him tomorrow in a hired carriage (perhaps even in an automobile, if they could find one) to look over some possible locations.

She had not supported herself all these years to save money for a lonely old age. If Jacques had never come back, she would not have had the hopefulness and courage to start a new business. She supposed she would have drawn on the money if necessary, when she got old and ailing. Or perhaps she would have been able to die, as she had lived, in harness. In that case, the money had been left in trust for Jacques, on the understanding that if he did not appear and claim it, it would finally go to charity.

She would find some way to smooth over the facts and to persuade him that the money was all his, earned by his own cleverness and industry. Any good wife can handle those little questions of brilliant diplomacy.

Oh, how good it was to have him lying there beside her, snoring gently. She cautiously pushed him over a little, so he would rest more comfortably, and tenderly adjusted the cover. He stirred, and her heart beat fast, but he did not wake. What a noble and delicate character he has, she thought humbly. I am unworthy of this great, heroic figure of a man.

At last the tears that she had been holding back all evening ran quietly down her face, and finally she fell asleep.

Jacques got up late next morning, and sat by the stove in his shirt sleeves, drinking coffee and reading all the papers. From time to time he flung out terse, angry comments—mostly profane—on the state of the country's internal politics. Madame Jolly did not listen very closely to what he said, as she went about the chores, but she made admiring comments now and then. She was continually interrupted by the peal of the shop bell, for a steady stream of customers came to have a look at Mr. Jolly.

About eleven he set his cap on his head at a jaunty angle, pulled on a fisherman's jersey, and said he would go to the café for a beer. Madame Jolly handed him a note from the cash register without discussion. He shoved it into his pocket, saluted her by way of thanks, and left for the café.

He returned rather late for lunch, with some bad bruises and bumps on his face. He was in a state of great excitement.

"These people understand nothing beyond their own local politics!" he cried. "One would think, to hear them talk, that Canada was still ruled by the King of France!"

His wife, while carefully bathing his face, gave him a sharp scolding. "Jacques, what am I to do with you? The first day you are home, you get into another fight! Is the other man badly hurt?"

"No, no! Do not alarm yourself! Maurice Thénaud is a complete idiot, a pig, a danger to the community—but I only punched his head."

"Oh, Jacques, I beg of you, do not fight any more about politics. These arguments will get you into trouble, just as they did long ago."

Looking into her earnest, pleading eyes, Jacques was sure that she was afraid he would kill Thénaud in a political argument. This reassured him about the old brawl; she evidently thought he had killed François on account of their political differences. What a relief it was to him! Since she did not know he had been indulgent, he could live here in peace, secure in his pride and dignity.

Madame Jolly, for her part, was infinitely comforted to find that he apparently did care enough about politics to fight over it. The old question of whether or not he knew of her infidelity, which had so long tormented her, was now happily resolved.

Jacques promised, with a great show of reluctance, not to knock anyone else about in the café. She embraced him gratefully, and the couple settled down to a pleasant life together. The new tavern, when they opened it, was a great success, and Jacques even did his share of the work. ##

Continued from page 87

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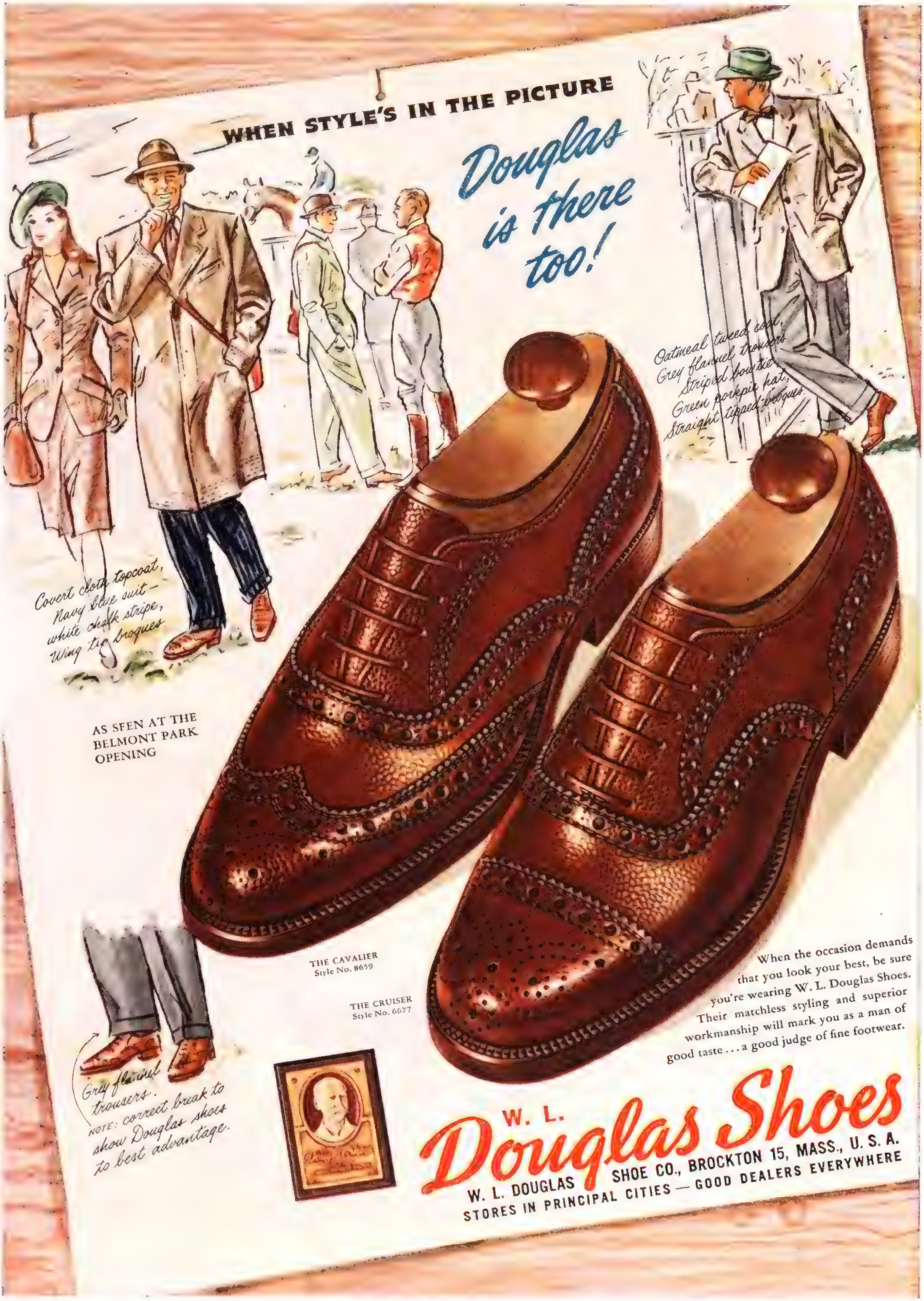

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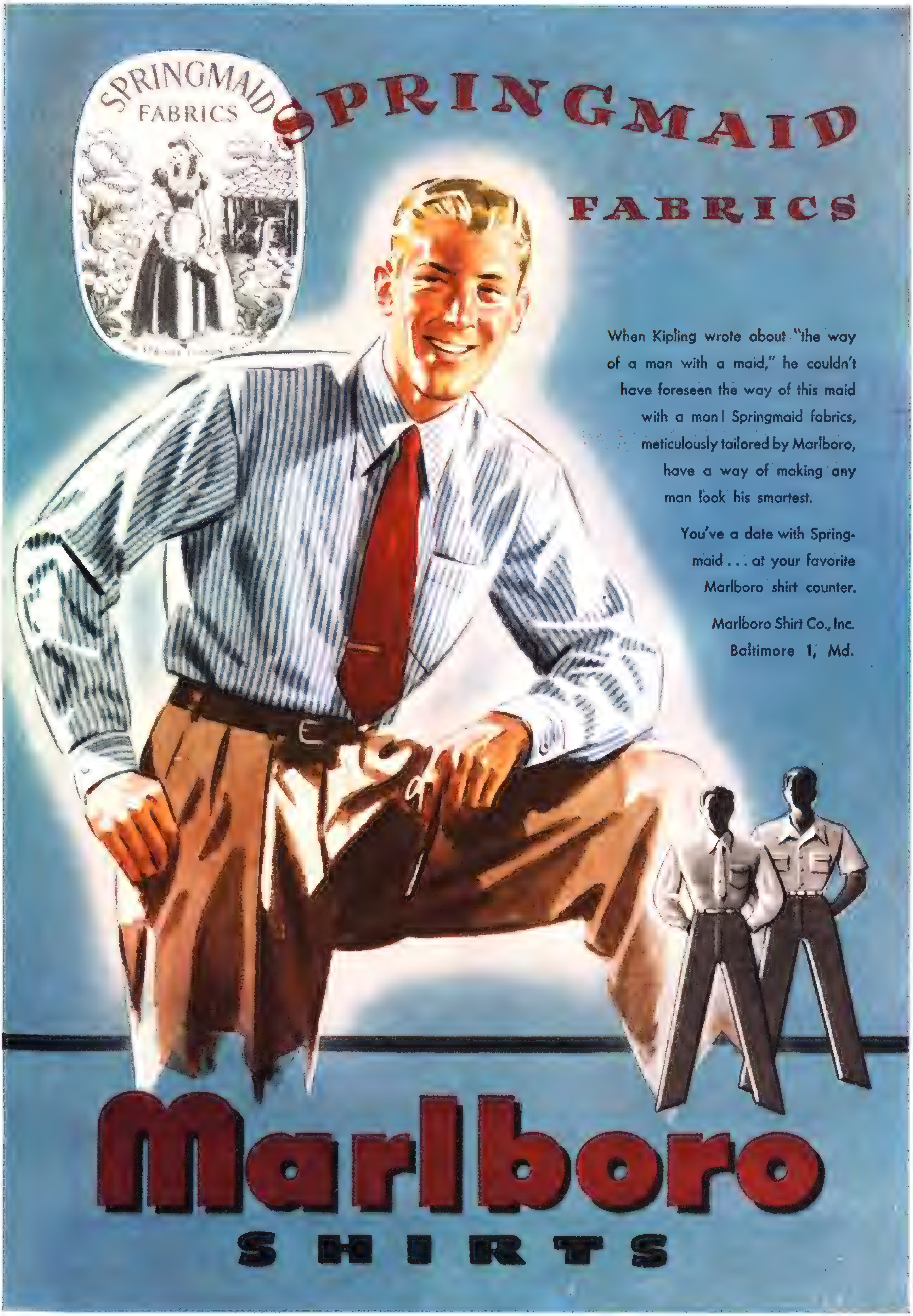

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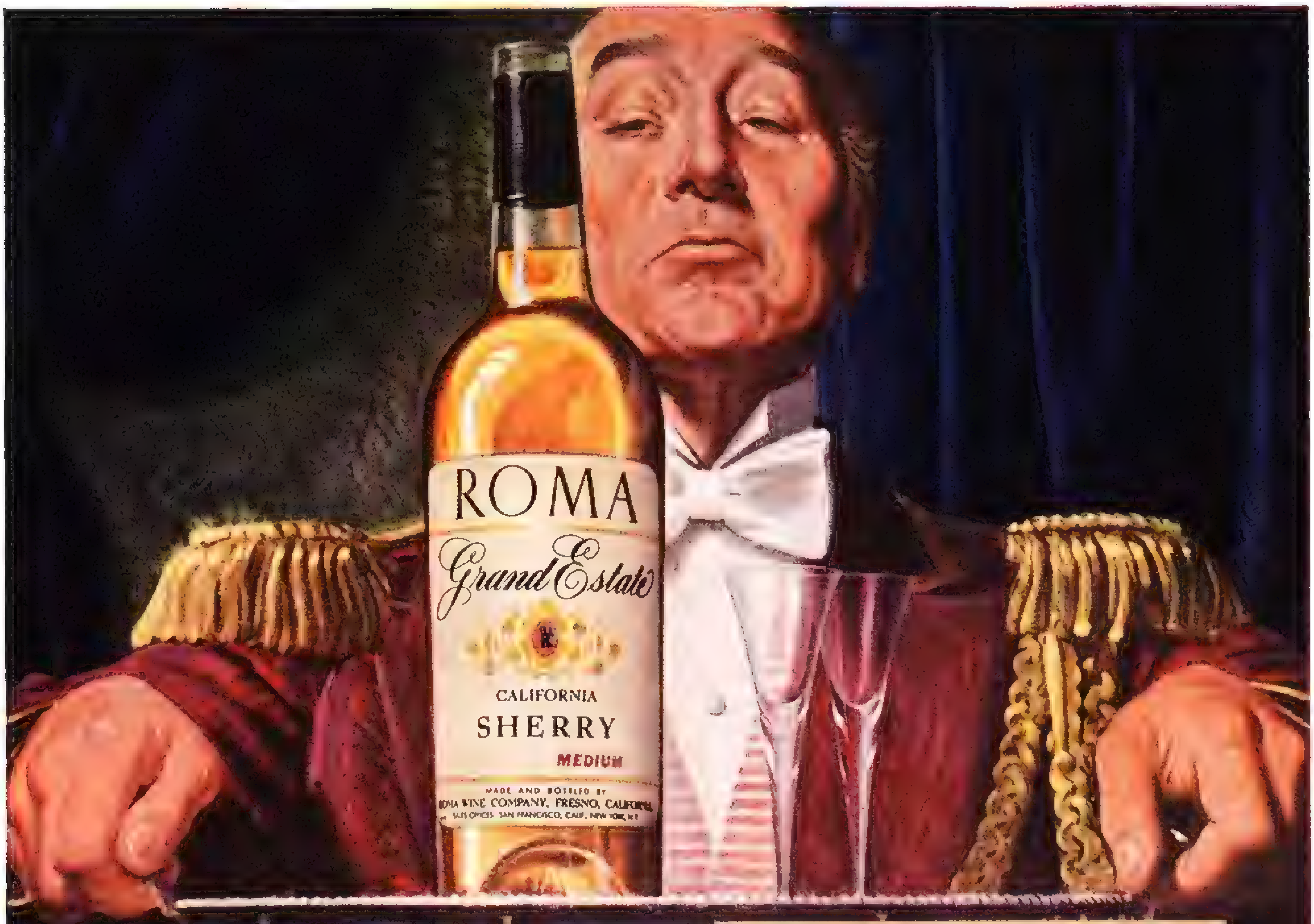
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SHERRY
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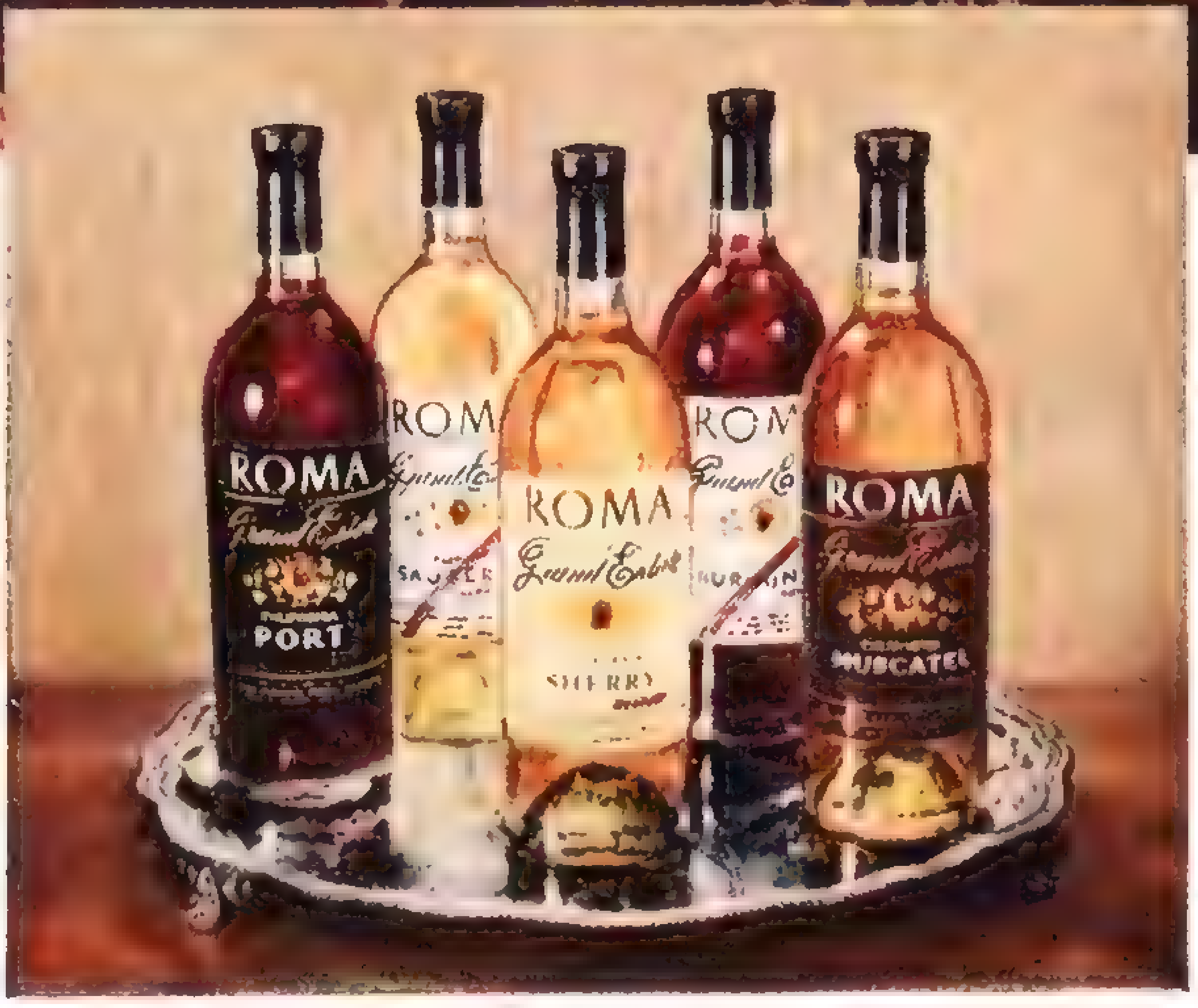
ROMA
PORT
ROMA
SAUTERNE
ROMA
SHERRY
ROMA
BURGUNDY
ROMA
MUSCATEL

Performers for Pennies

Continued from page 72

action. The critic is today too strongly entrenched in the mind of the theatregoing public as the high authority, the last word.

Once it was possible to oppose him—and win out. I did it as far back as *Three Wise Fools* when I hired a score of "elegant ladies and gentlemen" to line up at the box office and crowd the little Criterion Theatre lobby on Broadway near 44th Street, purchasing with stage money seats for that play which the critics never liked but which ran there for a year.

Those were the days when the critics did not have the final say. One of my biggest successes, *Seventh Heaven*, did no business for the first few weeks. Winthrop Ames, who controlled the Booth Theatre, had his trucks backed up against the stage door with the scenery for a new show when things began to happen and a line started at the box office and never stopped for two years.

"He feels that people should get their money's worth"

"There is something in the critic's nature that makes it almost impossible for him to admire anything with no reservations at all." This was recently said by the very honest Mr. Wolcott Gibbs. Gibbs hated *Claudia* and said so, which was, of course, his privilege. But the public liked *Claudia* and it ran well into a second season, with two companies here and one in London, and all this while Mr. Gibbs regularly each week repeated his poor opinion of the play. And he kept this up for many, many weeks, fervently, with a zealous sense of duty to his audiences which demanded that he notify the last one that if he *did* attend a performance of *Claudia*, it would be against the judgment of Mr. Gibbs.

Miss Franken and I were unhappy about this weekly attack, and I spoke with the gentleman who is said to be the Chief Stockholder of the paper. I told him that it was quite all right for his critic to dislike *Claudia* and to say so in his first review, but since he made a living criticizing plays such as mine, it seemed too bad for him to keep trying so persistently to bite the hand that fed him. The Chief Stockholder was most understanding and sympathetic but confessed his inability to do anything about it—and so the last week that Mr. Gibbs printed his poor opinion of *Claudia* was the last week it appeared in New York.

Three's a Family was another production of mine that the critics didn't care for—but which I liked. I used to stand at the back of the theatre and laugh with those slim audiences night after night. I enjoyed the play myself so much that I determined to try to keep it going. Frankly, it cost quite a few thousands of dollars at the start, but eventually it played to capacity audiences and showed a good profit.

Over the course of years it has been interesting for me to sit back and observe that these critics are themselves exhibitionists—not one whit less than the players of whom they write. Each critic tries to give, in his own individual way, his own show for the pennies paid for his paper. Thus we have one set of performers on a stage who are showing their talent in make-believe to another set in the audience who, after all, are bent on winning the applause of a much greater audience outside the playhouse.

To hold his public and his job your critic must write entertainingly about the entertainment he has just witnessed or his place will be taken by one of greater wit or more trenchant style.

John Mason Brown, speaking of a critic, said he wished he would become as interested in a performance he happens to be reviewing as he is in *his own performance*. He cleverly hit off the idea of a critic being a showman on his own in referring to George Jean Nathan. "The show he puts on," said Mr. Brown, "continues to be more amusing than are most of the shows he reviews."

Another writer, in a theatre magazine, using Nathan as the type of critic who steals the show on the stage to picture it as a personal production in printer's ink, said: "He never fails his audience. He fluffs and bangs away, makes baroque faces and distorts the more distortable portions of his anatomy." Oftener, as he said of someone else, he stalks Broadway with his shirttail hanging out.

In a mood of frank confession, Mr. Nathan once expounded the dictum that "All criticism is at bottom, an effort on the part of its practitioner to show off himself and his art at the expense of the artist and the art which he criticizes."

—And how these exhibitionists love their jobs! I don't remember having heard of one who quit unless he was fired. Walter Prichard Eaton said, "To pity these gents would be wasteful of a rather precious emotion."—Like the Irishman who bragged he had the best job of his life—tearin' down a Protestant Church and

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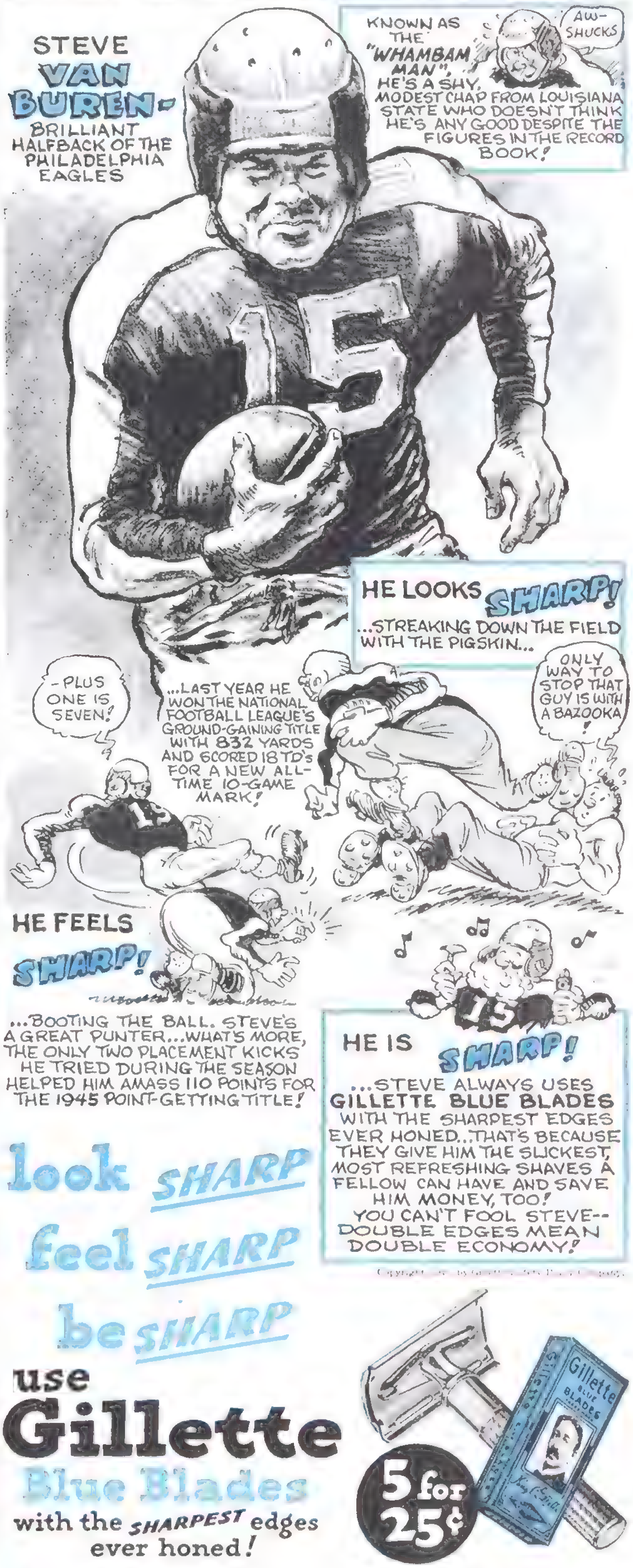
RECORD-BREAKER EVERY WAY by Frank Williams


STEVE VAN BUREN - BRILLIANT HALFBACK OF THE PHILADELPHIA EAGLES
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Performers for Pennies

Continued from page 169

gettin' paid for it. "Nobody," Mr. Eaton says, "who gets so much evident pleasure out of the verbal expression need be pitied."

Channing Pollock, who was frequently mad at them, used to claim they were like legless men who tried to teach running—though the suave, impeccable George Freedley answered this by telling me of the lady who had never laid an egg but was still a good judge of an omelet. This is a defense much employed by critics—and by no means a bad one.

William Winter was the first of the finer critics whom I can recall. In his era (sometimes called the Glacial Period) he gave his penny performance by a literary display of flowing prose. Long ago he said, "Dramatic critics and actors are much alike. The only essential difference is that the actor does his acting on a platform," which is a concise way of stating my case against these show-off scribes.

A penny performer of those early days was a quiet little English gentleman named Alfred Cohen. He came here right after his Oxford graduation and was first heard of as dramatic critic of the New York *Evening World.* His nom-de-theatre was Alan Dale. He soon had the reading public laughing its head off at the humor of his comments and the devastating irony of his unconventional way of criticizing everything from the Beef Trust Leg Show to *Hamlet.* Broadway was asking, not: "Have you seen the new play at Daly's?" but, "did you read what that fellow Alan Dale said about it? Better'n the show itself!" His personal show made no pretense at scholarship, but loomed up through its good entertainment.

I might add that among my souvenirs is a clipping with a criticism of Alan Dale's, from the New York *Evening World* of October 15, 1892, quoting the great critic speaking of a certain actor's performance, "John Golden made a fairly good butler."

A few years later came Acton Davies, a round, cherubic, overfed, smiling young gentleman who in appearance was not unlike our Mr. Ward Morehouse of today's Drama Circle. Davies gave many a humorously cruel penny performance. I recall a couple of his jabs. He disliked a musical play I had written—it was called *The Candy Shop.* "There is, however, this to be said," he wrote. "I saw the play under unfavorable auspices. The curtain was up."

Of another, Mr. Davies quipped: "The second act takes place in a castle which, like most of the women in the play, has been ruined by the Spaniards."

Ashton Stevens of Chicago was, and is, one with a flair for packing a punch in a phrase: "The seats given to the critics were terrible. You could hear every word."

Stevens has been at it a long time. Only recently—speaking of Jan Kiepura's performance in *Polonaise*—he said: "It's Kiepura's outward and visible tokens of self-love that sicken me. Romeo never loved Juliet, nor Dante Beatrice, nor Tristan Isolde nor Crosse Blackwell as Jan loves Kiepura.

"—Mind you, I'm not saying that Mr. Kiepura has lost his standing as the stage's most stiff, stilted and stuffed tenor singer—I'm only admitting that this time he didn't turn my stomach all the way over."

Burns Mantle, whom I have known for long years, always was a clean, clear-thinking gentleman. On two occasions I went to him for advice, got it—and took it. Once, he will recall, was when I quarreled with the author and my director on the decision as to whether the last in a three-word epithet should be guns or bitches.

Another time was when I was producing *Susan and God* and a terrible tragedy occurred at the tryout in Washington on the evening of the opening night—the death of that fine actor Osgood Perkins. Miss Crothers, Miss Lawrence and the entire cast were in unhappy confusion, and it was Burns Mantle who, with a critic-friend in Washington named Nelson Bell, did much to calm things

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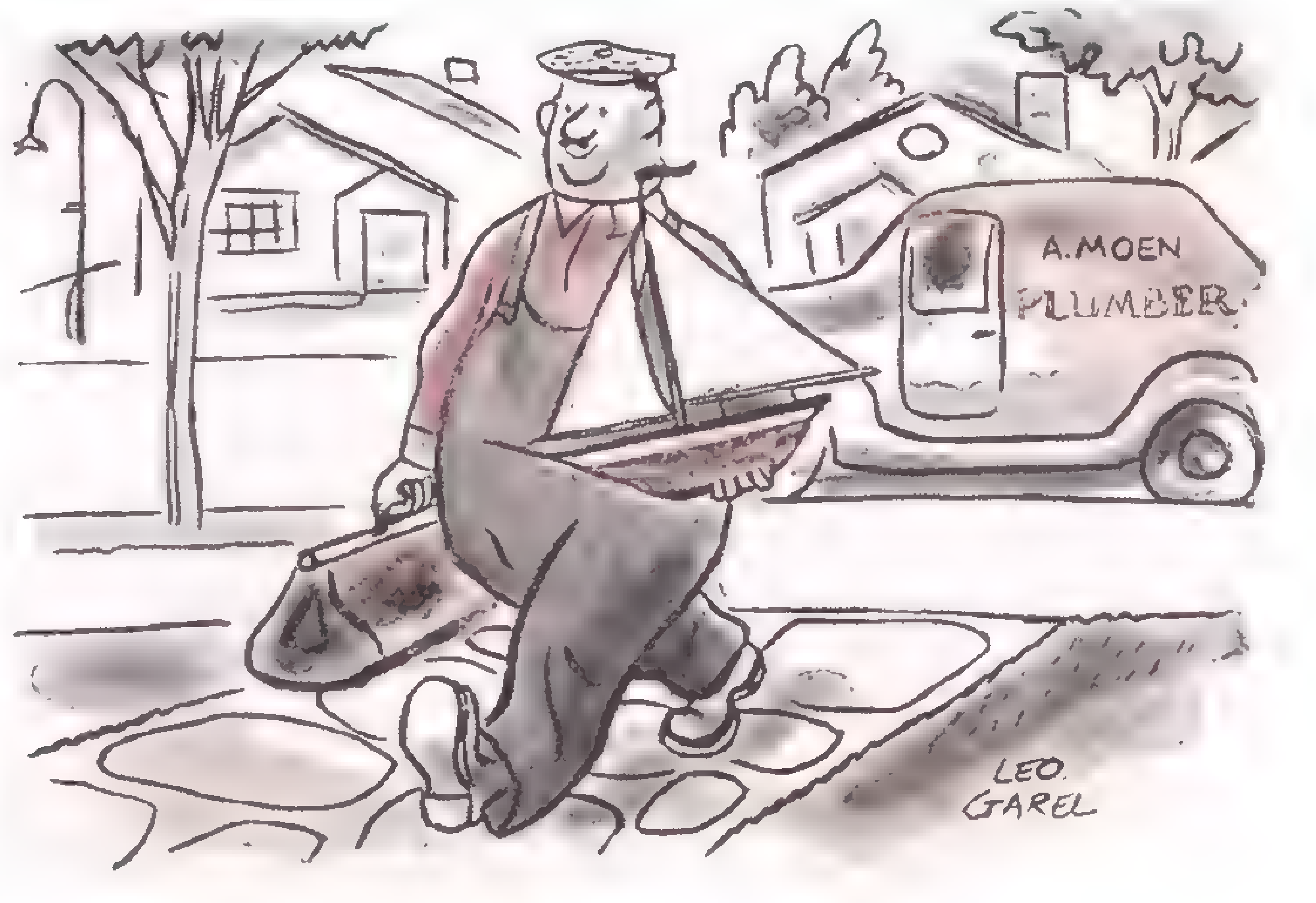
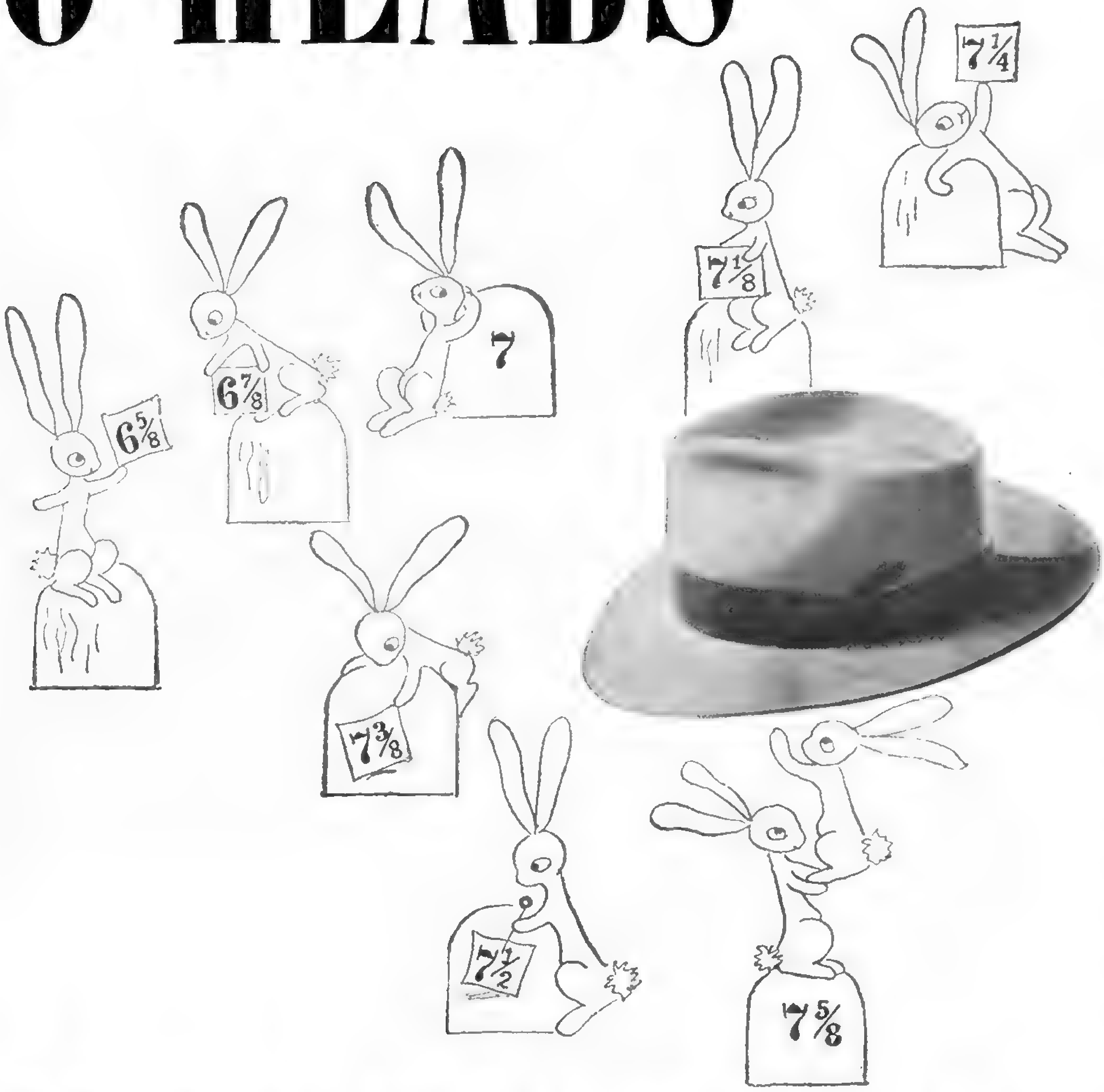


AMERICA HAS 8 HEADS



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Performers for Pennies

Continued from page 170

and help me to decide to give Paul McGrath the featured (Perkins) role opposite Gertrude Lawrence. Theatrical history records the success young McGrath made when the play was brought to New York.

For the first years when Burns took on his critic job, it was his rule to make no friends—at least, no intimate friends—with folks backstage. I believe my old partner Winchell Smith and I were among the very few that he did trust with his friendship.

Today, however, now that Burns is known as the Dean, the shackles are off; he knows everyone in the theatre. His days are filled with endless meetings and committees—I am certain that he gets half of his food at Drama Luncheons!

It is not so very long now since the retired Dean Mantle's mantle was thrown over the shoulders of the energetic, earnest young John Chapman. The mantle is still a bit loose, but he's growing into it. On occasion, he cannot resist casually referring to the influence of Greek tragedy on modern drawing-room drama as an indication he's hep to the classics. However, he has a good background and an education that eventually must stand him in the well-known stead.

One who takes the job in his stride, almost regarding play reviewing as a side line, yet ever ready to put in a powerful plug—for folks he likes—is the flashy, generous Walter Winchell. Hundreds of his phrases and coined words over the years have been used to sell the public plays and players that Walter happened to like. He is known to have saved several productions. Referring to one recently, he spoke of the delightful He-and-she-nanigans in the play and, of course, the press agent made good use of the phrase.

Brooks Atkinson once said, "In the theatre I am always trying to think of what I am going to say. Sometimes I scrawl words on the program—bits of dialogue that I want to remember and words to describe the actors."

Apropos of this, let's see what nimble-minded E. B. White says:

> *"The critic leaves at curtain fall*
> *To find, in starting to review it*
> *He scarcely saw the play at all*
> *For watching* his reaction to it."

It seems inevitable that Mr. Atkinson, like Mr. White's critic, must miss some of the play's good things—perhaps even its highest point of interest and value—while self-absorbed in his scribbling. A play, good or bad, is something that has to be watched every minute the curtain is up to get its full purpose, its reason for being presented, its value as entertainment.

Lewis Nichols knows his theatre well. He may be observed on opening nights, his lips tightly compressed lest some eager, frantic, suffering author or producer catch the tiniest idea of the impression that's being made on the gentleman. Between acts, except toward a chosen few, he is exclusive and silent with, to quote Mr. Twain again, "The calm courage of a Christian in a poker game holding four aces."

Mr. Jack Pulaski is one critic who could never be accused of being a stiff shirt—in fact I'm not at all sure he wears a shirt. He is a representative (he'd cry, "Smile when you call me that!") of *Variety*. They call their reporters Muggs.

Variety shocked the higher-browed of the Circle by setting up a box-score record of their opinions. For the first years nearly all of the critics turned their noses almost out of shape snubbing this all too obvious inartistic, commercial setup. After a while some of the snobbiest began to take a sly peek at the score. Later, some even spoke of it with a kindly tolerance, particularly if they were among those near the head of the list.

The interesting thing about Pulaski's critiques is that their box scores proved he had outguessed nearly all of the other New York critics. Incidentally, "outguessed" is his own word. He says it has been lucky guessing—just about as he places his bets at the track.

Ward Morehouse hasn't much art but he's a great reporter and he's stage-struck,—stage-struck as any adolescent aspirant at Walgreen's. He'd rather write one good play than review a thousand. His criticisms make no attempt to exhibit his scholarship, and he has had a long and close association with the great of the theatre. His penny performance frequently has a nostalgic quality. He can become more excited over a memory of Maude Adams than the discovery of a Dorothy McGuire.

And finally, another active critic of the old school is Kelcey Allen, rotund, Falstaffian and genial toward most of the plays he has to "cover" for his paper called *Women's Wear Daily*—and perhaps you can glean from the title its field and purpose. I haven't any idea how influential the Kelcey Allen dramatic diatribes are, but appealing as he does to a special class audience, what he recommends and denounces may go a long way.

For years, along the Rialto, an argument has been kept alive as to whether Kelcey or that columnist of gay quotations, Harry Hershfield, first "immortalized" that moment when a star tragedian cried, "Lay on, MacDuff" and the naughty critic down front murmured, "Lay off, McBride!"

Well, there they are, gentlemen. If you don't know them or their work I can assure you they make good reading—and, don't forget it costs you only a few pennies each day to enjoy the show they put on. My shows cost much more. ⌗

Continued from page 72

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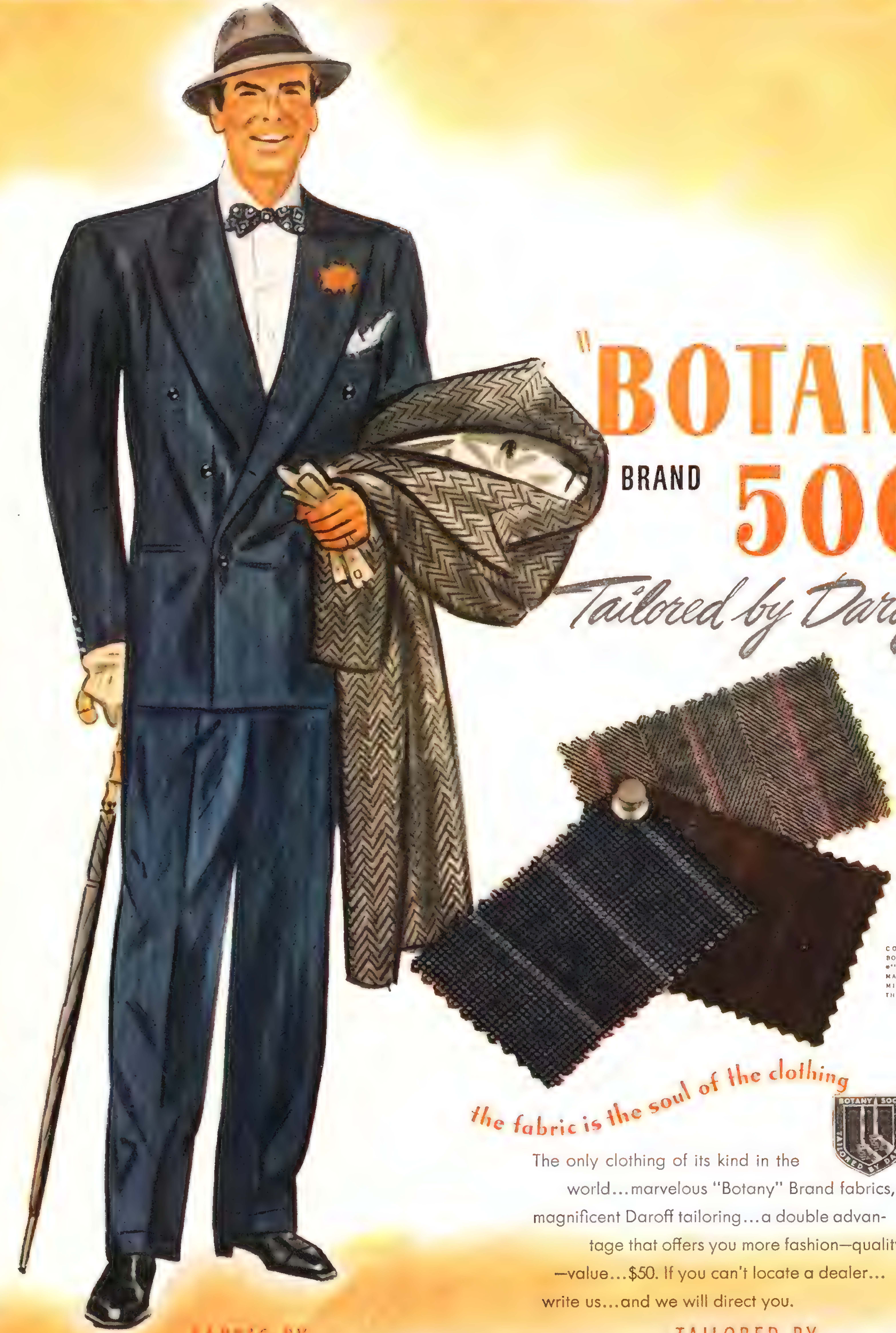

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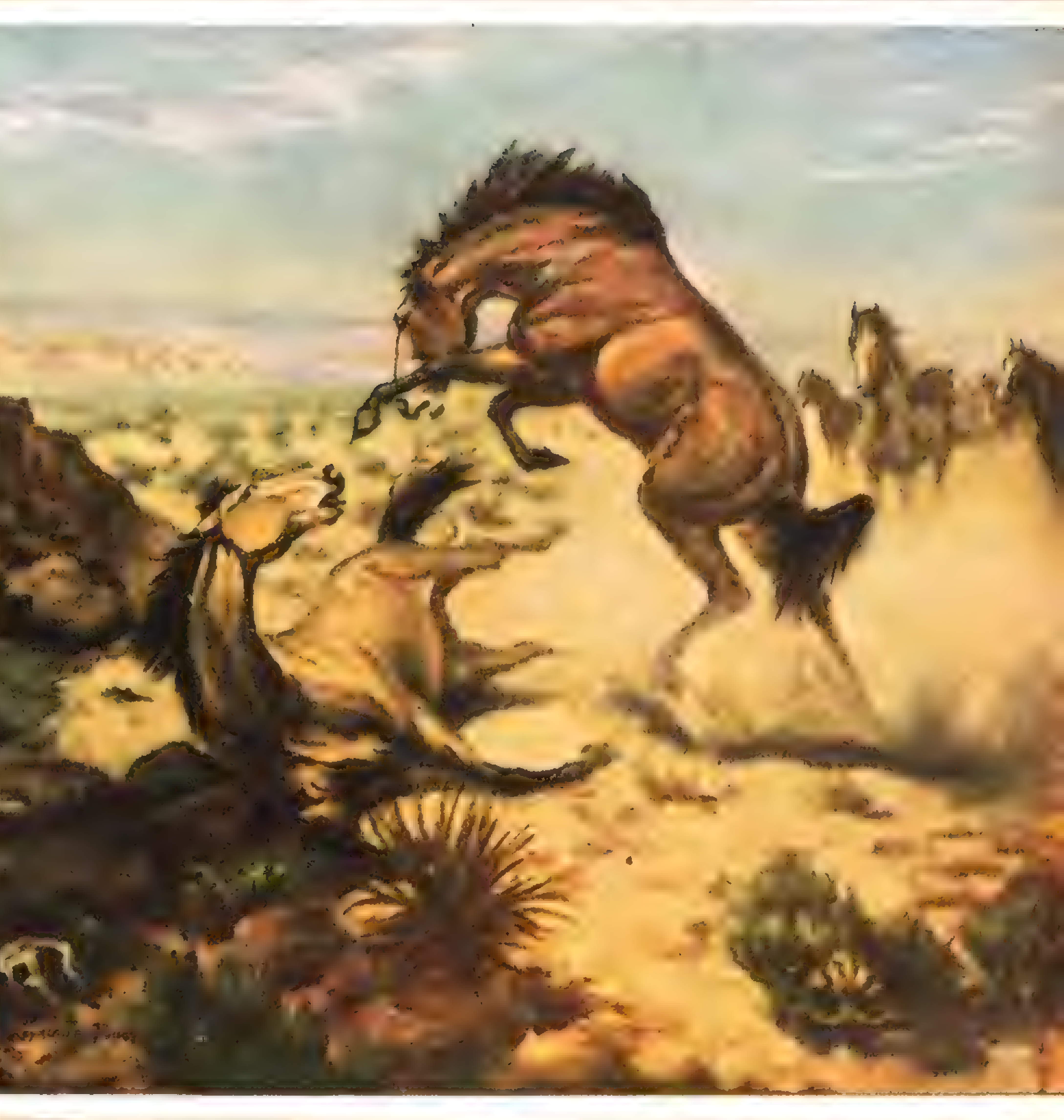

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B and B

LIQUEUR
(**Bénédictine** and **Brandy**)

Harlem Love Potions

Continued from page 132

maybe he will. Some minds are just born for the magic, and they don't change no matter what."

He poured himself another drink and sipped it thoughtfully. High John told him about my curiosity to know the origin of gobo, but he ignored the request. "I was going to give a case to illustrate that point about educated people," the Subahdar continued. "One day a real well-to-do girl came in here—had her folks with her. Seems about 4 o'clock of every afternoon she'd break out crying. Psychologists downtown couldn't do a thing. I asked her, 'Do you see those spirits following you?' Well, everybody that's got the magic turn of mind sees spirits around somewhere, so a question like that can't go wrong. She saw them, but she wouldn't say why they were following her.

"I'm not going to care much for this Shakespeare course—no pictures!"

" 'All right,' I said, 'you don't need to tell. The spirits will.' I set the spirits around on these chairs and made out like I was questioning them. Threatened one or two—got real rough. Finally, she decided to tell. Turned out she'd had a blind date with a fellow. Few days later she saw by the paper he'd been arrested. Was a dope peddler. It preyed on her mind. I clapped the spirits into a fruit jar, screwed the lid on, and told her to get a spoonful of dirt every day from near Cleopatra's Needle in Central Park and put it into the jar. When the jar was full, I had her wrap it up, address it to a professor in Egypt—I made up his name—and then I had her put stamps on it and drop it in the post office. Some fellow in the dead-letter office must have felt silly getting a jar of dirt. But the girl was cured."

I asked why Cleopatra's Needle?

"Because it came from Egypt, mainly," the Subahdar said. "Magic power comes from Africa or India. Anyhow, there's something about that needle."

The bell jangled again and Subahdar Jabo escorted a very ugly Negro girl to the kitchen. High John screwed up his eyes. "The Subahdar's got his work cut out for him there," he said. "Take a mighty lot of oil and root to get a man for that girl." He poured a round of gin, and this time filled the fourth glass. "Margo ought to be here. She works with the Subahdar same as I do."

After Subahdar Jabo had disposed of his client, he rummaged in the corner behind the tapestries and brought out a handful of assorted roots, a small oblong box, and a pamphlet entitled *Subahdar Jabo's Dream Book.* He handed them to me one at a time. The first was a round, fuzzy root about the size of a walnut. "That's High John," he explained. A long, fragrant root shaped something like a woman's body he called Queen Elizabeth, and two others, one about the size of a hazelnut, the other the size of a peanut, he said were the Adam and Eve roots.

He explained their purposes. The Queen Elizabeth, tied to a 13-inch string with nine knots in it and worn around the neck, is supposed to bring success with women. Adam and Eve, kept together, are calculated to prevent rifts between wife and husband or lovers. High John the Conquering Root is used in several ways.

"Put a little sliver of High John under your tongue when you go see your girl, or when your wife gets a stubborn streak," Subahdar Jabo said. "Or the other way round. Women go in for the potions as much or more than men. Supposing you want a certain girl to like you. Slip a piece of High John in her pocket or throw it in front of her. Of course, a lot of people wear High John in a mojo bag around their neck or maybe their waist. High John is a mighty powerful root. Good in things besides love, too."

The Subahdar opened the wooden box and sniffed its contents. "Smells like Grant's tomb. Sprinkle a little around and it keeps off evil spirits."

High John doubled up with laughter. "Yes, sir," he said, "that's graveyard dust. Supposed to get it at midnight in a graveyard. Now *me,* I never scooped no dust out of a graveyard at midnight, nor neither did the Subahdar. That's just fuller's earth. Buy it at any drugstore."

I began to leaf through the dream book. It contained rows of figures interspersed with perfume ads promising to reduce men's resistance, and hair lotions guaranteeing swift conquest of women.

The Subahdar shrugged. "Just a dream book. Chiefly, it's to pick a number from your dreams—you know, to win in the number lottery."

"Does it work?" I asked.

"Brother," he said emphatically, "if it worked, would I be in this racket?"

The bell rang, too confidently for a client. In a moment a slim, pretty girl bounced into the room. She wore a round hat, red blouse and yellow skirt. Subahdar Jabo led her over to me. "Here's

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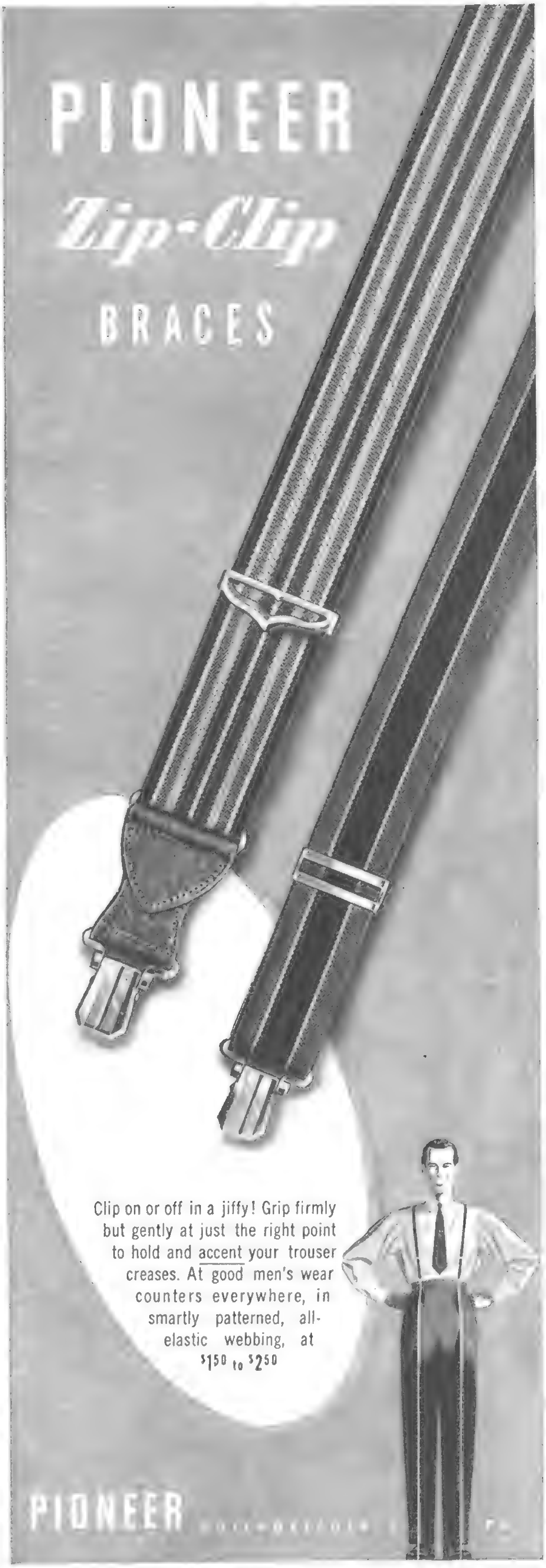

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Harlem Love Potions

Continued from page 177

a man wants to know what a gobo is," he said. "Margo, you go ahead and tell him."

She took a bottle from her purse and tossed it to me. "A gobo is a person like I'm taking that to." The bottle contained a couple of small roots, some bright-colored beans, and glittering gold filings in what through the dark glass looked like fine oil. "That's a combined love potion and money charm," she said. "Slivers of High John root, painted beans, and gold you can get for a dime a pound. In vinegar."

High John doubled up again, and Subahdar Jabo laughed silently, rocking back and forth.

"Don't folks in this business ever believe in their own stuff?" I asked.

The Subahdar nodded gravely. "Most do. And that's bad. I'll tell you a couple of stories about that, but first let me explain how this 'gobo' started. Come about by accident, and just grew, like words do around Harlem. Used to be a fellow called himself Sultan Sabo—a sort of play on my name, but I didn't care. Matter of fact, Konti, a fellow we used to bury behind saloons and have call up numbers from the dead, is around somewhere now calling himself Subahdar Jabo."

He laughed and turned to High John. "You remember the time Konti was drunk and got stuck in the tunnel we had bored to that saloon basement? Had a bad time prying him loose. But that's off the subject. Another fellow called himself Swarmi Yabo. I'd joke a little when we met. 'Here's Sabo, Jabo, and Yabo,' I would say. 'All we need now is a gobo.' Sort of fitted the lingo. Now I'll tell about the spiritualist woman I helped one time. Spiritualists will believe anything."

High John was pouring gin, and he stopped, stood very stiff, rolled his eyes, and then bowed almost to the floor. All three laughed.

"That's the act High John did in the case," the Subahdar explained. "This spiritualist, it turned out, wanted to marry a certain man. I knew him and I knew he was hard to get, but after consulting with Moses—Moses is right behind me every step—I said that if a spirit came to her door between seven and eight o'clock at night, salaamed, spoke three words, and vanished, she should come back and maybe I could do something.

"Next night I drove High John up to her house and parked around the corner. High John stuck on his turban, went up to the door, and when she came he salaamed and said, 'Shulka, Mlooka, Daloo,' or something like that, and then he jumped over the banister and ran around the house—vanished.

"We had started back downtown when this woman passed us in her car, driving like a demon. I had to burn up the streets, pass through stop signs and everything to get to the studio ahead of her. But I made it, and was in costume when she arrived." He narrowed his eyes, his face taking on an Oriental cast, and he raised his hand. In costume he obviously would be pretty commanding. 'Say nothing,' I told her. 'Subahdar Jabo knows all.' "

High John rose, bowed, and repeated solemnly, "Shulka, Mlooka, Daloo." They went into another fit of laughter.

"After consulting Moses," the Subahdar continued, "I told the lady spiritualist that it would be possible to whittle down this fellow's resistance, but not right away. I would give her a guarantee for final success, signed by Moses. I sign for Moses, always in red ink. She decided to go ahead with it, and I worked out a series of baths. Baths are very important in the love business."

"A bath," High John said, nodding wisely, "never hurt nobody."

"Yes," the Subahdar went on, "sometimes we have them taking a bath every day. They feel good, and we get the credit. Well, I had this Madame take all kinds of baths, the last one in five gallons of milk. I let her use powdered milk, for economy. Then I fixed up a feast with roast duck and

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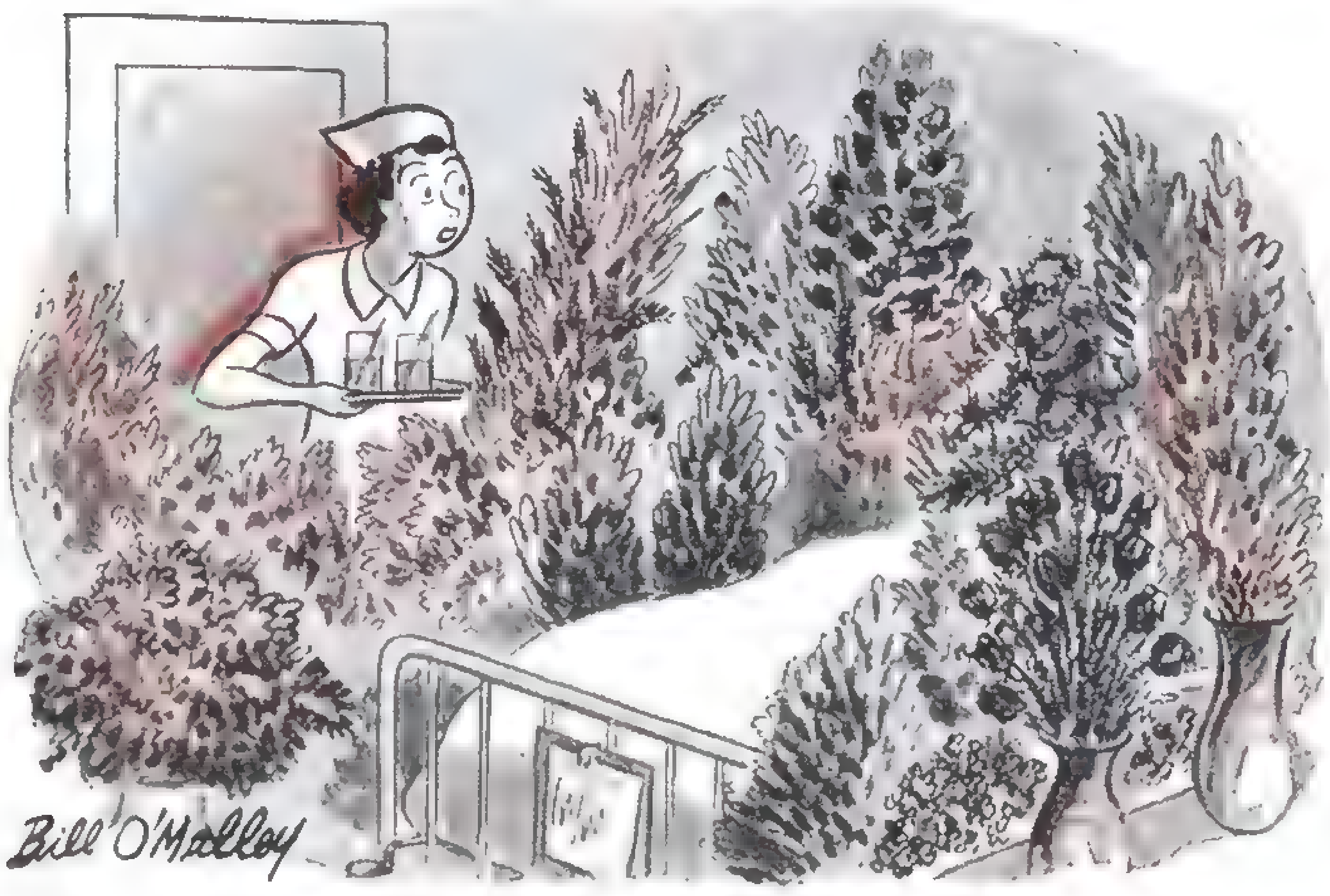

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Wrisley

Harlem Love Potions

Continued from page 178

wine and all—at her expense, naturally—and hired a fellow to come in and read a ritual. High John would have done that, except he had already been the spirit. I'd had the Madame on a two-day fast and she was ready to gobble pretty heavy. I looked around and saw there wasn't enough. So I extended the fast a day and sent her home. Then we ate the banquet and drank the wine. Well—"

Margo finished, "Two months later the Madame married her man. They're getting along fine."

Subahdar Jabo wiped his eyes. "Imagine a spiritualist taking High John for a spirit," he said. "Now I'll tell about what might have happened if I believed this stuff. It was the time I drew a space in jail.

"One day a fellow told me he understood I had some root that would make a judge give a suspended sentence. I asked him if he knew the root's name and he said it was the High John. Well, I had a barrel of it in the back room, but I said I'd try to find a little piece as a special favor. I managed it. He was to chew a little sliver while the judge was pronouncing sentence and the judge would suspend it.

"Along about that time an undercover detective, a colored woman, was trying to catch me in wrongdoing. Now, there's nothing bad about selling herb tea—you can get it at any drugstore—but you can't sell it already mixed and prescribe it, because then you're practising medicine. This detective woman came in one day and she was shaking all over. Claimed to have had a lot of trouble with her husband the night before. Her niece, or anyway she said it was her niece, was along. Really a witness. It happened I was out of the tea except for a little brewed up for myself—it's real good tea. I let her have a glass, and got two months in the calaboose."

High John and Margo broke down again and it was a little while before the Subahdar was able to continue.

"Going through the place where you get a bath and the jail clothes," he finally went on, "I ran into this fellow I had given the root to hold off the judge. Having drawn three years he was naturally upset. I told him the evil powers were licking me in the courts and jails, like in his case, and I'd come for a showdown fight with them. Point is, if I'd thought High John root would fix a judge, I'd have gorged down the entire barrel."

If Subahdar Jabo had eaten only half a root he'd have been sorry. High John is really ipomoea purga, or jalap, so-called because most of it comes from Jalapa, Mexico, in the Andes. But it is found in India as well. A grain or two is an excellent cathartic, useful in treating dropsy. But enough root to make a couple of large pills, if swallowed, will cause convulsions and unconsciousness. It has. Jalap is used in concocting certain types of Mickey Finns.

"Is High John better than baths?" I asked.

Margo dug into her pocketbook and came up with a small tin-foil packet and threw it to me.

"You can undo it," she offered. "It's the last in the special seven-bath treatment." Inside were two chalky blue pellets. "Bluing," she said, "good old washerwoman bluing. The six others are salt, soda, cornstarch—anything handy. After burning red candles for nine nights they get whosoever they happen to covet." She buried her head and her body shook.

The Subahdar declared soberly, "It's the psychology again. They got to have confidence, and then there's the angle on improving appearance. Plenty of women I've sent to beauty parlors. Husbands I've made get new suits, or maybe had Moses tell a man to take his wife out for a good time. They get home and he's surprised how Moses has persuaded that woman.

"Same thing with conjuring an employer. A domestic comes in here and wants something to keep from being fired. I give her a little graveyard dust and tell her to sprinkle it around. Then I say, 'Moses wants to know what the trouble is.' Generally turns out she's quarreled with the mistress about something or other, some little thing. Or skrimped on work. That makes Moses pretty mad and he says to try to please the mistress. Well, the domestic does better, she don't get fired, and Moses and me get the credit."

Margo had been watching Subahdar Jabo quietly. "You want to know what the Subahdar did?" she demanded. "When I work around here naturally I keep a little face powder. One day I look all over and no powder. The Subahdar was caught short on everything else and he gave out my powder as a love potion."

Just then the outer door burst open and a buxom woman rushed into the room. She strode up and down, chattering excitedly. The others offered congratulations on whatever she was talking about. Finally Subahdar quieted her and introduced her to me as his sister. She shook hands swiftly, wheeled, and threw a couple of dollar bills to High John. "Get some more gin," she ordered. "I can afford it."

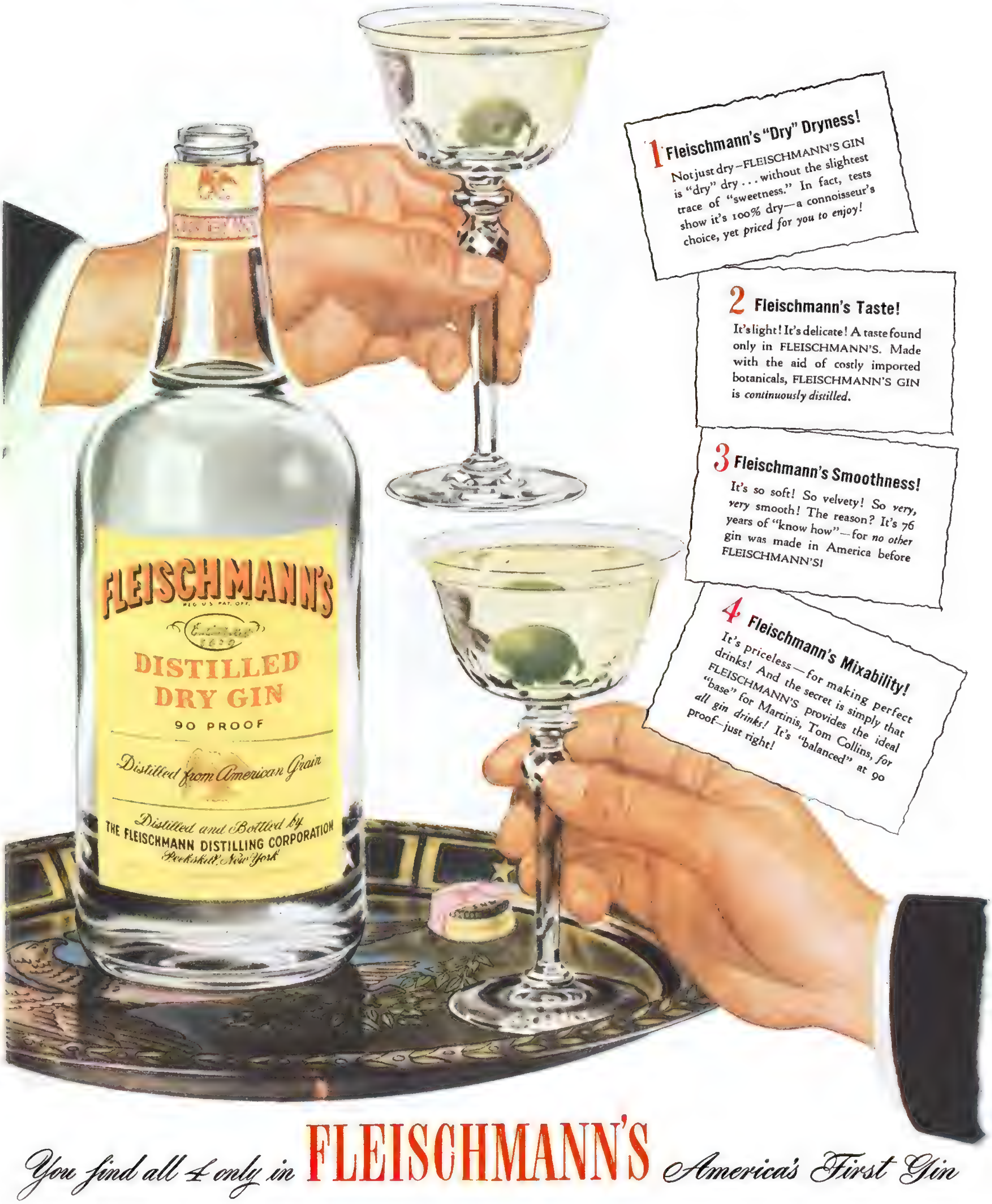
Margo leaned forward. "She laid twelve cents on a number she got out of the Subahdar's dream book and won sixty dollars."

The plump woman sat down and gave the Subahdar's knee a pat. Then she whirled to Margo and began describing her dream.

Subahdar Jabo's face was full of the world's wisdom. He spread out his hands. "My own sister," he said. "My own sister believes the stuff!" #

Continued on page 132

4 Reasons Why Fleischmann's makes America's Most Delicious Martini!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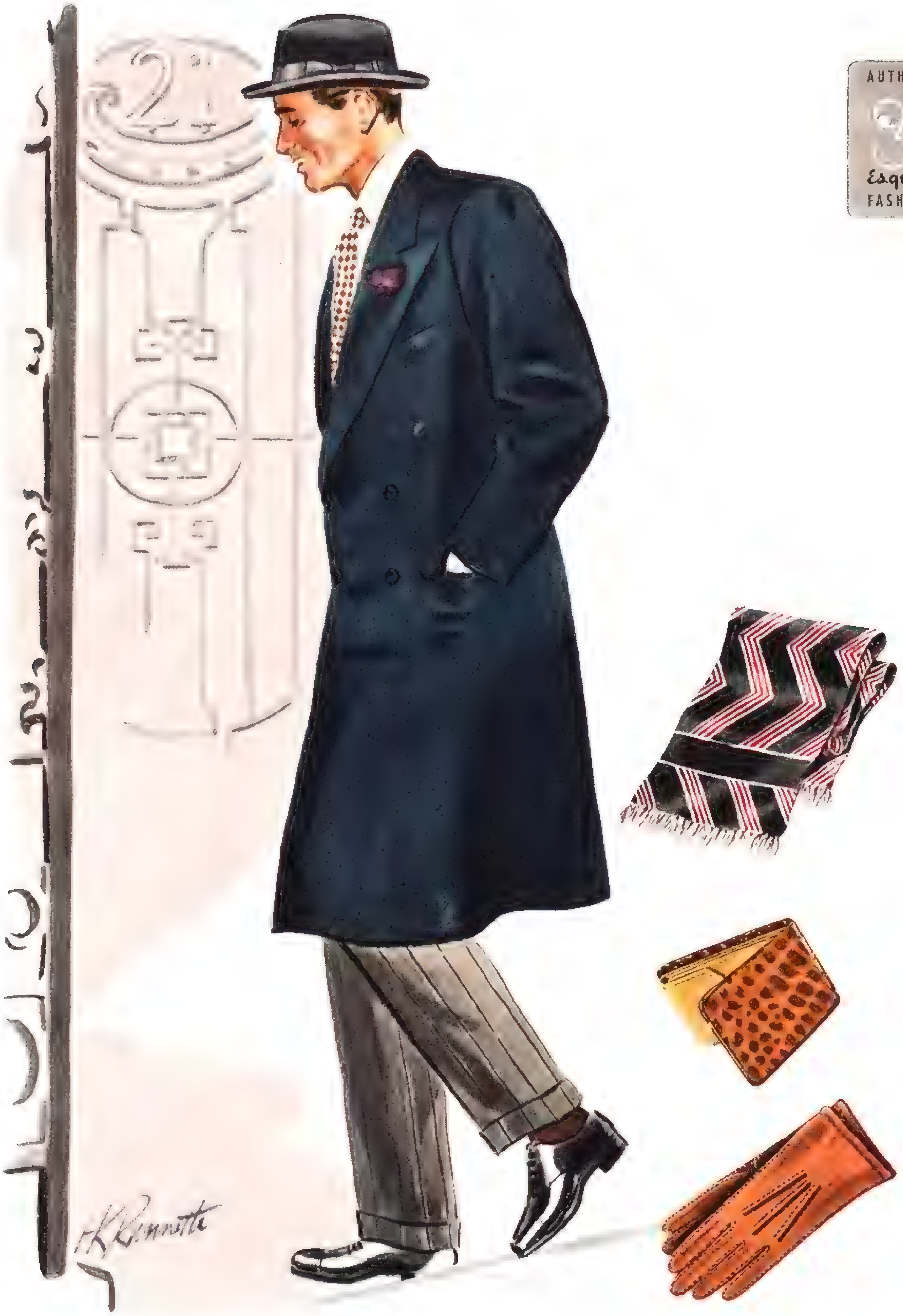

AUTHENTIC
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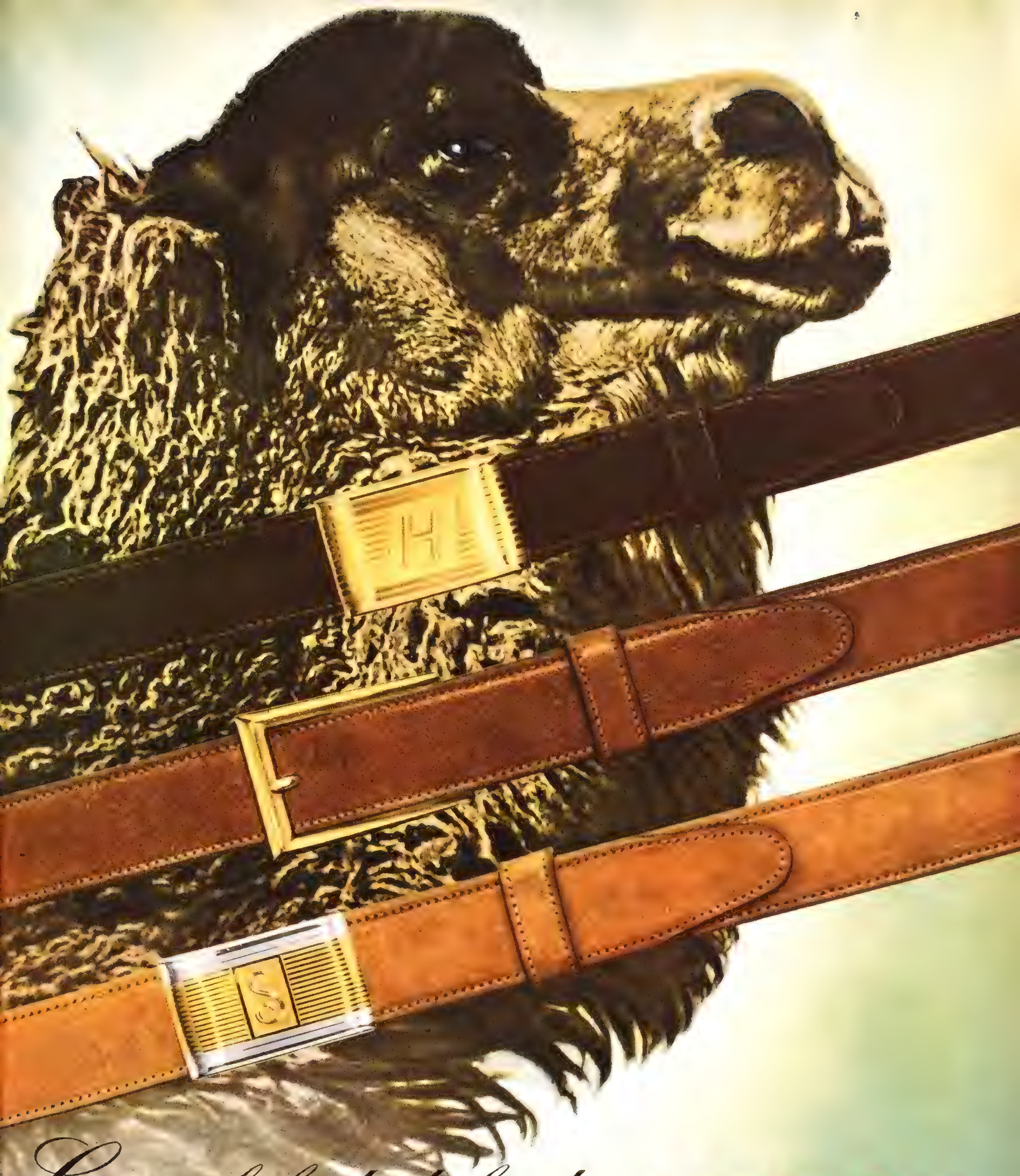
FASHIONS

SOLO IN BLUE

Drawing by H. K. Runnette

This young blade "on the town," seen entering the grille-front restaurant, gives a current fashion cue. His overcoat is of Marine Blue, a shade lighter than Navy, in the new two-button model. While of knee length, notice that the buttons are placed fairly low, giving an easy waistline. It also features tapering sleeves that have no buttons on the cuffs. The black Homburg hat, maroon-striped grey unfinished worsted suit, white broadcloth shirt, Macclesfield type of tie, wool socks, black straight-tip shoes and the chamois gloves all rate well. Sketched alongside are the zigzag pattern muffler, an alligator-skin wallet with a removable pass case, and reddish tan slip-on capeskin gloves with hand-stitched seams, fashionable details.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



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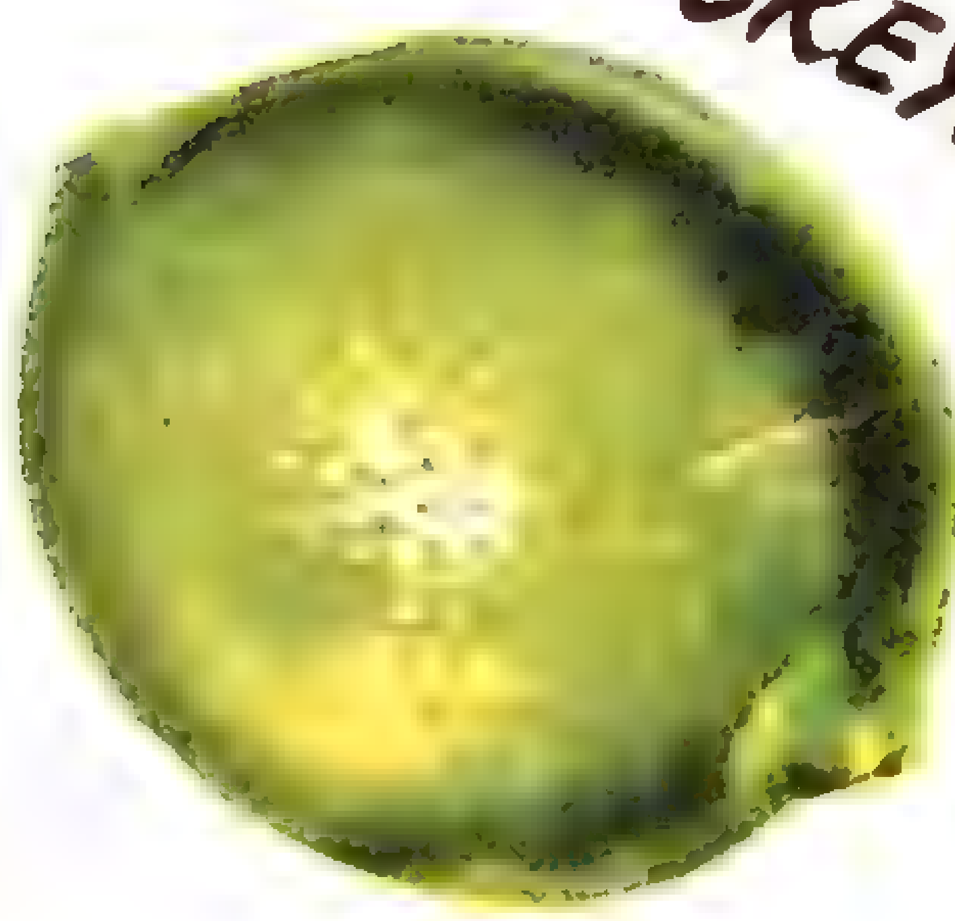
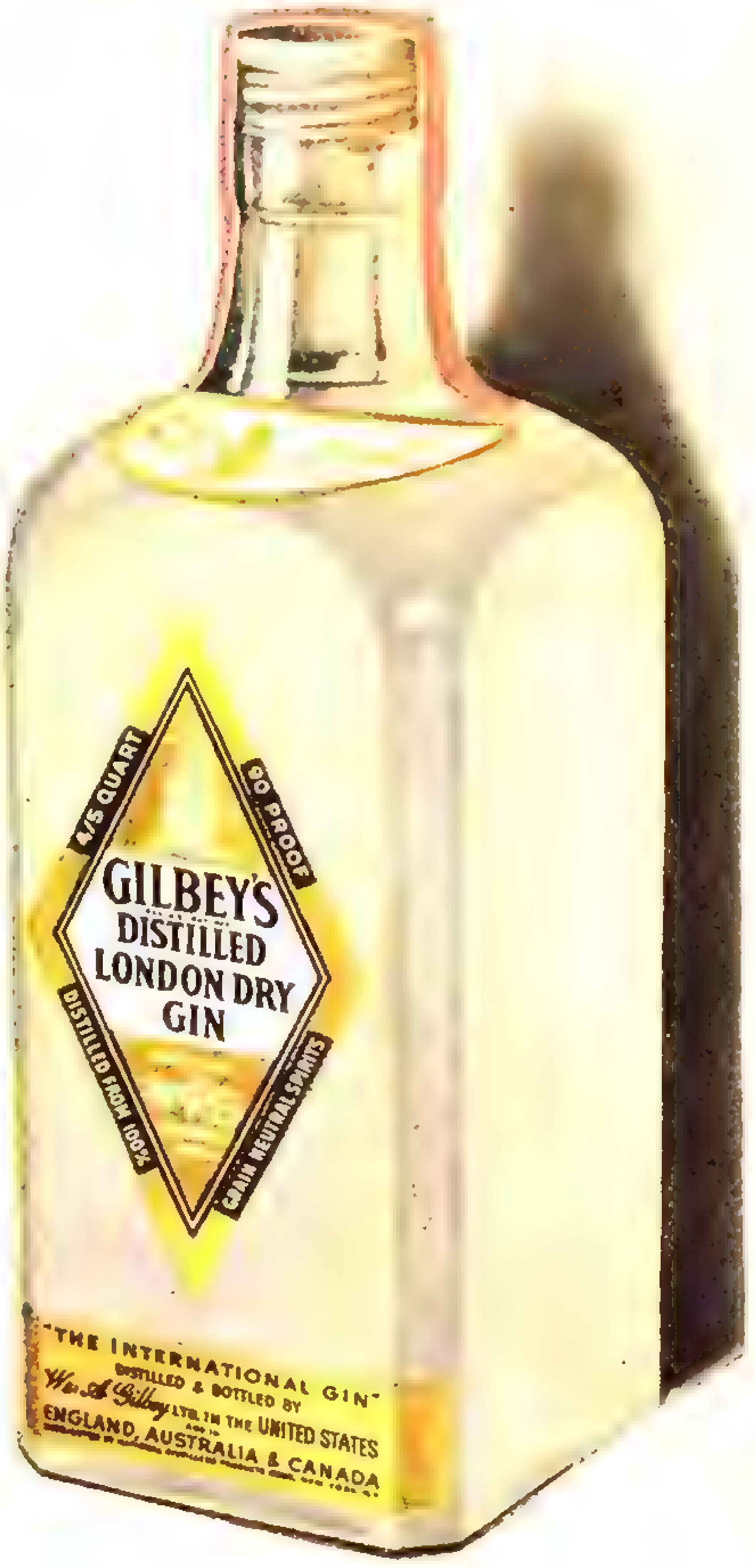


IN TOM COLLINS...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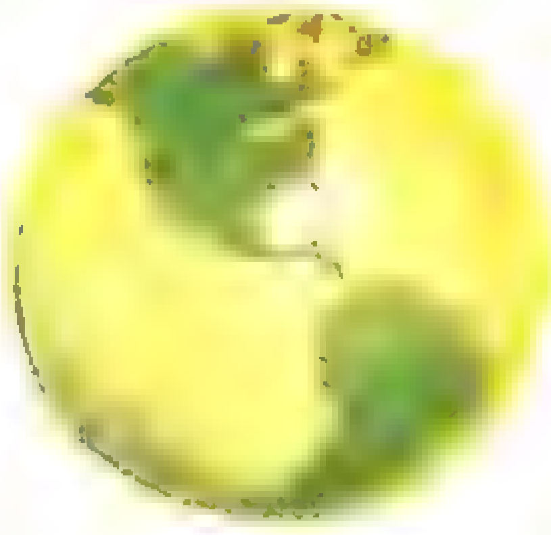

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The Indian with the Knife

Continued from page 65

the baggage by paying his bill, and search it more carefully?"

"I buy it, if the price is not too great."

The price was not very great, for satchels containing few valuables and many letters from foolish women to the boxer. A young kinsman read those letters to Paulo until he had memorized the names and the places. After that, Paulo set out upon his journey.

Because Paulo was a railroad man on leave, it cost him nothing to travel across the country to Veracruz; and because the wives of railroad men also traveled free, Maria del Pilar accompanied him that far. There he left her to make her living with the help of other railroad workers in the yards and shops.

Again, his position recommended him to an engineer on a ship, so that he sweat his way to Cienfuegos in southwestern Cuba, in the stokehold of this freighter; arriving with more money than at starting, thanks to luck at cards.

But the heat of the lowlands of Cuba was something far worse than that of the Sonoran deserts or even of the boiler room of the ship; it was the sort of moist heat which had killed Paulo's grandfather and so many other mountaineers when Porfirio captured them and sent them into the quickly fatal slavery of coastal hotlands.

The work must be done promptly because of the heat.

Now among the letters read and memorized was one from a woman friend of Gómez hinting at the enmity of a rich man back in Cuba: an indiscreet letter, as it proved. To this *rico*, then, Paulo made his way; and attaining an audience by persistence and simple dignity, asked without any preliminaries, "Where is that unmentionable item, Gómez the boxer, whom Your Grace also wishes ill?"

This rich man was boss of a sugar barony. He sat in a wide chair, fanning himself, while Paulo stood before him, hat in hand but with dignity. Within their view lay untold miles of this man's cane and the tall chimneys of the *rico's* own *central*—but none of this impressed Paulo.

Said the big one, "That obscene pretense of a boxer? He is upcountry a few leagues, in his own town. What dost thou want with him?"

This rich one had used the familiar *thou* to Paulo because Paulo's clothes were cheap and shabby. It was thus that the wealthy spoke to their own employees. But Paulo answered him also in the familiar, as if they

Continued on page 186

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The Indian with the Knife

Continued from page 185

were equals; at which the master of all this wealth started, almost as though he had been touched with a pin, yet made no remark or objection, recognizing that this fellow was different.

"I will tell thee. He forced my wife," Paulo explained in his simple manner. "She took him into my house to save him from the stones after he had disgraced himself at the boxing. She tended his wounds and fed him. After all that, he forced her. I cannot let it pass. I have come all the way from distant Guaymas."

"*Verdad!*" exclaimed the rich man as if to say, "You don't tell me!" After a little thought, he smiled slowly and remarked, "This will be very bad for somebody! As for my own irritation with that unspeakable, it is not little. He induced me to bet heavily upon him, and then he lost too very quickly and shared the money with the other filthy boxer—those lost thieves! At the time, I would have had him beat to death, because so many laughed at me; but he fled, and a gentleman cannot with dignity pursue such a small matter for many months. It would degrade me, no?"

"That is right!" agreed Paulo, who quite appreciated this nice distinction. "But my cause grows in dignity as weeks pass. It is now several weeks already. To pursue such a cause reflects the more honor, the greater the time!"

The *rico* looked at Paulo with respect. "That is spoken like a gentleman! But thou art a working man, no?" The familiar had now lost any sting because the gentleman suffered it with dignity—as if they were equals, even. "From thy speech, you are of Mejico, no?"

"I am a Yaqui, of the Unconquered!" Paulo answered, broadening his chest with great pride. "From Sonora."

"I have heard of them, even so far. This, then, I shall do for thee,

Continued on page 188

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No need for you to freeze when you have these super warm Weldon's! Bal-Tuck is a bantam-weight, Ski-Mo is fleecy — both are tailored in that grand Weldon manner with snug, stay-put ankles and wrists. For lounging, for sleeping . . . you'll wear them all winter.

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BAL-TUCK PAJAMAS

Soft, lightweight combed balbriggan. Blue, brown, wine.

SKI-MO PAJAMAS

Warm fleecy fabric. Blue, tan, green.

Pajamas by Weldon

At fine department stores and men's shops • LUBIN-WEEKER CO. INC. • 1270 BROADWAY • N. Y. 1

The Indian with the Knife

Continued from page 186

amigote"—which means something like chum and is used only when conversing with dear friends. "I will write a little note to the authorities, explaining all this. Shalt thou depend then upon the pistol?"

"I have two knives; the second, because he is tricky with his bare hands, that filth."

"Then I shall ask that this Gómez be told by the police that he is not to carry the pistol. Wait today in my town while all is arranged. My *mozo* will tell thee where to search. His is not a big town, and not too far to walk. He does not now box, being distrusted, but has become a panderer there. Go with God!" But the rich one did not extend his hand or rise, as that gesture would have appeared odd when extended toward one so humbly dressed as Paulo.

Within a day everything was arranged.

Gómez was told by a rural policeman; and he cursed and turned pale. "No pistols, Señor!" the policeman warned gravely; to which Gómez retorted, "I need no more than my bare hands! Once already, I have struck him senseless with my bare hand. This time, I shall break his neck, that lost Indio, dung molded." And he ran off into a torrent of vile abuse.

But when the policeman added dutifully, "He had the two knives, the other for throwing," Gómez was visibly upset at this news. That meant the other knife was to disable him so that he might not be able to box while he used his own knife.

Before midnight, the news was everywhere. So many bets were made that the lottery fell off; and the gambling houses suffered, praying it would end quickly. The sugar baron had offered good money on behalf of Paulo; and the day and the night captains of the police bet opposite ways, for which reason, the ill-wishers of Gómez sent word to Paulo that the deed should be done at night, in order that the night captain, who would win if Paulo won, might be in a position to help the foreigner aboard ship. Otherwise, the day captain, angered because of being a loser, might attempt to arrest him.

In the late afternoon, then, Paulo sallied from the winery where he had been taking his good repose, and trudged out of the little town northwestward: only to be picked up by a taxicab at the edge of the fields, "—so that Your Grace may not be fatigued upon arrival," explained the driver, who had been hired by some gentlemen financially inter-

Continued on page 190

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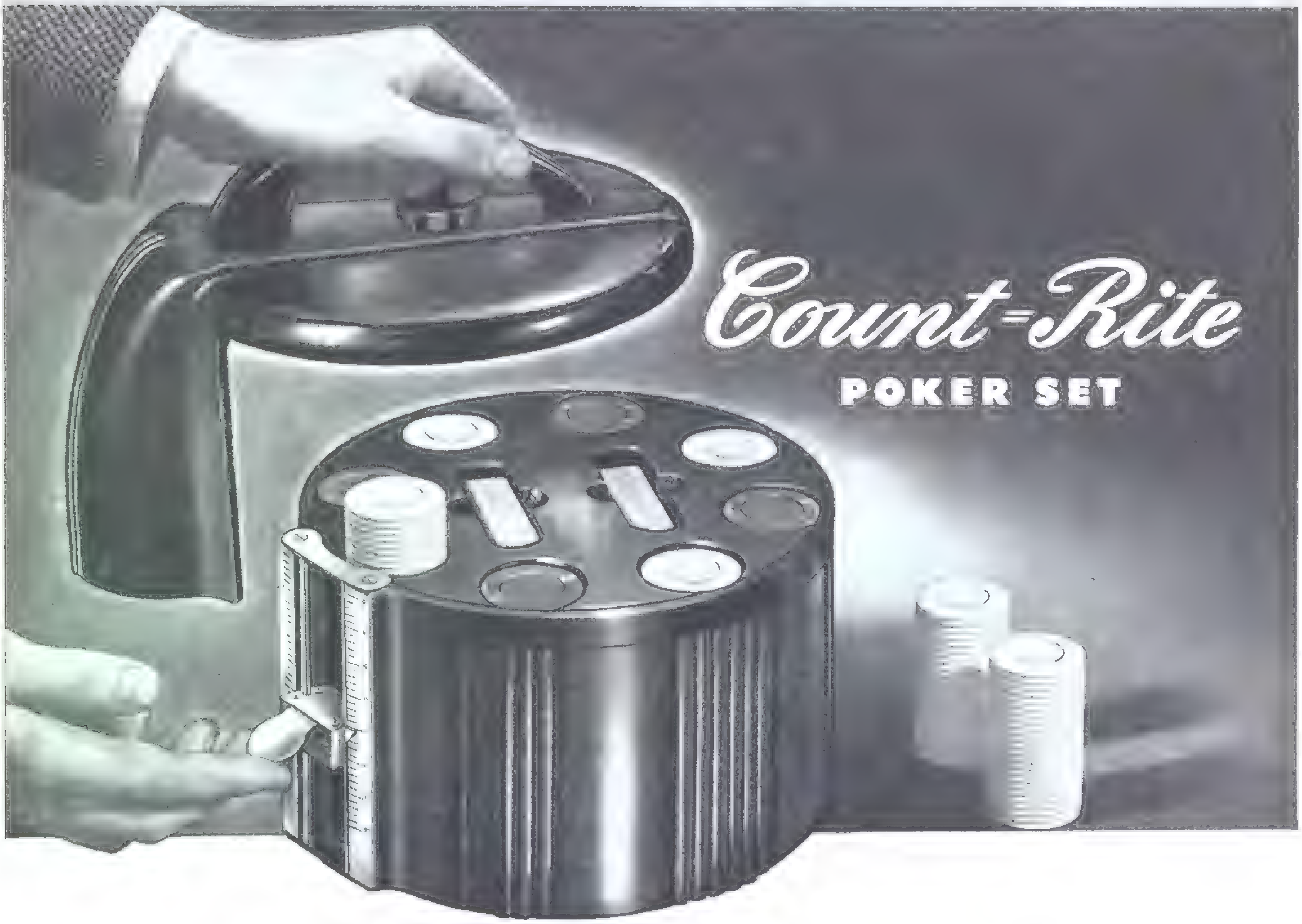


THE MODERN POKER SET THAT ACTUALLY *COUNTS CHIPS* FOR YOU!

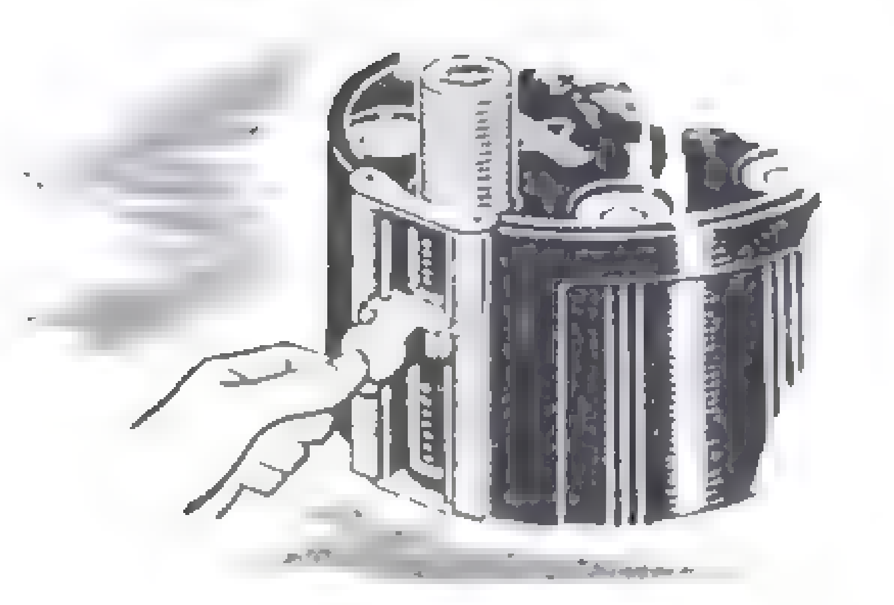
You'll experience as much enjoyment in *giving* the *Count-Rite* Poker Set as the lucky one who receives it—for here is a gift that's sure to please. Sensational new counting device assures absolute accuracy automatically when chips are removed from or replaced in rack. Gets game started faster . . . does away with tedious chip counting . . . eliminates possibility of error . . avoids dispute.

Completely different, *The Count* is truly the ideal gift for "the man who has everything." Its gleaming black plastic finish with chromium-plated counting device is as practical as it is appealing to the eye. It's a natural born traveler, too, since the cover locks on securely, keeping cards and chips intact and free from dirt at all times. Set includes 280 colorful plastic chips, designed exclusively for use with *The Count* and provides space for two decks of cards. Three rubber "feet" on the base protect table finishes.

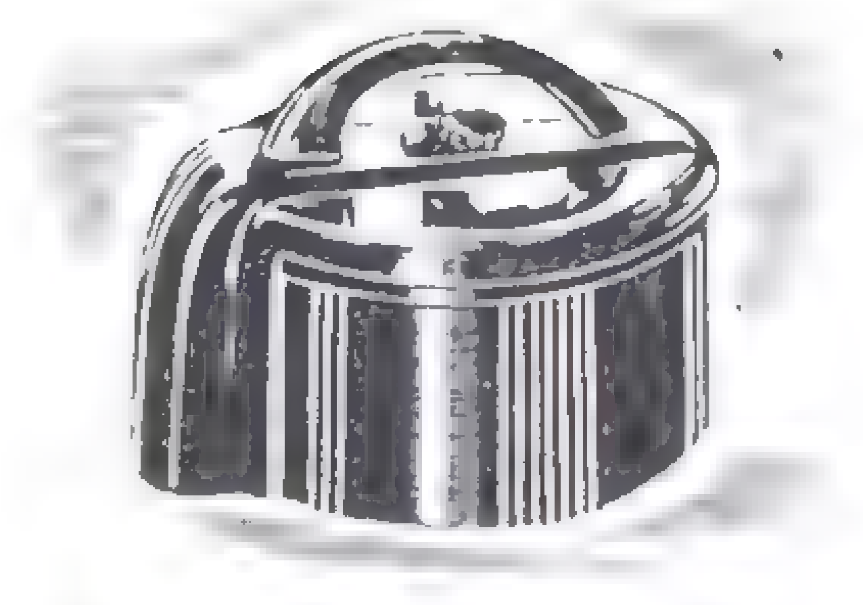
See the new *Count-Rite* Poker Set at better gift, department and men's stores in your city. Only $29.75 complete. **Count-Rite Industries, Inc., 7530 Sheridan Road, Chicago 26, Illinois.**

Count-Rite

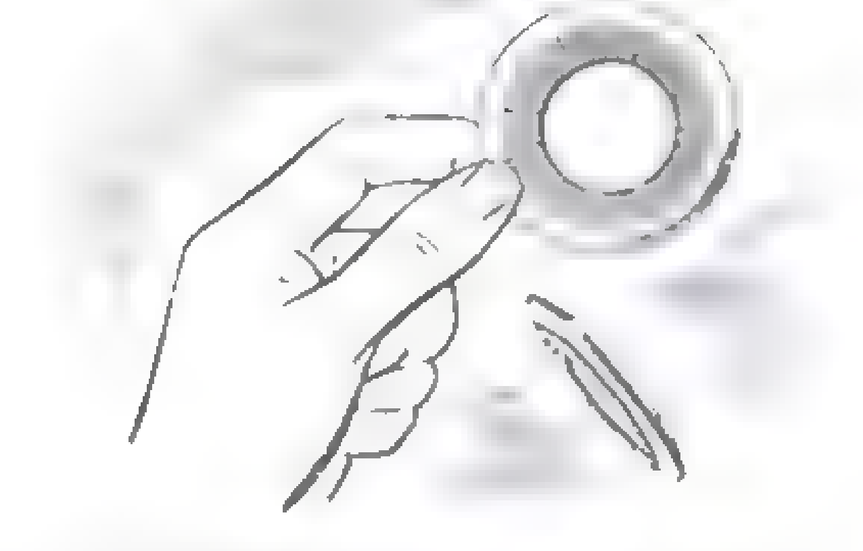
POKER SET



COUNTING DEVICE—Set selector arrow at desired number, from 1 to 35, insert lift and raise. The exact number of chips will be counted every time. You can count chips fast when game is ended, too!



NEW PLASTIC DESIGN—It's a streamlined beauty with new plastic design. Locking plastic cover for easy carrying, fits snugly over poker chip rack. *The Count* will give a lifetime of pleasure.



ALL PLASTIC CHIPS—Set includes 140 White, 70 Red and 70 Blue unique design, plastic poker chips in turntable poker rack. Perfect tapered edges insure absolute accuracy in automatic counting.

THE PERFECT GIFT—Distinctive, unique, and functional, *The Count* is a gift that will always be remembered. For the man who really appreciates fine things—this Christmas give a *Count-Rite* Poker Set.

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IN FIVE MINUTES...
AND YOU'VE GOT TO SHAVE BECAUSE SHE IS MEETING YOU
DON'T THINK UP EIGHT NEW ALIBIS...
BE SMOOTH-USE VESTPOK

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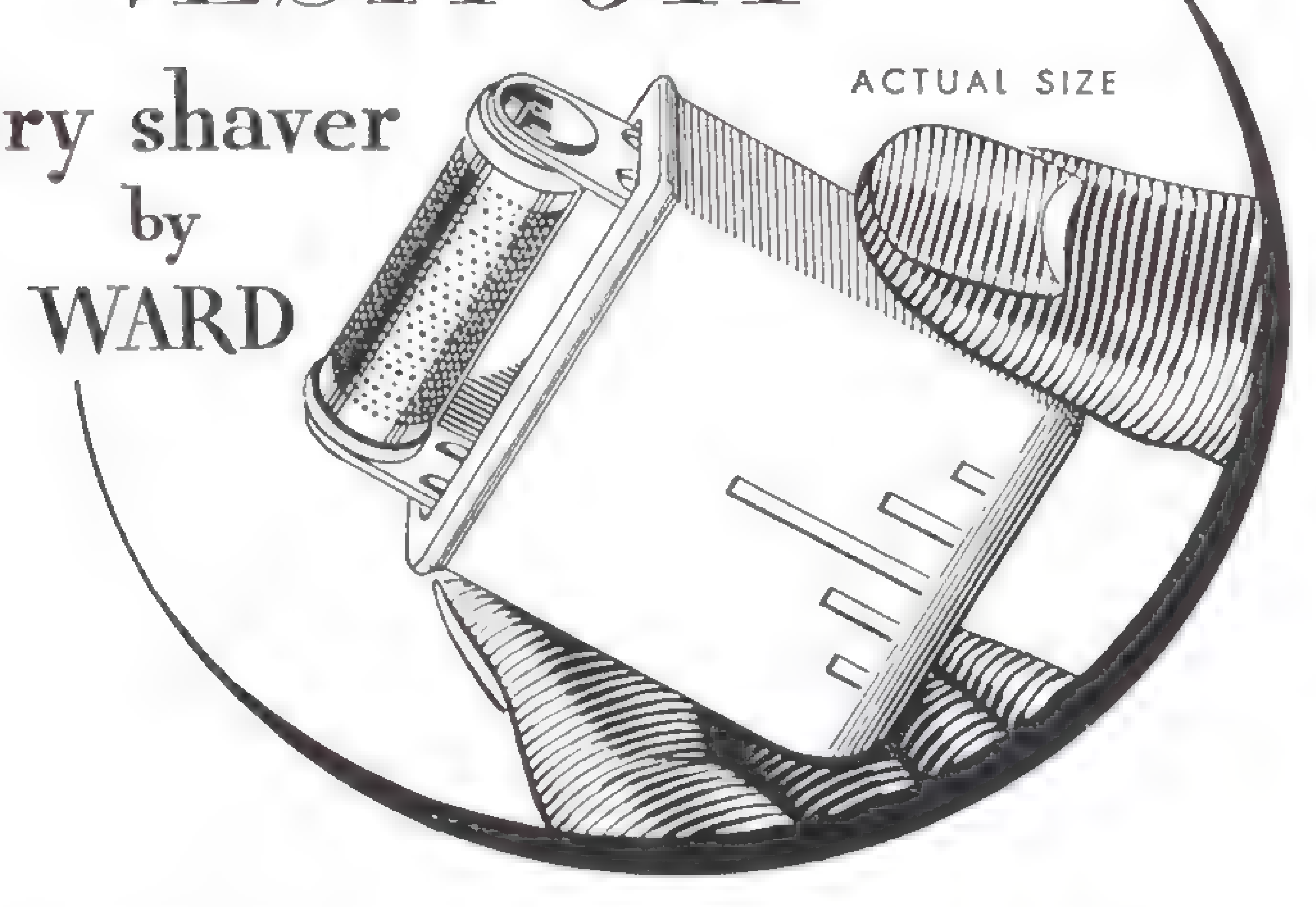

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Patented & Patents Applied For.

The Indian with the Knife

Continued from page 188

ested in the outcome. But they did not hurry; instead, they consumed the hours of twilight by driving slowly among palm-shaded lanes lined with humble dwellings of laborers upon the *central*; where the driver called the attention of all this to his interesting passenger. Many, upon scanning that impassive lean face, lamented loudly that there was no more money offered on Gómez.

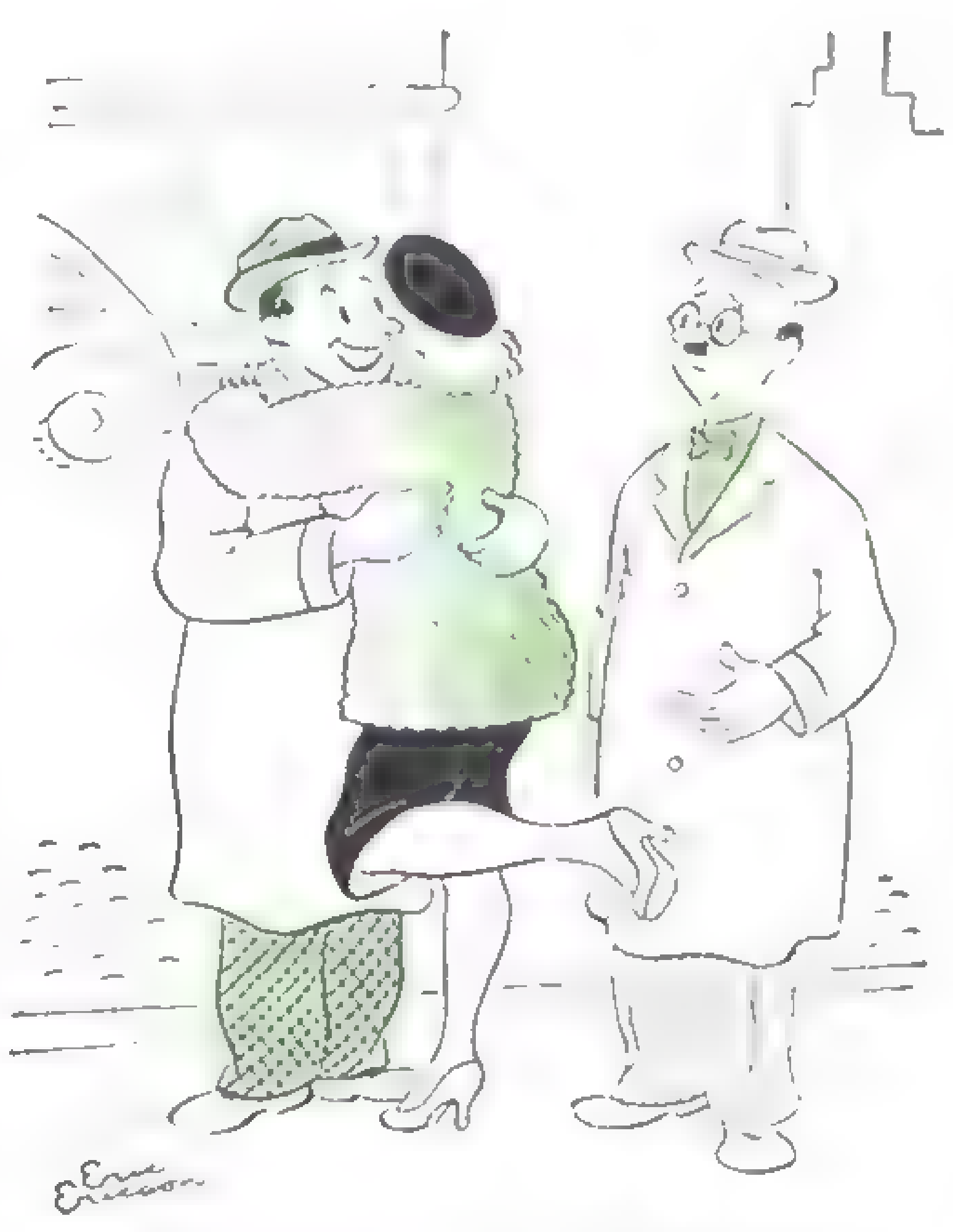
Paulo remarked to the driver, "This is a land of very fine people indeed; everyone with the heart of a gentleman—except, of course, that unspeakable boxer. It would be a true pleasure to live among such as Your Graces!" This was, by the driver, repeated aloud several times, to everyone's great pleasure. Paulo could have drunk free, but refused all offers.

And then a *mozo* upon a spirited horse came riding out of the sunset, to mutter very low, so that only Paulo and the taximan could hear, "Some have made Gómez a wide girdle of wire, hid beneath his clothing: of wire cloth that extends from neck to groin—this, to save their bets. What would Your Grace?"

But Paulo replied, without change of feature or raising his voice, "Is not nothing!—but a thousand thanks to Your Grace!"

And so the two enemies met again, within the hour, in the street before a bar frequented by Gómez, where the very beautiful red neon light threw a blood-red cast over all the expectant crowd.

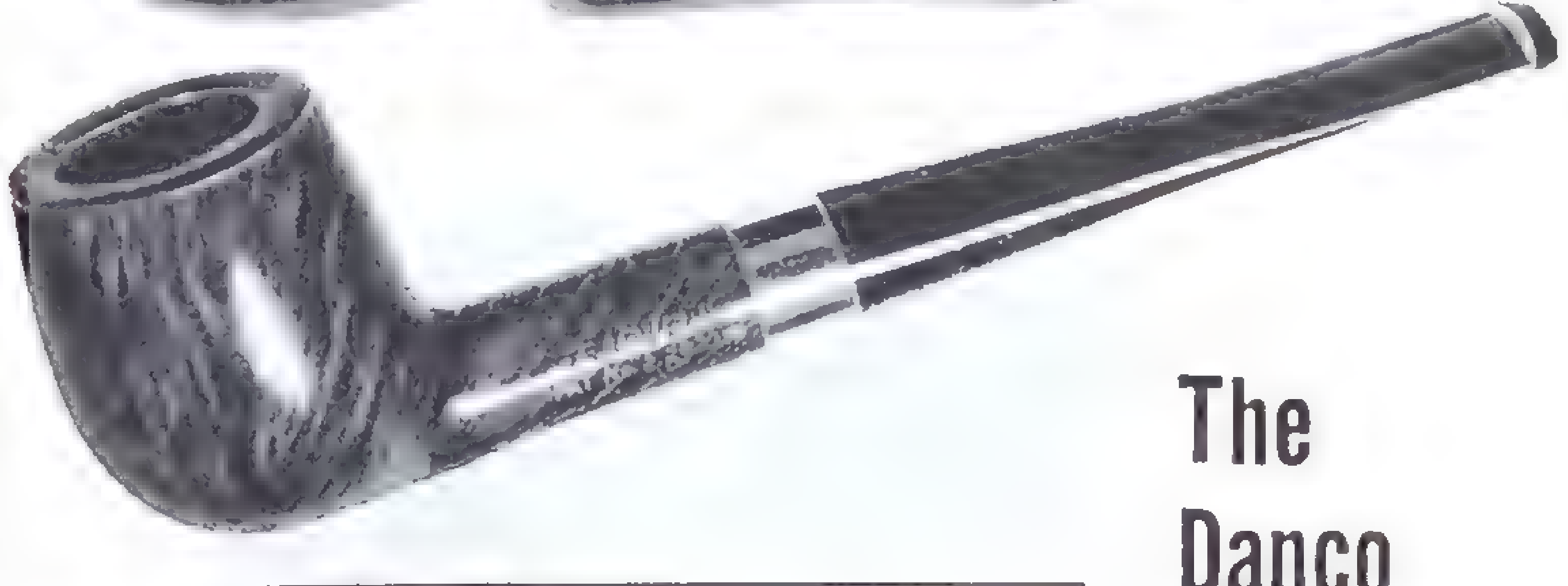
Everyone congratulated himself that this was to be a fight with knives rather than with pistols. The bystanders need fear nothing for themselves; but could crowd close, not to miss the sound of oaths and whistling breath, the strained faces of rage and of fear. So even the police were there, in the crowd; but with their big bell-crowned caps off,

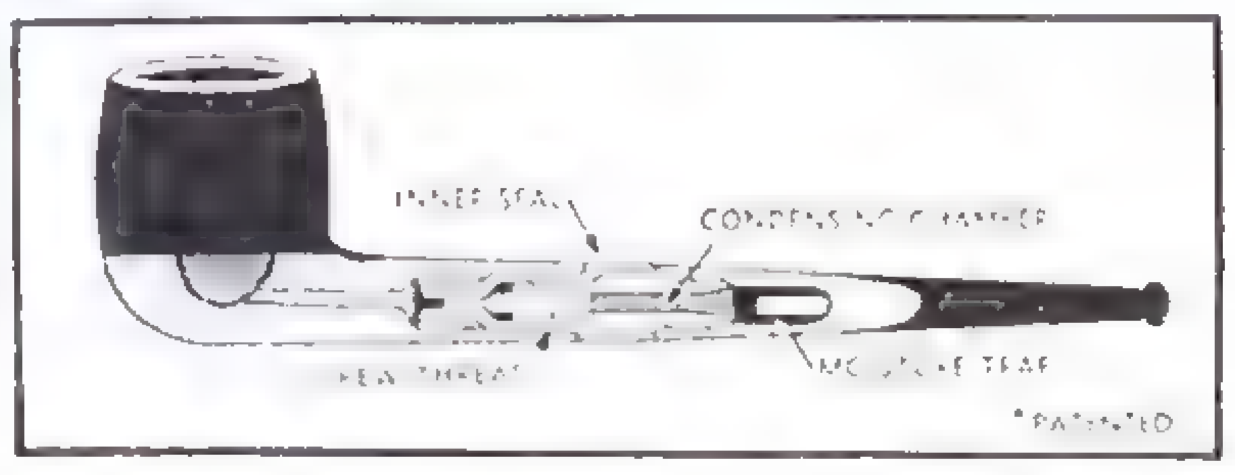


"I've met your wife before"

Continued on page 192

Where There's Smoke- There's **DANCO**





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*PRESSURE COOKED BRIAR—Finest selected grain briar is pressure-cooked to remove foreign flavors and sourness.
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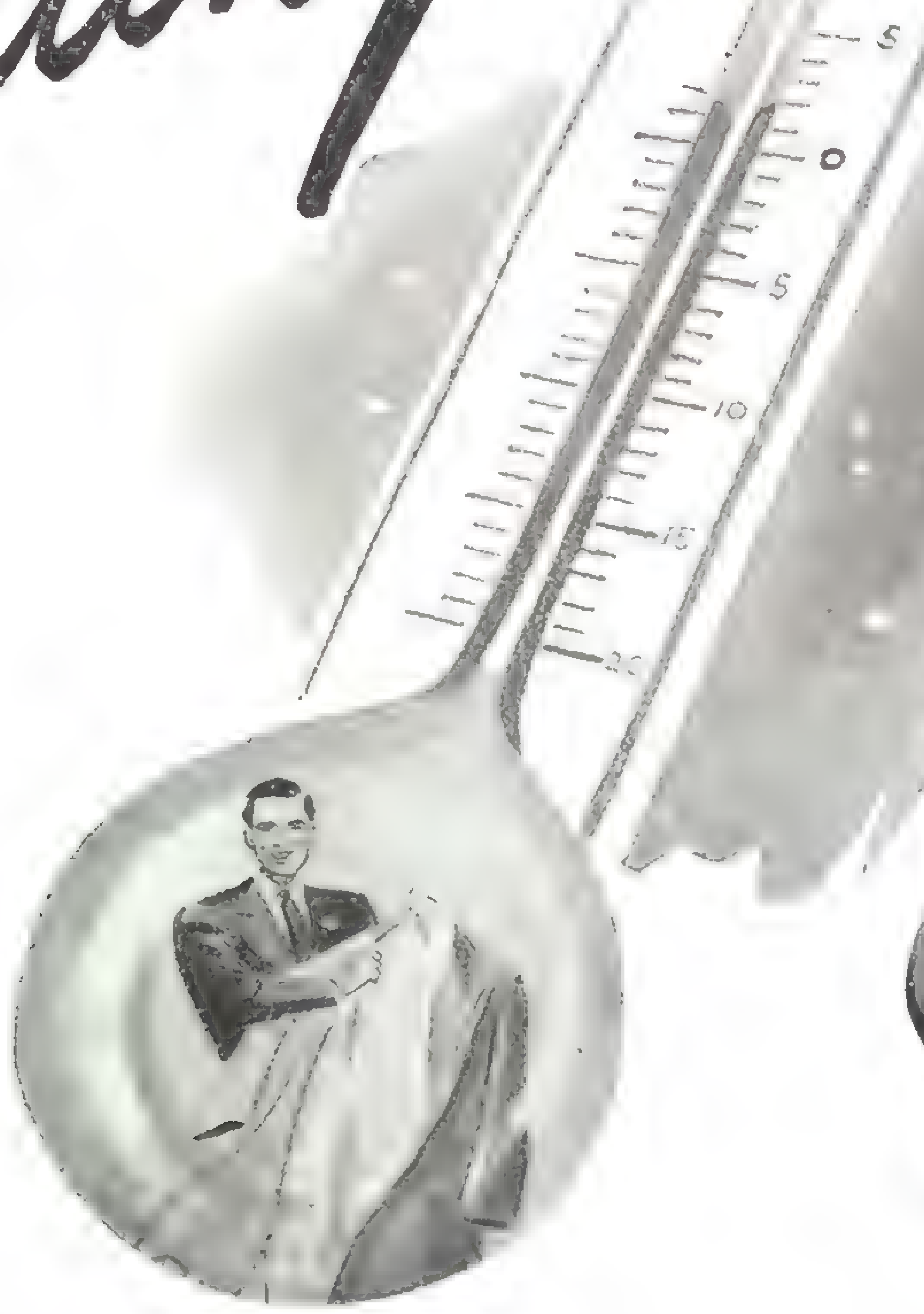

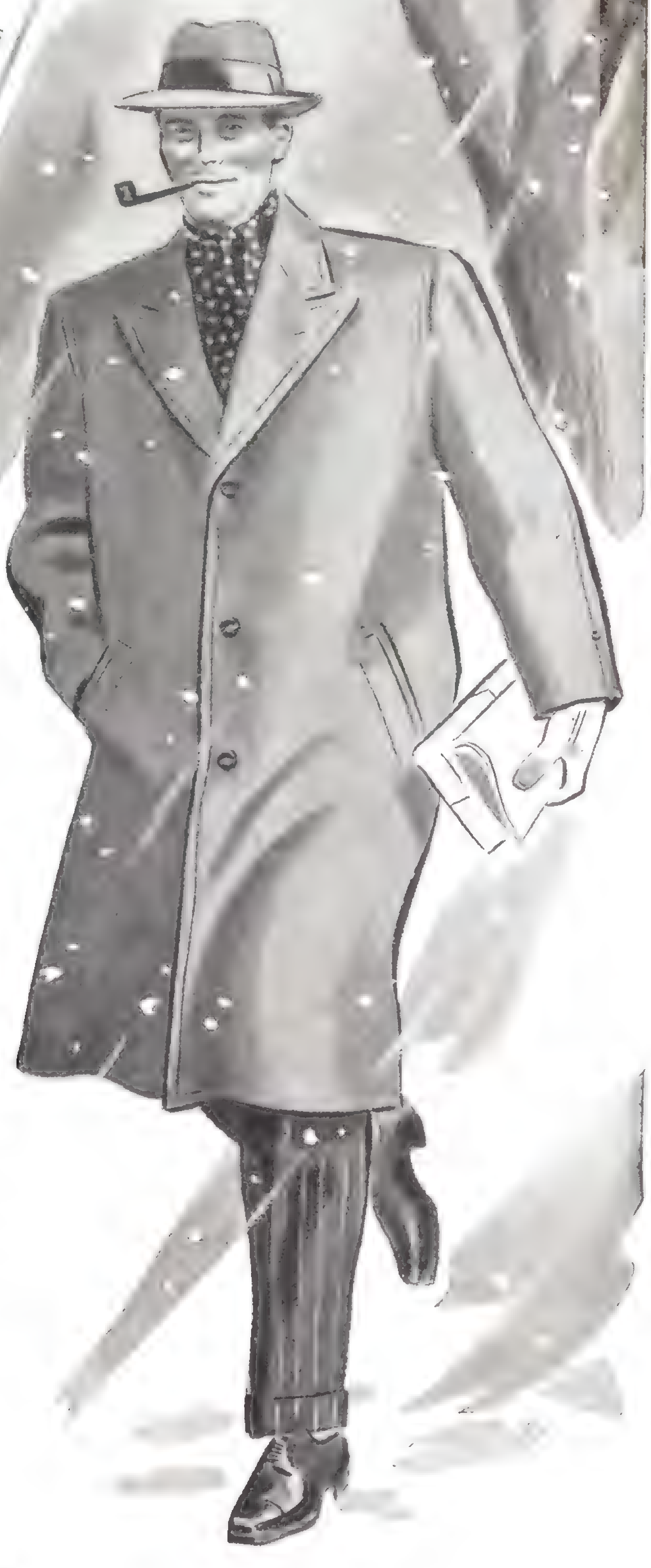

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*Season Skipper** is an all-weather friend. Its sensational "gadgetless" all wool button-in lining really makes it two complete coats in one. *With* the lining *Season Skipper's* a warm overcoat when the mercury's down. *Without* the lining it's a smart light topper for warmer days. It's all as simple as reading the thermometer. *Season Skipper* coats are expertly tailored by master craftsmen of 100% virgin wool *Continental quality* tweed and fleece; also all wool covert and gabardine. Buy coat and lining separately if you prefer. But better buy both at one time. That's the way to be prepared for *any* weather and the smartest occasions.

$55 *and up with the lining* **$10** *less without the lining*

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in goes a lining...
sleeves and all

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The Indian with the Knife

Continued from page 190

held down at their backs, so as not to be present officially.

Secure in his corselet of hardware cloth, Gómez disdained even a cloak about the arm.

But Paulo, like a sensible man, drew his right arm out of the sleeve of his cheap gringo coat and wrapped the whole garment about his left arm for a shield, his ten-inch fighting blade hidden in that hand. In the right, he held a smaller knife with three keen edges: a very heavy puñal with lead tacked about the grip, designed for throwing. However, he did not carry it point-outward along his fingers as usual, but pommel-out, the blade pointing up toward his elbow, hiding it against palm and wrist, his thumb folded over it.

Now Gómez, to his misfortune, had fixed it in his mind that his infamous Indio would throw overhand: if at his head, fendable with the hat; and if lower, to be ignored because of the quarter-inch mesh of wire which he wore beneath his clothing.

But Paulo did not raise his hand for the cast. Instead, he swung forward very low, at the crotch, releasing neatly with the exact timing for a half-turn before the target.

The puñal flew too fast for the hat to come down, fast though Gómez was, as a cat; nor could it be dodged.

No, it showed barely the least red flash in the neon light, and it was deep in Gómez' thigh, below the wire, on the inside of the thigh where the artery fountains.

As Gómez screamed and clutched at it, Paulo sprang in, hurling the boxer upon his back; and stopped to slice away the clothing with great slashes that grated upon the wire; and then he was tearing at the wire and hacking its lacings while Gómez shrieked shrilly as a wounded horse. And then the broad cutting blade plunged in, the armor having been torn away, to rip upward, suddenly stilling that voice, leaving the ears of all those hundreds ringing with the deathly stillness which fell as the blade jarred beneath the breastbone.

Upon the instant, the neon sign went out, leaving the crowd blinded in weak starlight. A deferential kind of voice—of a policeman but still without his betraying cap—spoke softly in Paulo's ear. "They are holding a schooner, Señor. Someone now telephones that they may cast off for Mejico as soon as Your Grace arrives. Here is the automobile for Your Grace. What a sight! I shall never forget it! No one can forget it, Señor!" ⧺

Continued from page 65

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Dads' sizes 34-46, $13.95.
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McGregor Mounty Drizzlers in Blue, Green, Grey, Tobacco and Elk.

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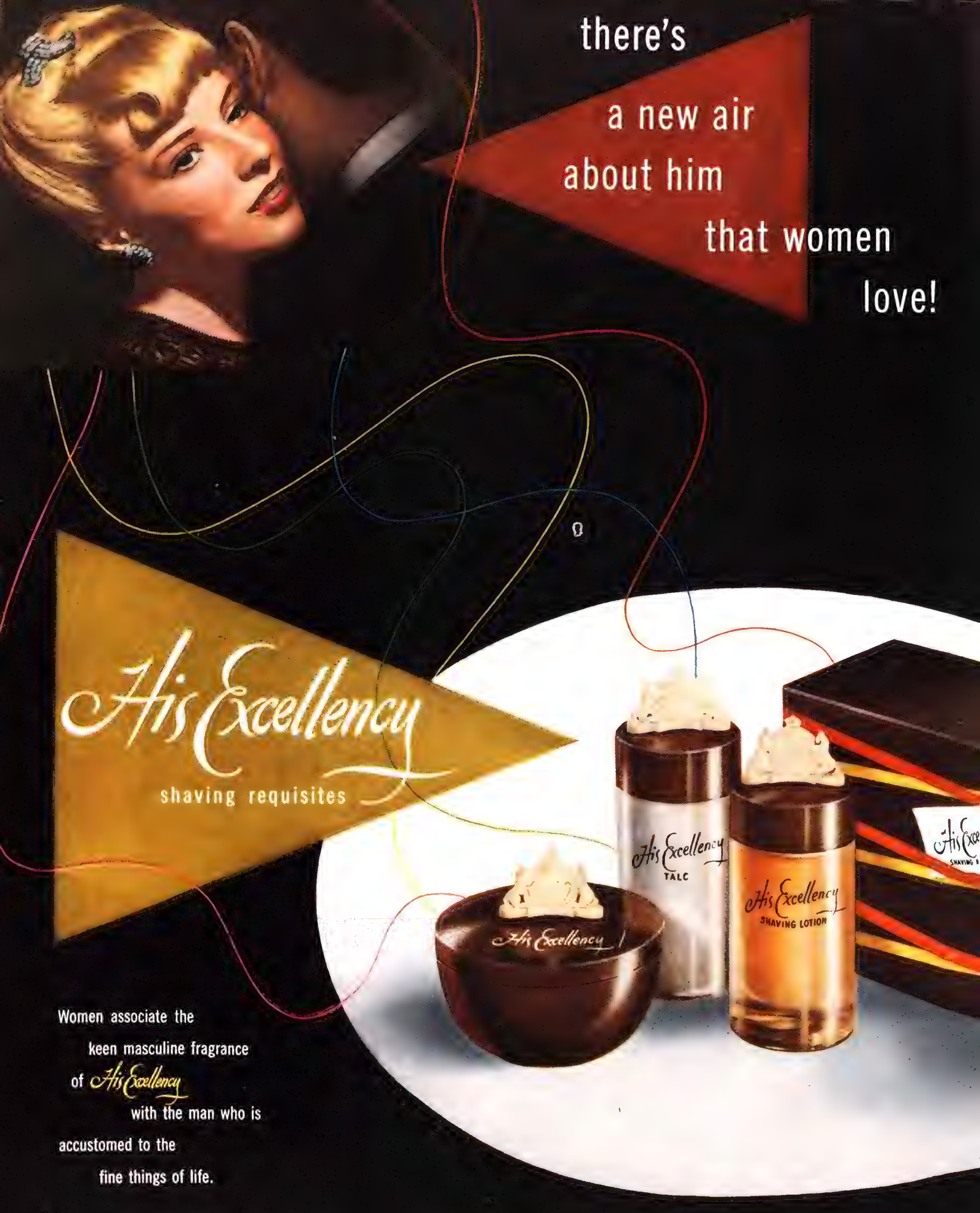
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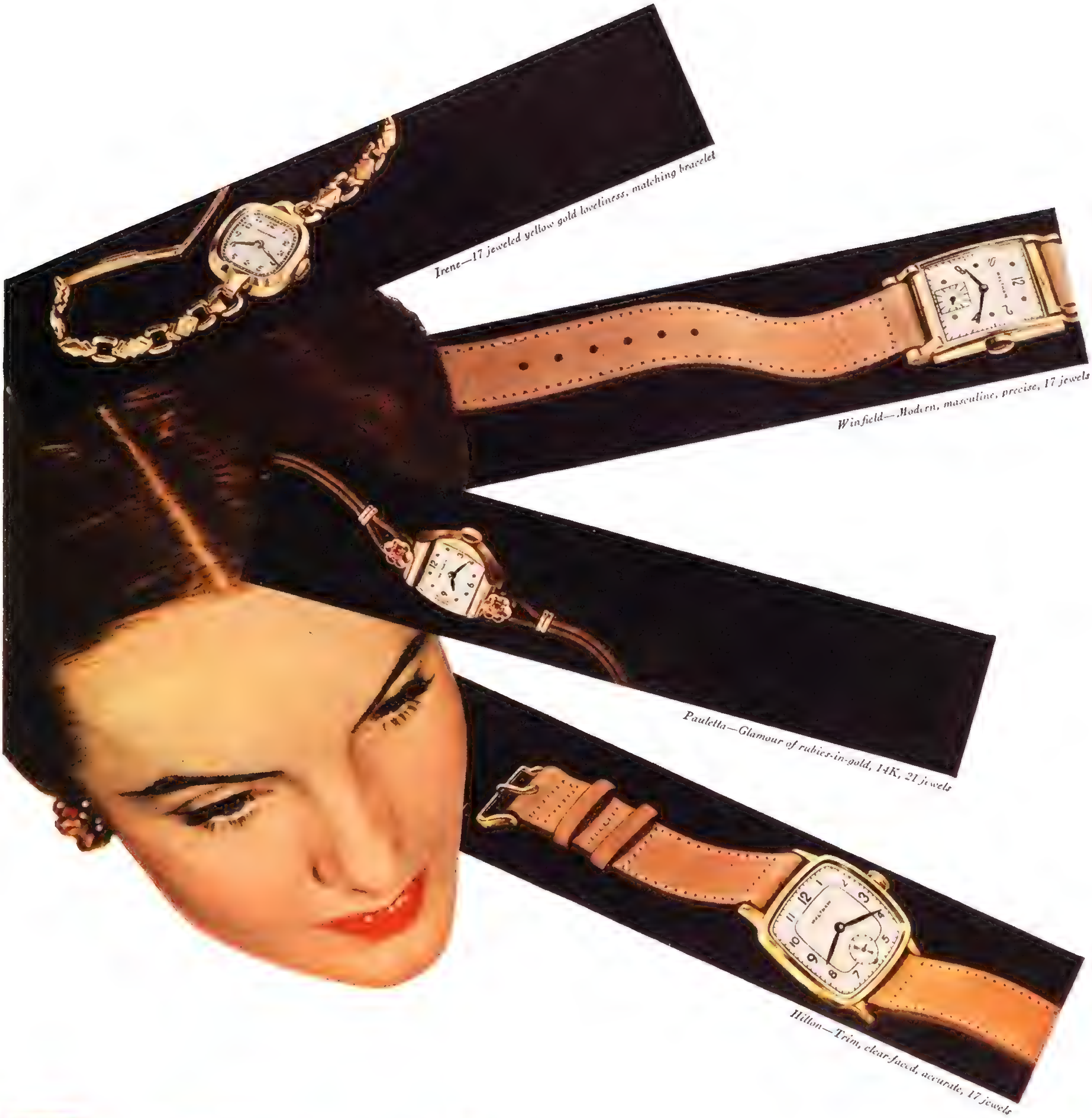

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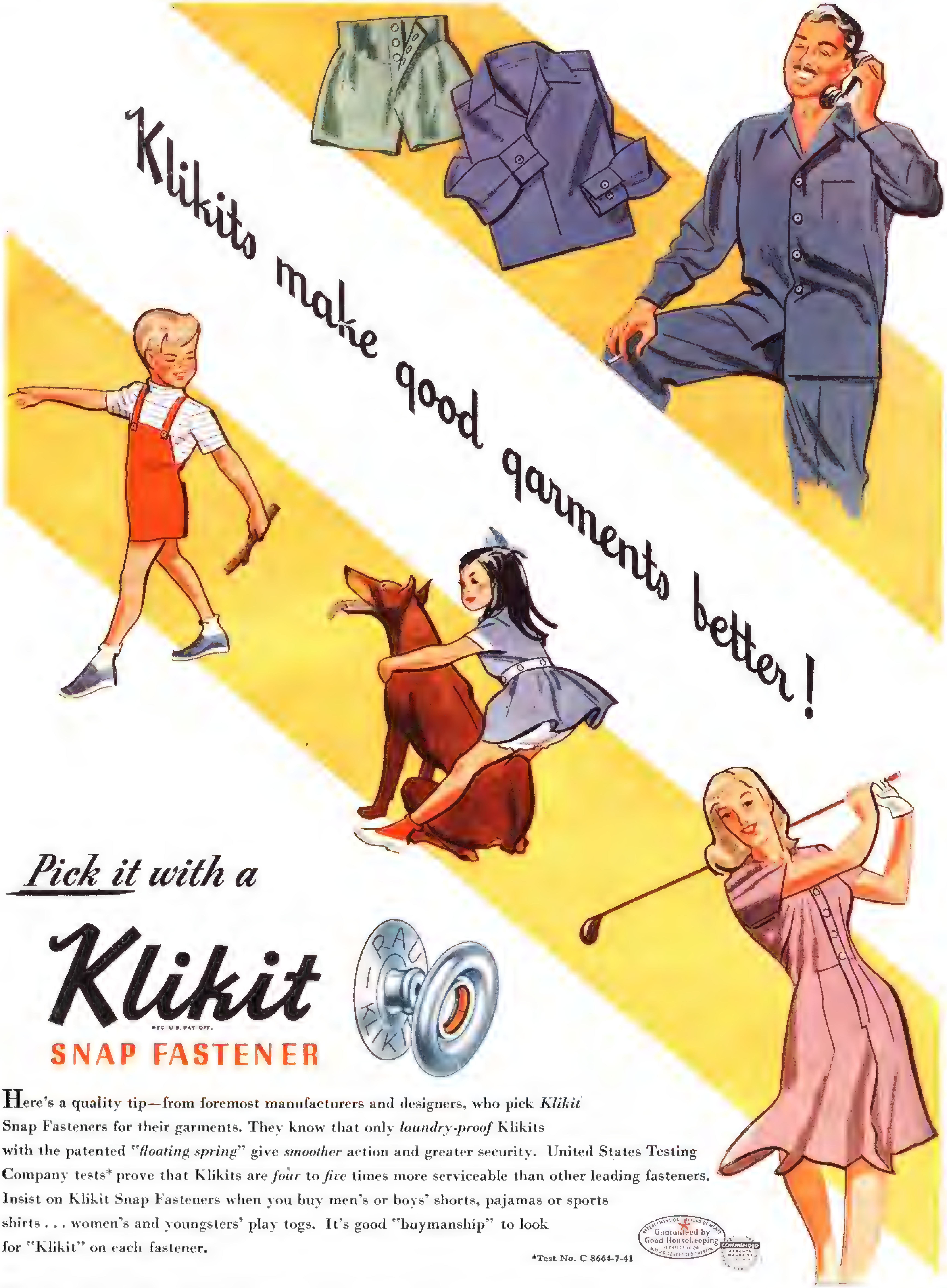
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New York Is Full of Girls

Continued from page 66

said to me. "She sings in a *boîte* near the Bastille. She's quite *une artiste* but I keep telling her to forget about New York and to stay here. There are no *boîtes de nuit* in New York. Just bars and night clubs. That's a hell of a difference. Besides, what would I do with her in New York?"

I said, "Does she know that you have your wife in New York?"

Alain shook his head in astonishment. "*C'est une drôle de question*," he said. "One can see that you are not a Frenchman, *mon petit* Joseph. Why should anybody know of anything that doesn't make him happier?"

We left Cherbourg a few days later for another trip to New York. It was August and the *Ile de France* was crowded, with people sleeping in bathtubs and on billiard tables. Once again Alain was easily the favorite member of the orchestra. He was as popular on the promenade deck as a gossip columnist in the Stork Club. He would walk around shaking hands and in no time he had half a dozen invitations for free drinks. Two hours after saying good-bye to Vivienne, who had come to Cherbourg to see him off, he was installed in the first-class bar.

His host was an elderly gentleman with a pinkish, clean-shaven face, white hair parted on one side, and a double chin. It was a warm day and the gentleman was sitting there in his shirt sleeves and braces. He held his thumbs under his braces and let them snap back against his chest. He radiated optimism and the sacred principles of free enterprise. As I passed by, Alain introduced me to Mr. Harbrough.

"Mr. Harbrough is president in charge of the mushroom division of a large food concern," Alain said.

"Vice-president," Mr. Harbrough interrupted modestly, and hiccuped.

Alain shrugged disdainfully. "Americans don't appreciate the good things in life. Putting fresh, delicious, tasty mushrooms into dead, cold tin cans. *Dieu d'un dieu!*"

"They taste like fresh ones—only better," Mr. Harbrough said. "That's our slogan." He ordered more drinks.

"Americans got no fantasy," Alain said. "No imagination. Mushrooms in cans! Imagine, *mon petit* Joseph, what they would say if they knew I had a wife in New York and *une amie* in Paris?"

Mr. Harbrough stared at Alain for a long moment and emitted a trombone laugh that shook the glasses on the table. "I'll let you in on a little secret," he said, his

Continued on page 198

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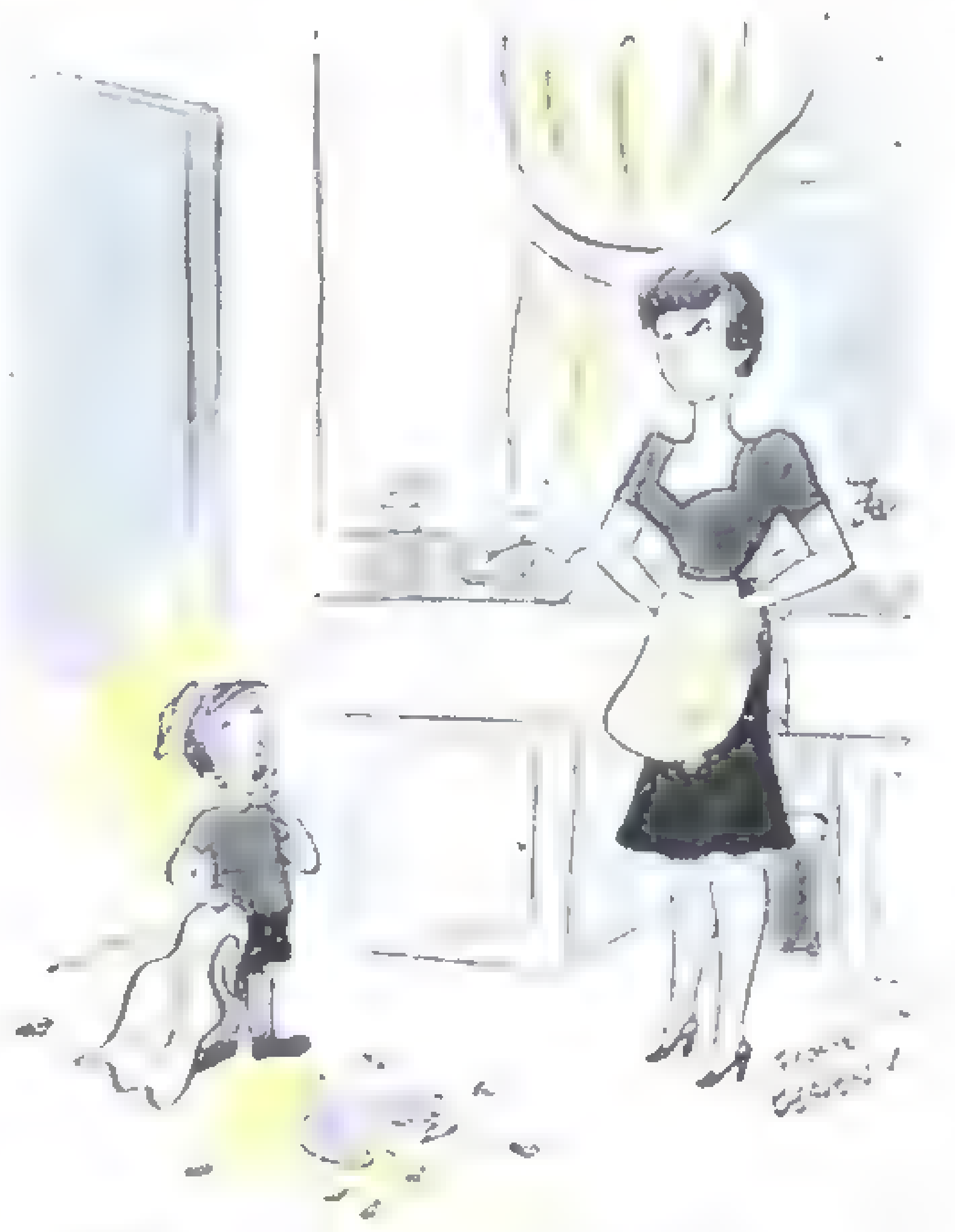
Skyway LUGGAGE

New York Is Full of Girls

Continued from page 197

voice as secretive as a foghorn. "I'm a married man myself. We live in San Francisco. But I got plenty of business in the East." He let his braces snap back and said solemnly, "New York is full of girls." He smacked his lips as though tasting mushrooms, and repeated, "Yes, sir, New York is full of girls."



"Why the fuss? Suppose you threw it at Dad"

Alain looked pleased. "Maybe San Francisco isn't really in America," he said. "Maybe the earthquake taught them that life is short and must be fully lived. Tell me, how do you manage with all your women?"

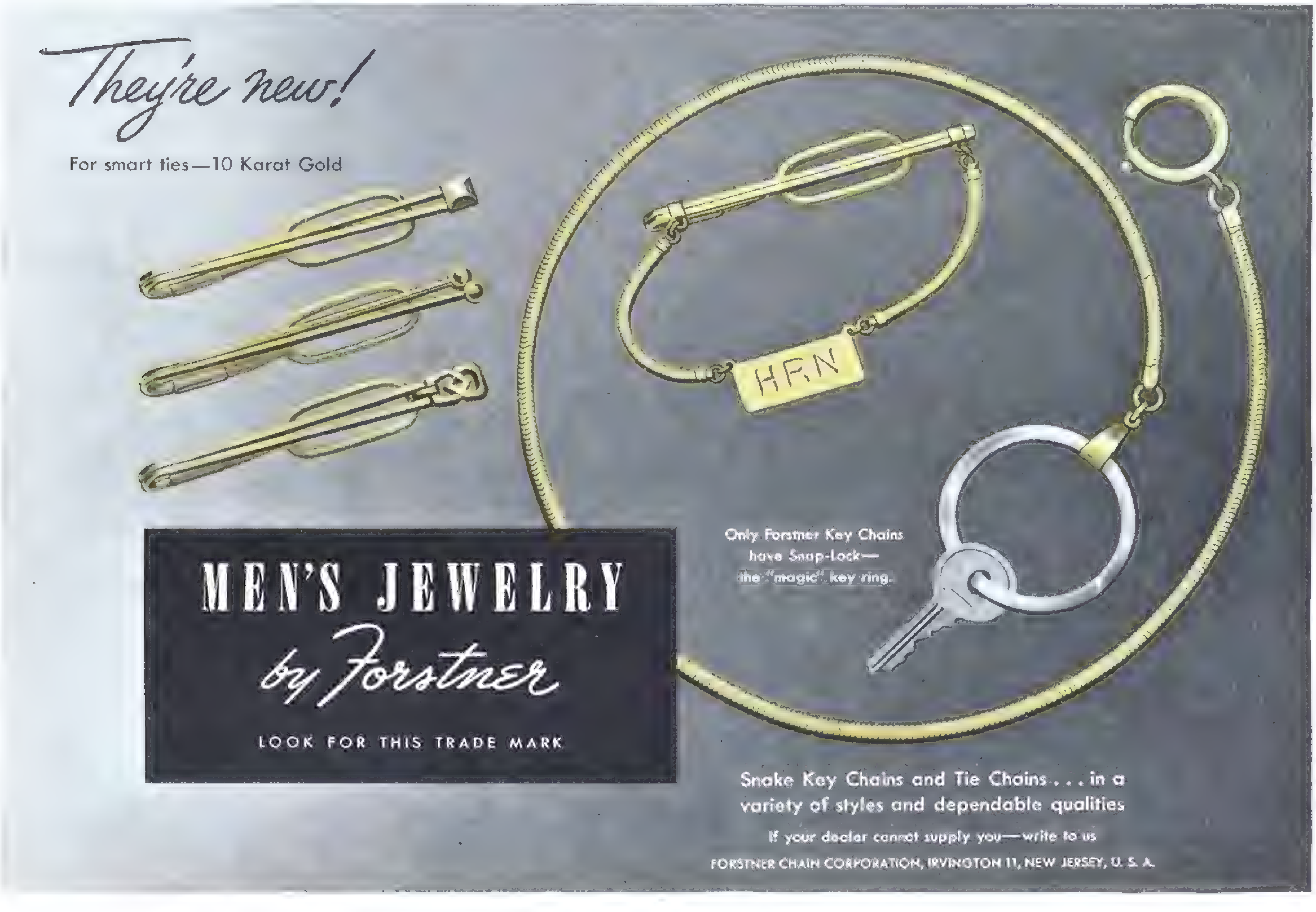
"Organization," Mr. Harbrough said. "It's all a matter of organization. I've been telling my wife more lies about New York than a politician could think of. She now believes that the place stinks. Never goes East with me."

Before we left, Mr. Harbrough invited all members of the orchestra for a drink after the evening concert. "We'll drink to the lovely girls of New York."

I went down with Alain. The musicians' quarters were on B deck, complete with a small dining room and pantry, and a rehearsal room which was used for anything but rehearsals. We got dressed and went to the dining room where we played our one-hour evening concert, and afterward dance music. We were right in the middle of *Singing in the Rain*, which has a very important *batterie* part, when the sound of the drums suddenly stopped. We all turned around and looked at Alain. He sat there, pale and motionless, staring into space. His hands were swinging the drum sticks, but they didn't touch the tambours. I was afraid that he would scream out at any moment.

He seemed to be staring toward the rear of the dining room. I looked there myself. My heart sank. This could be no hallucina-

Continued on page 200



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New York Is Full of Girls

Continued from page 198

tion. There, way behind, was Vivienne, sitting at a table all by herself. She had just taken off her fur cape. I didn't know whether she had anything on underneath. From our platform one saw only her bare shoulders and arms. She looked like a million dollars or twenty-five million francs, whichever you prefer.

She got up and came toward our platform. She wore a royal-blue evening dress that started way below her shoulders. As she walked through the dining room, one could almost hear the necks of the men jerk toward her. Then the women looked sharply at their men and the men had to lower their eyes to their plates.

Vivienne stopped in front of the orchestra and said, "Well, here I am!" She clapped her hands to the chorus of *Singing in the Rain*, and started to dance on her toes. The *chef d'orchestre* got panicky and told me to take Vivienne and Alain to the bar.

On the way there, Vivienne chatted happily. Alain seemed stunned. "Was it too late for you to get off in Cherbourg?" he said. "Didn't they ring the bell? We must get you back on the first ship from Plymouth."

"But I'm *not* going back, *chéri*," she said. "I'm going to New York, with you! I told you that my cousin, invited me again. So I made up my mind. And I thought I'd surprise you."

"But you *can't* go to New York," Alain said, with desperate urgency. "You have no ticket—besides, what would you do there?"

"I have a tourist-class ticket," Vivienne said. She sounded angry. "I gave the *maître d'hôtel* a tip and he'll let me eat in the first-class dining room. And I know exactly what I'm going to do in New York. First, we're going to paint the town red. Then I'll go and visit my cousin."

Alain seemed too weak to answer. I looked at him from the side and for the first time I understood the novelists' saying that a man has suddenly grown old. Alain's hands were trembling. He gulped down his drink with reckless abandon.

After a while Mr. Harbrough came in from the dining room. He wore his dinner jacket and patent-leather shoes and looked almost distinguished now. When he saw us, he shook hands with himself over his head and bellowed, "Tried the *Champignons Sauté* for dinner. Far below our standard quality. I told the chief steward, they should try *my* canned mushrooms!"

I introduced Mr. Harbrough. He sat down and ordered cham-

Continued on page 202

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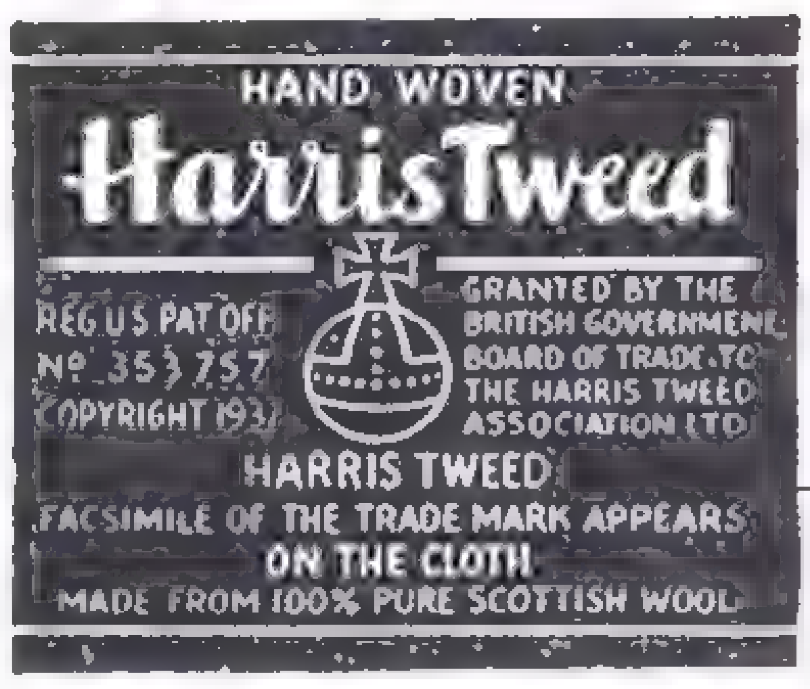
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pagne. I went back to the orchestra and told the boys not to count on Alain for the evening. One of the fellows took over the drums, but things went badly. Emile, the pianist, messed up his solo breaks and our first saxo, usually a very reliable man, fell down on his passages. Everyone was worried about Alain.

"We could send his wife a wire that he isn't aboard," Emile said. The chef contributed his bit of advice, suggesting that Vivienne be confined to the ship's hospital.

"But she is in excellent health," I said.

"I am on very excellent terms with the doctor," the chef answered. The 'cello-player coldly suggested that we hang a heavy stone around Vivienne's beautiful neck and throw her overboard. The 'cello-player had had his disappointments with women.

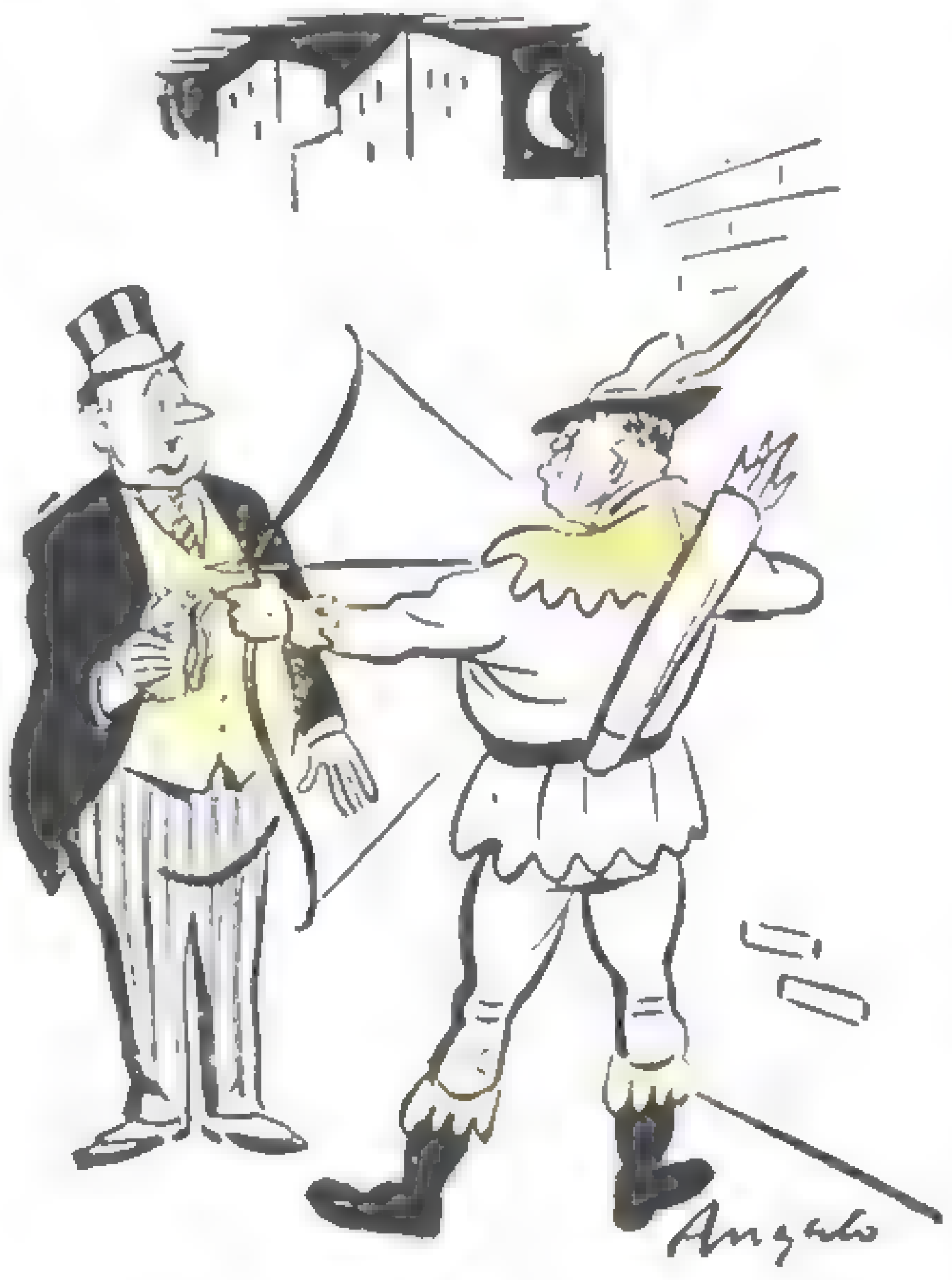
I didn't have the courage to go back to the bar after the concert. Alain came to his room late after midnight, and woke up everybody. He was in bad shape the following day and the day after. Once Vivienne came down to our quarters, but they had a fight and he threw her out.

After that Alain continued drinking in solitary confinement, while Vivienne played shuffleboard with Mr. Harbrough. She also played deck tennis with him, and bet with him on the races, and ate at his table, and drank with him in the bar and danced with him on the prom deck. Alain rejoined the orchestra and took up his drums, but he was in a permanent stupor and didn't seem to care about anything. Sometimes Vivienne danced close to the orchestra. When she whirled past the *batterie*, she'd put her cheek on Mr. Harbrough's silk lapel to make Alain jealous, but he looked the other way.

Once he said to me, "She could have stayed in Paris and we would have been happy. Very happy." He looked after Vivienne. "Very, very happy . . . Let's go to the bar, *mon petit* Joseph. I need a drink."

Captain's dinner was on the

Continued on page 202



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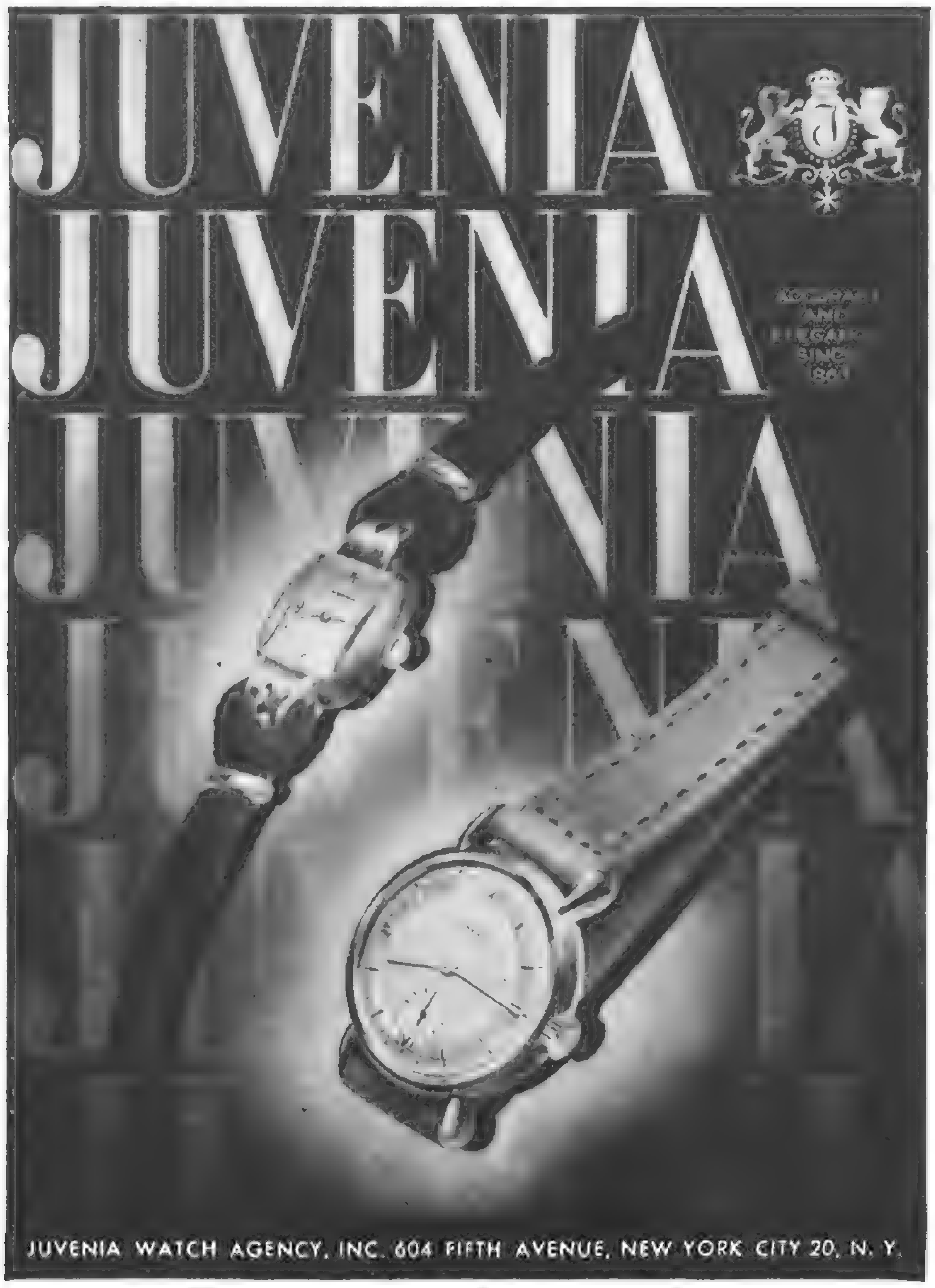

JUVENIA WATCH AGENCY, INC. 604 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY 20, N. Y.

New York Is Full of Girls

Continued from page 201

last evening before we docked in New York. After the dance Mr. Harbrough invited the entire orchestra to his de luxe suite. Of course Vivienne was there. She kissed each of us. She kissed Alain, much longer. He wanted to say something, but then he shrugged and raised his hand and let it flop down in front of his face. He went over to the table and poured himself a water glass full of champagne and gulped it down. As a rule, he never took any drinks after Captain's dinner and was well set on his milk-mouthwash cure but this time he didn't seem to care.

The party went on all night. There was a piano in the drawing room and Vivienne sang her entire repertoire. Alain sat in a deep chair, watching her with half-closed eyes. Mr. Harbrough yelled for more champagne and Alain said, "Shut up, you barbarian mushroom. Can't you listen when *Mademoiselle* sings?"

It was dawn when I came back to my cabin and fell into my bed. I was dead tired. I must have slept through all the noises accompanying the *Ile's* arrival in New York—whistles and foghorns, electric cranes grinding, luggage being shoved on deck. The chain of the anchor woke me up. It rolled over deck, just above my head, and came to a sudden halt when the anchor reached ground. I jumped up and looked through the porthole. There was Pier 48 and crowds of people.

I dressed in a hurry and ran up deck. The first passengers were leaving the ship. I saw Vivienne going down the gangway followed by Mr. Harbrough. Once she stumbled and almost lost one of her high-heeled shoes, but Mr. Harbrough took her arm and guided her down, though he himself didn't seem too steady.

I ran to Alain's stateroom. His wife stood in the middle of the cabin. The boys were watching her, terror-stricken.

Alain was in his bed, fast asleep. A drawer was open and one could see four or five bottles in there. Alain was fully dressed, except for his tuxedo tie which hung out of his mouth. He snored. There was a champagne bottle beside his pillow. The place smelled like a distillers' plant.

For a terrible moment Alain's wife stood glaring. She seemed ready to walk out on him for good. But then she began shaking him. Perhaps she really loved him.

"Take a good look at him," she shouted. "He's coming with me and he won't be back. Never, *never* will you see him again!!"

We didn't. ##

Continued from page 66

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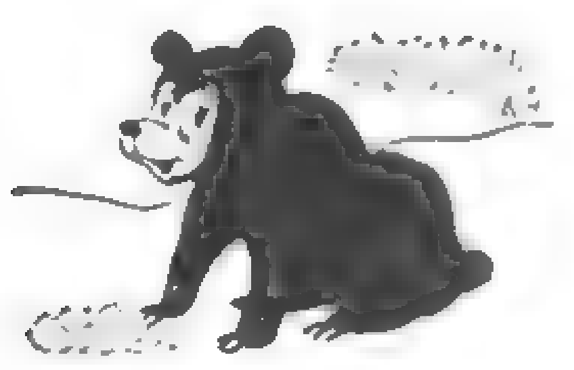
The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

kudos to Kersh

The Ruined Wall, by Gerald Kersh, is a little gem of purest ray serene. I haven't got such a kick out of a short story since the dear old Kipling days when you and I and McGee were younger.

O. B. Keeler
Atlanta, Ga.



bear story blasted

In the August issue of your magazine an article by Jack Tooker entitled *Hunters, Inc.*, the following statement is made: "... a Lee is likely to inform you that a grizzly weighing at least 800 pounds passed by eight hours before on his way to a water hole where he fooled around for awhile before taking to a tree where he is now dozing about 2000 yards behind you."

I wonder where Mr. Tooker got his information about bears. First off a grizzly can't climb a tree. Though most other bears can go up or down a tree like a grey squirrel, Mr. Grizzly no can do. The standard practice hereabouts when this country was being settled was to get up a tree upon meeting a grizzly who wanted to argue. In fact Esquire about six years ago had a very fine article on bears stating distinctly that a grizzly cannot climb a tree.

Other than that I doubt very much its sleeping while an assortment of tenderfeet and a pack of dogs are combing the brush within 2000 yards. An animal that can hear you cock a gun or click a camera at 200 yards isn't liable to be peacefully dozing under those circumstances.

It also might be interesting to know what kind of trees in Arizona grow limbs that will support an animal weighing from 800 to 1000 pounds. These redwood babies here might do it but as it's about 200 feet to the first limb that would probably discourage this tree-climbing grizzly.

K. C. Hasinger
Eureka, Calif.

briefing on British politics

No Englishman, whatever his politics, could possibly agree with Chester Morrison's interpretation of the reason for Churchill's ousting. The Conservatives might have won, had not their Leader, casting off the mantle of wartime greatness, descended to the most theatrical of party-politic speeches, accusing his opponents of being *National* Socialists whose first act it would be to recruit a Gestapo. That really was too much.

The Labour Party announced a policy against the status quo. That's all the social significance there was to it. There has been a revolution in Britain, and things are not just going on as usual. Up to now, the Government has nationalized the Bank of England, the Coal Mines, Broadcasting, and Social Security. Civil Aviation, Telecommunications, Iron and Steel, Health are in the process of changing hands, while other industries await investigation. Commons is full of Members daily, and no longer the best club in Europe. The only thing that has not changed is the weather—unfortunately.

Ronald R. Abrahamson
London, England

Continued on page 204

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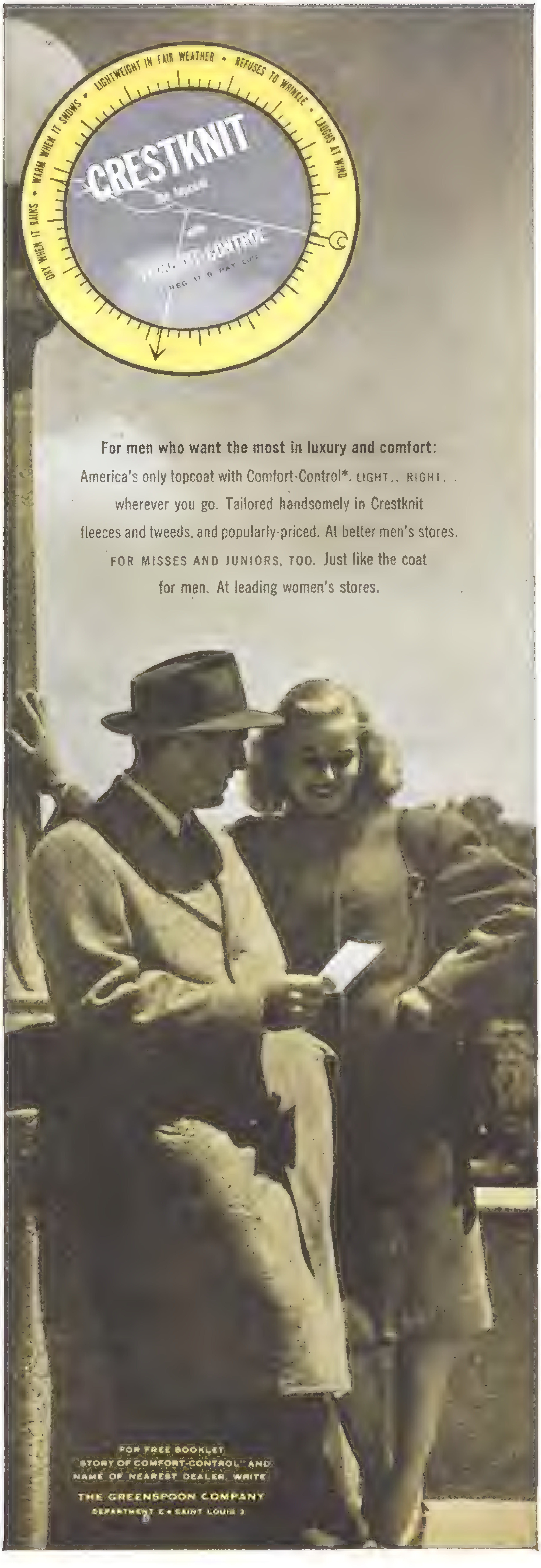
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The Sound and the Fury

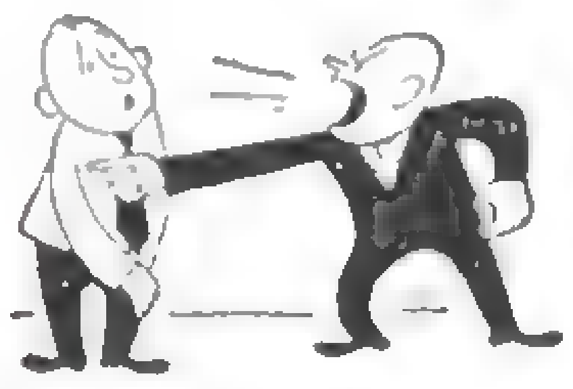
Continued from page 203

Egyptian lesson II

I can't let Anthony H. Brackett, in Cairo, wallow in his ignorance any more. He wrote a letter in the August issue on Esky in Egypt. To bring everything up to date, the Wogs, or Egyptians, do like Esky—but the bookstores not only sell secondhand copies, they sell the pix too—separate. A magazine, emasculated, costs about fifty piasters ($2.00) and the pictures about half that much. They sell briskly to British soldiers and to civilians.

To correct Mr. Brackett's grammar: I'm not an Egyptian grammarian, but I do know what I'm talking about. His sentence "'Quise?' they say, 'Shufti bent' (meaning 'beautiful babe') and point knowingly," is all wrong. First off, "kwice" (to rhyme with ice) means good, or nice. "Shoofti," to spell it right American style, means "Look at" and "bint" means girl. "Kwice bint" has a connotation you wouldn't print if I told you. But they do point knowingly.

F. H. JETER, JR.
Goldsboro, N. C.



Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Munsey

In his article about Frank A. Munsey Stanley Walker tells how he hired men because he liked their appearance. He does not tell that Munsey also fired men because he didn't like their looks. Many employees hoped they'd never run into that cold and granite-like figure from which Mr. Walker squeezed some milk of kindness never seen save in his imagination. I know a writer and editor who was identified by Munsey when they met in a hallway, by the boss afterward describing him and asking: "Does that fellow work for me?"

"Yes, Mr. Munsey, he is an associate editor."

"Fire him, he doesn't look like an editor."

The man was fired.

Oddly, for a tycoon who made fortunes, Munsey often acted through caprice. He had an ever-successful mag called *Railroad Magazine*, had it cease publication because he tired of it. When the Munsey mags were sold the mag was reissued, and successfully.

Mr. Walker says he was one of the four men not fired when Munsey was in his newspaper-killing fury, and that, no doubt, makes him feel better about the whole thing.

JOHN WILSTACH
Rhinebeck, N. Y.

Fabian strategy

In your July issue Vick Knight, in his story on jazz in Europe during the war, states that a "miserable army of Englishmen returned from Dunkirk hanging their heads in shame."

You must know of course that a casual statement such as this often has more effect than something which is adduced in argument.

As a British subject, I should therefore like to point out that our gallant Army did not "hang its head in shame" because of having to be evacuated from Dunkirk; in fact, we regard the masterly retreat and evacuation of that army as being just as great an achievement as its subsequent glorious victories.

C. T. H. WEBSTER
Kent, Harrow, England.

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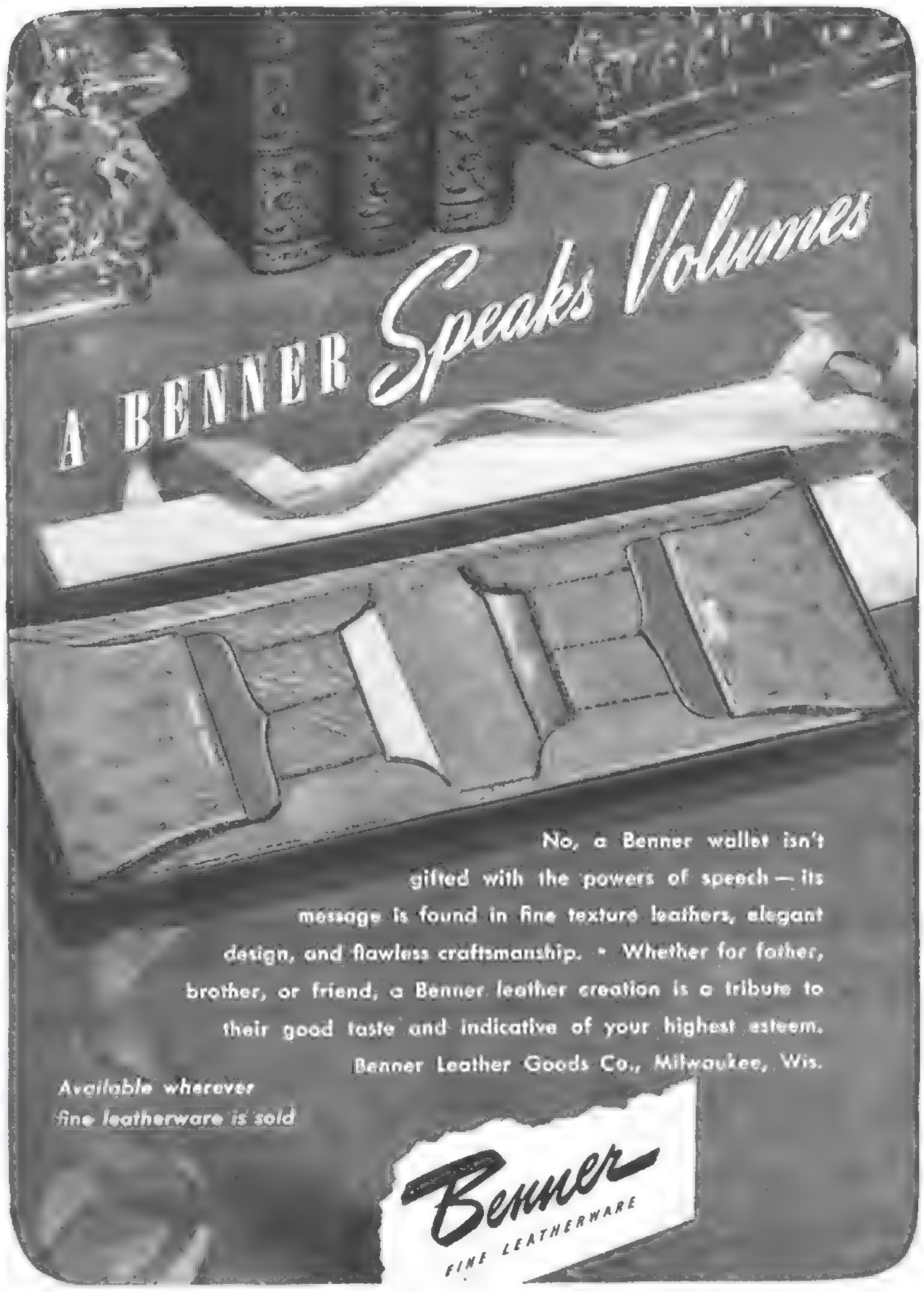

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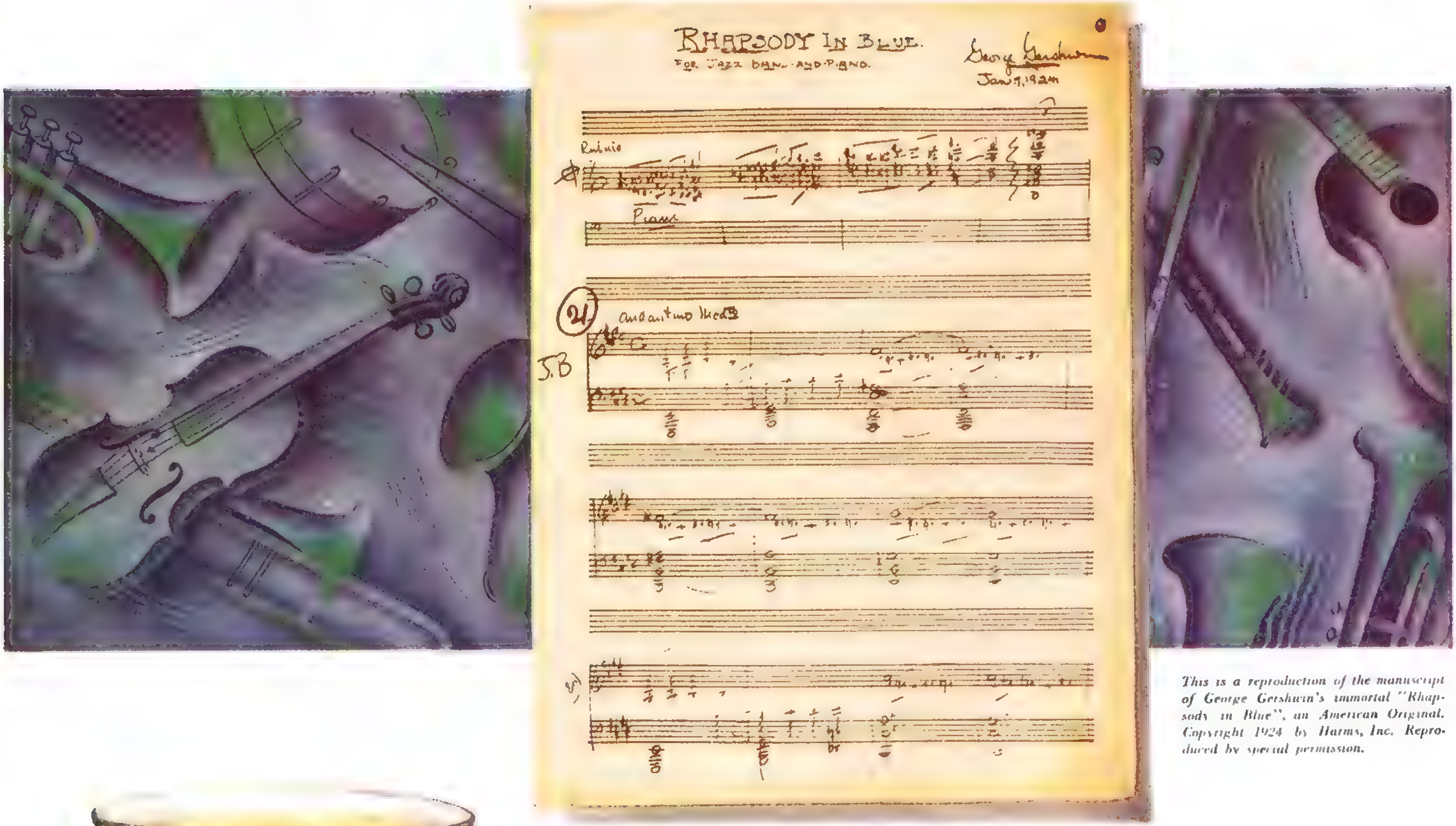
RHAPSODY IN BLUE.
FOR JAZZ BAND AND PIANO.
George Gershwin
Jan 7, 1924
Rubato
Piano
21
Andantino Moderato
J.B

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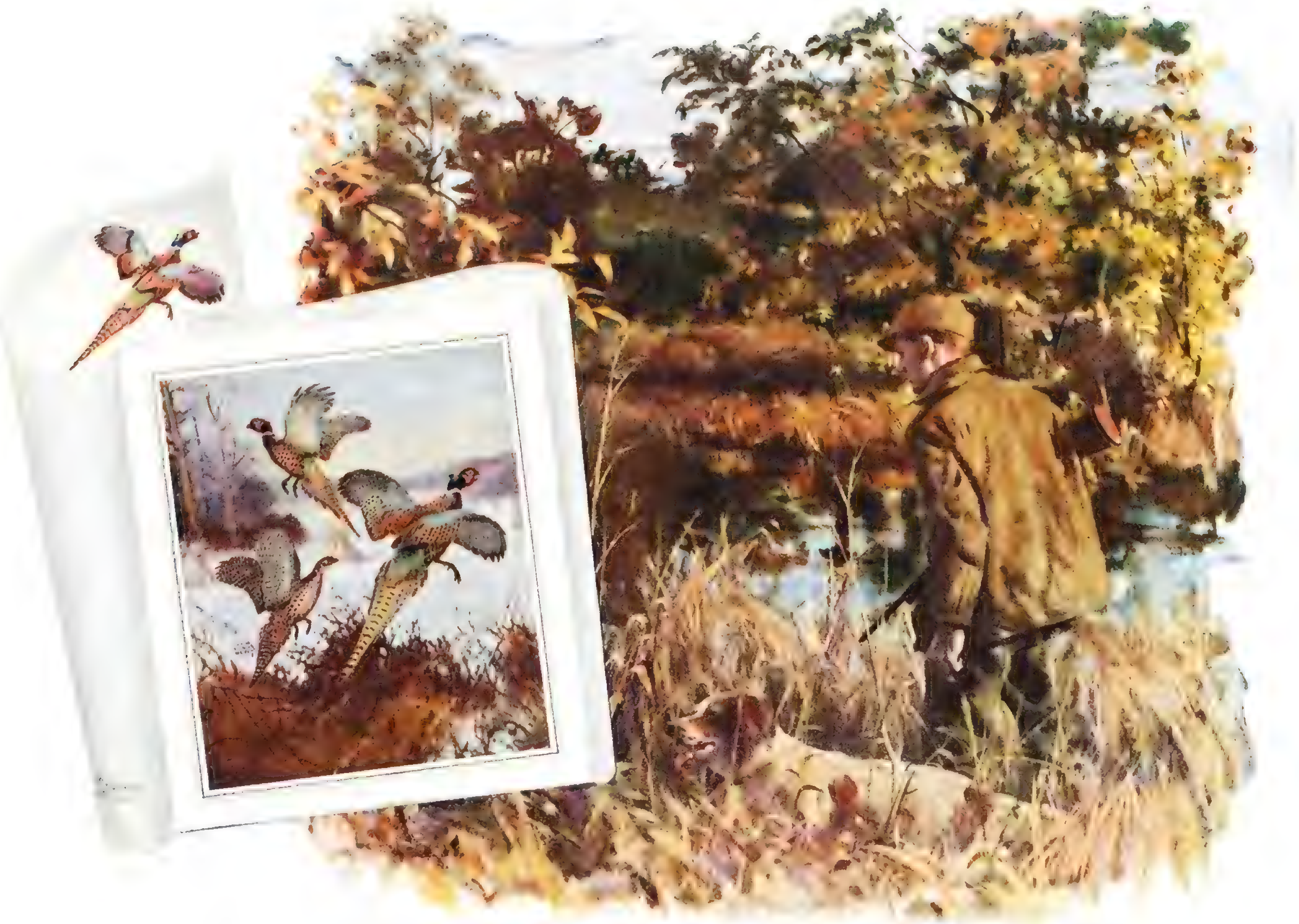

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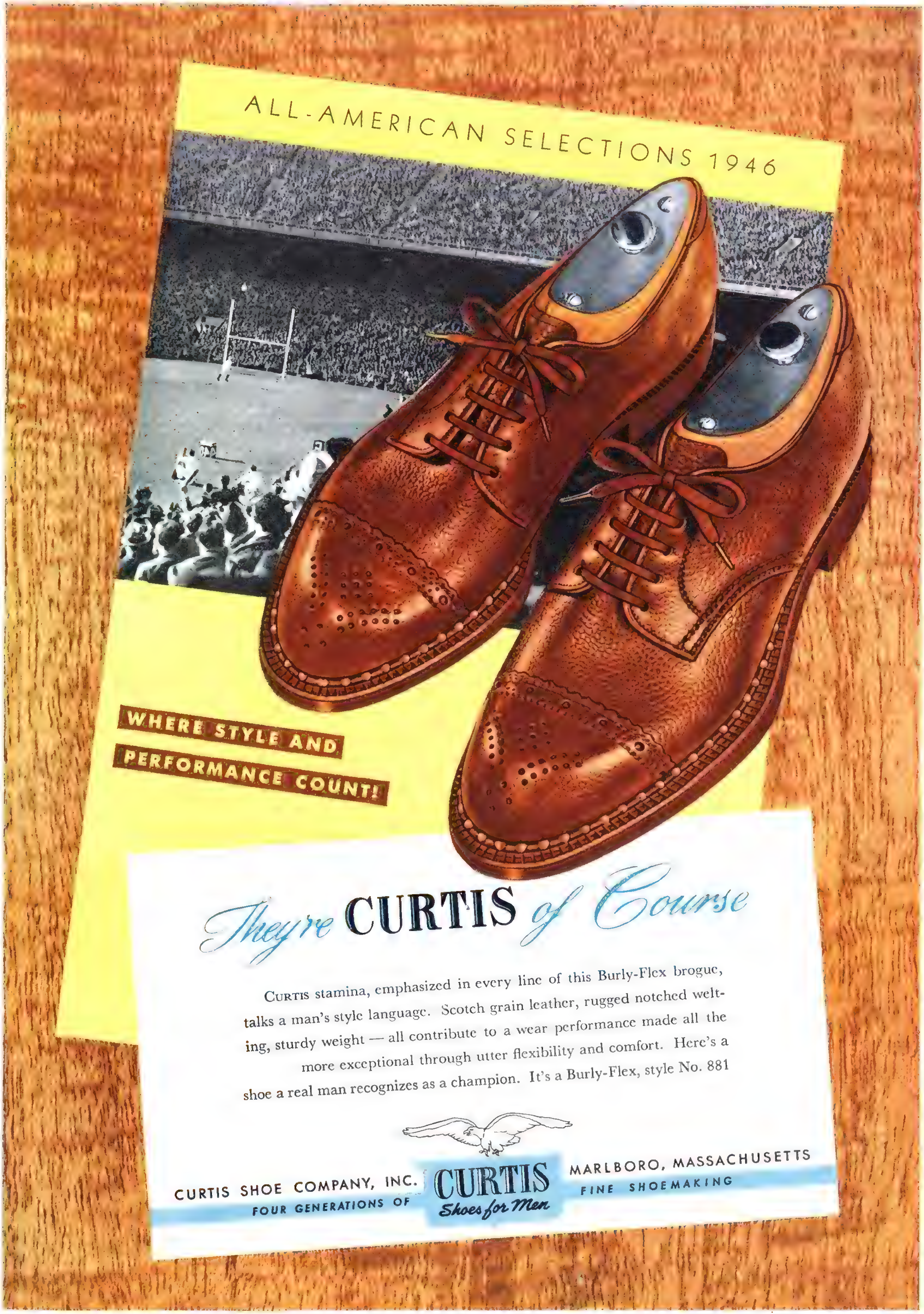
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The Little Bantiga

Continued from page 111

smiling back at me, an incredible dragon-smile.

I made my way back toward the camp, but I had no sooner reached the environs when a couple of the blacks spotted me carrying the bantiga on my arm. They yelled in horror and ran toward their tribesmen screaming, "Bantiga! Mukai!" Then all of the blacks disappeared.

Other members of our expedition came out of the breakfast tent, and I could tell by the looks on their faces as they approached me that they were not pleased with my new companion. One look at it turned them away in revulsion, and one of them disappeared around the corner of the tent, suddenly having lost his power to keep down his breakfast.

"Don't you know any better than to bring that thing here?" one of them asked, no longer daring to look at the bantiga.

"It's only a queer little animal," I replied.

"You fool! Didn't you hear what the natives said! Mukai! Evil! They know these jungles. Get rid of that filthy thing at once or you'll ruin the enterprise."

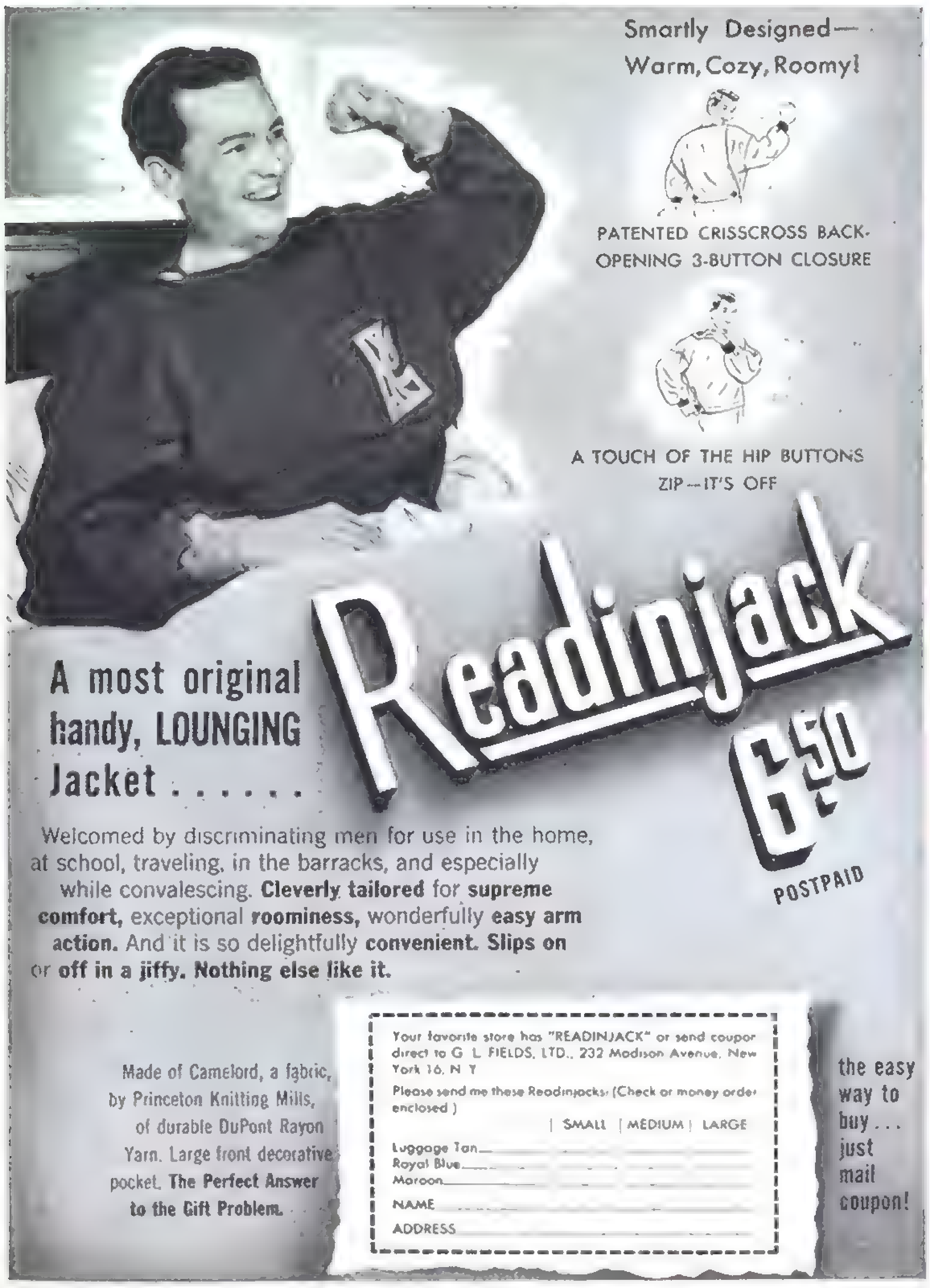
I walked back to the pit, still carrying the bantiga on my arm. I put it down and said "Shoo! Fly away. You're bad news."

It just chattered sadly and pleadingly at me and came back over to me, and climbed up my breeches again. What was I to do? I never could bring myself to kill an animal, like a cat or a dog, that depended on me for its safety and security. That look and those noises would always haunt me. There was nothing to do but quit the expedition. I would pack up and go back to New Amsterdam and arrange passage to the States for me and my new pal.

That is exactly what I did, but not without trouble. I had passage all arranged with one captain, but when he had a look at the bantiga, it was all off. The next time I arranged for passage I concealed the animal in a canvas-covered cage and told the captain it was some sort of fruit bat or odd bird, I wasn't sure which. The captain let it pass, and being absorbed in his charts and cargo, did not inquire further. I was the only passenger on this little boat, which was a small freighter with only one passenger cabin. That suited me fine. The only people I would have to avoid would be the purser, the chief engineer, and one or two others who had very little to do while the ship was en route.

I let the bantiga have the run of my cabin while I was there. He seemed to enjoy my company and looked heartbroken when I put

Continued on page 210



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The Little Bantiga

Continued from page 209

him in his cage before going out.

Curiously enough, I never took the bantiga off the boat. I had anticipated having him kept under quarantine in New York for a while after we landed, but this was an ordeal which my little bantiga was spared. As we moved into the harbor and I was packing my things, I let the bantiga have his customary run of the cabin. I was talking to him, calling him Banti and hoping he would accustom himself to the name.

I had thought of calling him Freddy, since he so resembled the characterization of Mr. Hyde by Fredric March back in the early '30's. But I did not wish to identify such a gentle nature as my bantiga's with a vicious monster like Mr. Hyde, so I gave him the endearing moniker of Banti.

Banti was swinging on the door of the porthole, chattering, while I put the last of my things into my traveling case. Then without any warning, Banti scrambled into the porthole and with a sudden leap, swooped out over the water. I rushed to the porthole and watched him apprehensively. Swift he was, and presently he had climbed to a great height, growing tinier in the distance until I could no longer see him.

Perhaps it was better that way. Maybe he would fly back to Guiana where he belonged and where female bantigas could offer him a far better social adjustment than I could.

When I returned to my home on Long Island, one of the first things I told my wife and two children about my trip was my experience with the bantiga. Thelma, my wife, thought it a charming episode, but from the description I had given, she admitted that she was rather thankful I had not brought Banti home with me. Ruth and Bobby were not quite certain what they thought of the bantiga. It was like telling them of an animal in a zoo. They would have to see it in order to believe. Since this was impossible, I put the matter from my mind, deciding that speculation on my family's reaction to Banti was as vain as worrying about his ability to take care of himself.

My laboratory was in a separate building from the house and about twenty yards from it. I had scarcely become settled in the house when I decided to make the laboratory ready for operations again. I opened the front door and then went to the back door.

As I inserted the key in the lock I heard a familar cooing outside. Quickly I opened the door. There, clinging to the wall, was Banti. With that weird instinct that ani-

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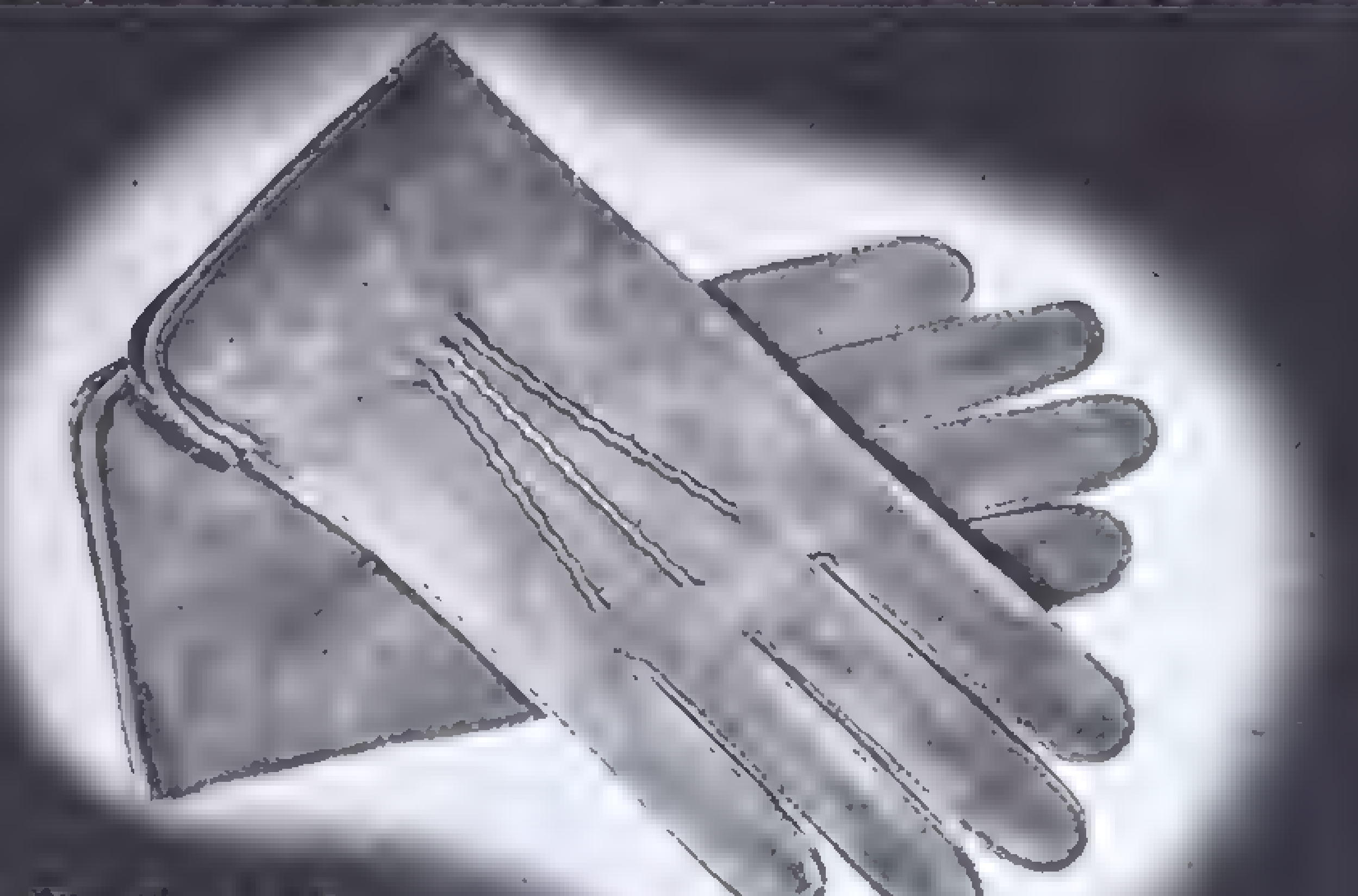

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mals have for finding their masters in places they have never been before, Banti had tracked me down. When I took him in my arms you would have thought it was a jubilee, for all the happy chattering and hooting he did. I was overjoyed and hurried with my new guest back to the house.

When I entered the door I had no opportunity to introduce Thelma to the new arrival. She took one horrified look, screamed in complete terror, and sank onto the couch in a faint. The children came running in to see what had happened, and when they saw the gibbering face of Banti they turned and ran upstairs. I put Banti down in a chair and got a glass of water and some smelling salts for my wife. As she revived, her gaze fell on the bantiga in the near-by chair, and she clutched my arm and recoiled in fright.

"Take it away! Horace! Please take it away."

"It's all right, dear," I said. "I'll take him away, but don't get so excited. You're frightening the poor little fellow to death."

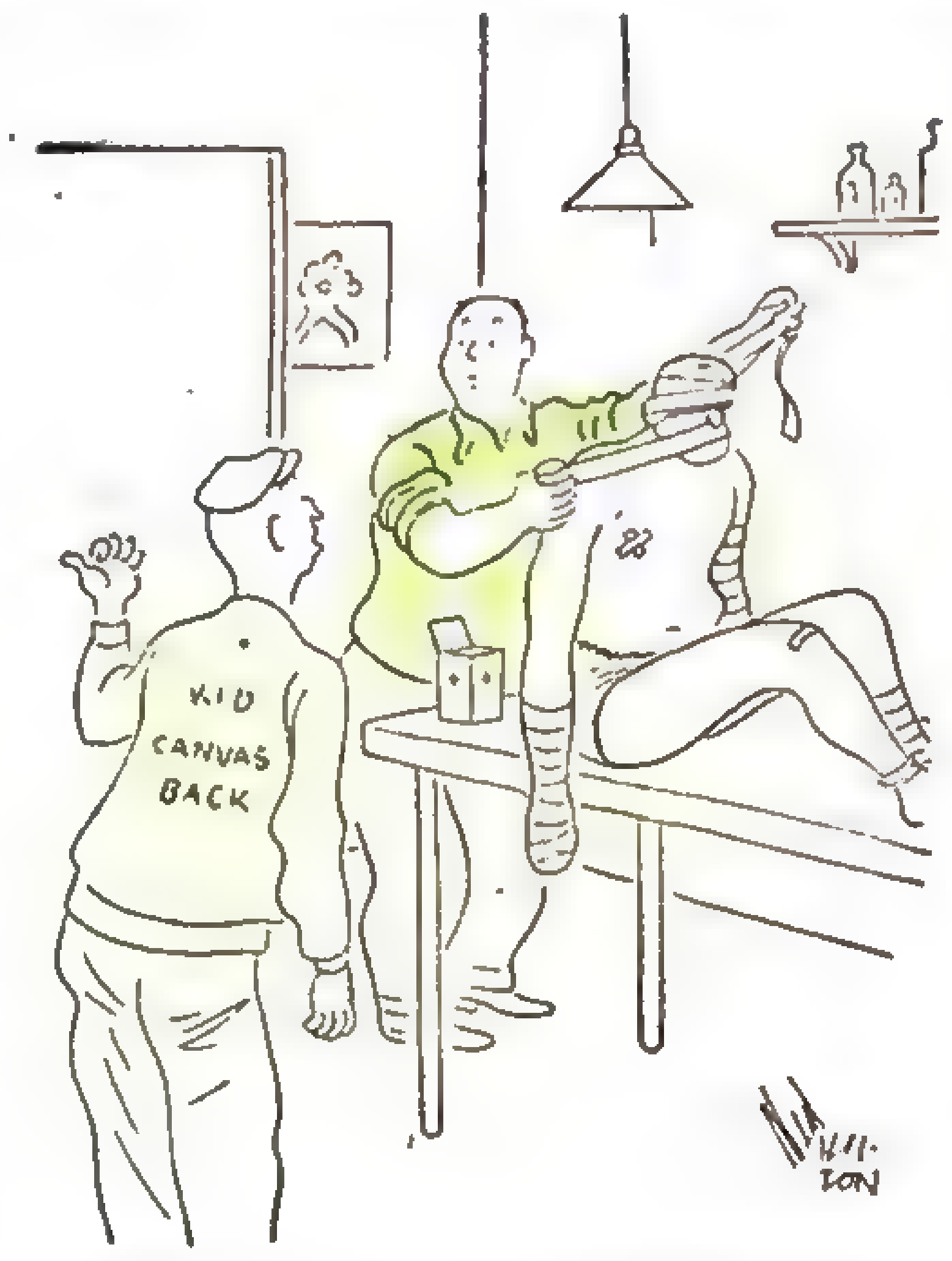
"*I'm* frightening *him*? What do you think he's doing to me?"

I said no more, but took Banti immediately to the laboratory, and tried to soothe his hurt feelings. I set him on my workbench, put my hand on his head—up high where the fur began—and talked reassuringly to him. "That's all right Banti. You can make your home right here." He seemed to understand and crawled back into my arms to nestle close.

My wife was disgusted at even having the creature around, but I refused to kill him and she didn't force things. I could see no harm in keeping him, so long as he bothered no one else. Besides, he had some appealing little ways. He imitated me by pecking at the typewriter keys and by studying the books I was trying to read. Then, too, he was helpful in assisting me in capturing insects.

One day I was negotiating an especially important business deal in town. It would mean a handsome commission for me to sell a

Continued on page 212



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The Little Bantiga

Continued from page 211

certain stock to a Mrs. Mathers. Mrs. Mathers was seated with me in my office, on the fiftieth floor of the Buhl Building. It was a warm day, and I had my window open.

Just as I was on the point of settling the deal most satisfactorily, there was a ghostly shuffling at the window. I knew without looking that it was Banti. Mrs. Mathers, a pleasant smile on her face, turned to look, then let out a shriek that reverberated through the building.

I hope she got out of there fast enough to suit her. It was certainly fast. People came running in to find out what was the matter. They found out and quickly pandemonium spread down every corridor. I decided that prompt action was the easiest way out.

I closed my office and took Banti to the elevator. I concealed him behind me to prevent the operator from seeing him, but there were other people in the elevator. They protested. Banti and I walked down fifty flights of stairs. When we reached home I investigated to find out how he had escaped the laboratory. The little imp had raised the window and unhooked the screen. I nailed down all screens.

After my wife and I had retired that night and were sound asleep, I was awakened by a scratching noise at the window. I knew there would be no rest until I let Banti in, so I unhooked the screen, swung it out, and let Banti crawl in. He crept over beside me on the bed, rolled over on his back with his wings folded underneath, and nestled up to me. He was cooing and muttering in that affectionate way of his, and I tried to quiet him for fear Thelma would awaken. The little musical cries continued, and I held my breath as Thelma stirred.

"Horace!" she said, in a loud indignant whisper. "Have you got that *thing* in bed with us?"

You can imagine the rest. That was the last time Thelma and I slept together.

News of the incident at my office spread like an oil fire at sea. Inquisitive crowds gathered, clamoring for a glimpse of the bantiga. Reporters hounded me for pictures. I refused them admittance. My friends came around and insisted on seeing Banti. I tried to dissuade them from looking. I even begged them to forget the entire matter, but nothing would satisfy them except to gloat on something that only filled them with horror. They never came again.

Finally, Thelma, desperate with the loneliness of social ostracism and provoked beyond meas-

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ure with my stubborn attachment to Banti, gave her ultimatum. I was not to live in the same house with her and the children as long as that *thing* lived.

I bought a little farmhouse not many miles away and moved all my belongings there. Banti and I were happy together, but I soon learned I had to find all my happiness with him. I would lock him in the special cage and leave to keep up my business contacts. People were generally polite when they saw I was alone, but gradually I lost all my accounts. I continued to try for a time but I could see it was no good and soon I didn't go to the city any more.

I didn't see my wife again. There were letters, but they always ended with a plea to give up Banti. I couldn't do that.

We lived on my savings until they were gone. Then gradually I sold my possessions. The farmhouse was the last to go. That gave us a considerable sum and by traveling and living economically we managed. I fixed one of the suitcases with air vents and Banti stayed in there when I had to deal with people in our travels. In our room I would release him and he would come to me with admiration in his eyes, tenderly squeaking his love and his pleasure at being released.

It went on like this, traveling, small rooms which became progressively cheaper, until almost all of my money was gone. My clothes had grown threadbare and my whole appearance had changed amazingly. I noticed this for the first time one night while I was holding Banti up to the mirror. He always liked that.

Then one night a month later in a small western town as I stood before the desk of the hotel fingering the last of the money in my pocket, thinking we might as well have a good room and food with these last dollars, it happened.

I had set the two suitcases down, the one holding Banti on my left. The catch came unfastened and Banti stepped out, hooting tenderly. He looked at the clerk, a nervous young man, and walked up to him, doing his best to make friends.

The clerk's face mirrored the horror I had seen in so many others when they had looked at that face, and before I had a chance to reach out and take Banti to me the clerk had pulled a gun from beneath the counter.

He shot twice at Banti at point-blank range and then dropped the gun and ran.

That night as I rode the freight out of town, I cried. Without Banti I was nothing. I could hear him chattering as I rode. In my mind I could hear that chatter over and over, always ending with the words, "Mukai! Mukai!" ⅲ

· Continued from page 111

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Uncle Stin Was a Hero

Continued from page 114

cratic little town, he was there, waving the Stars and Bars. Like some men you must know, he had a knack, a sort of Chamber of Commerce complex, one might say, for community service.

On one occasion, Father said, Uncle Stin and Reb chanced to be driving around our public square just as a crowd lined up at the ticket office of the Dixie Opera House. Out of curiosity Reb stopped and Uncle Stin, aided by the buggy shafts, swung out and onto the end of the slowly moving queue.

It was a one-night showing by the Southern Thespian Troupe of William Gillette's *Secret Service*, "a Popular Drama of the Southern Confederacy in Four Acts." Flashing his Colonelcy in the face of an harassed doorman, Uncle Stin sidled down the gas-lit aisle and took a choice seat in the dress circle.

Promptly at eight the hand-painted view of Fort Sumter rolled creakily up, revealing the drawing room of General Varney's Richmond home during the siege. Brave Confederate women were busy knitting, rolling bandages and sewing coarse sandbags. Through the window (rear) nurses could be seen caring for the piles of Confederate wounded and through a door (right side) troops rushed madly about in utmost confusion and excitement. Church bells rang in the distance, mingling their Confederate sweetness with the booms of Yankee siege guns. Suffering and uncertainty hung oppressively low in the heaven as well as on the Varney draperies. Yet through it all everyone was obviously attempting gaiety by keeping as busy as a crow in a cornfield.

Presently onto the stage tripped Edith Varney, the General's winsome and eligible daughter, to announce that through her father's influence she had just arranged for her lover, Captain Thorne, C.S.A., to remain in the beleaguered city. Of course everyone was happy over this. Everyone, that is, except the audience and Mr. Benton Arrelsford of the Confederate Secret Service. For he alone of all the players had somehow learned that Captain Thorne, his rival, was actually Mr. Lewis Dumont of the *United States* Secret Service!

Well, everything rocked along as well as could be hoped for under the circumstances. Throughout the first two acts Uncle Stin remained merely a spectator. But as the auditors, many of whom had been his battle comrades, hissed and heckled the struggling performers, his South-

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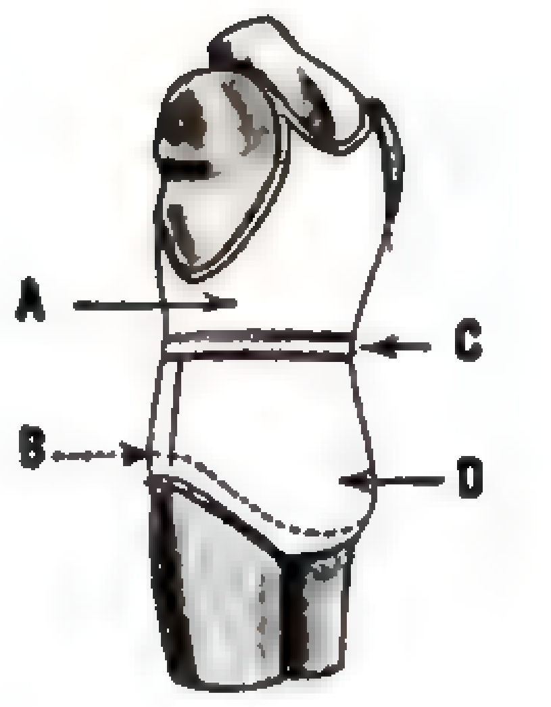

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ern soul was pierced to the quick. By the middle of Act III he could stand it no longer. Hell-bent for action, he jumped to his feet, waved his campaign hat in circles above his head and started up and down the aisle hollering, "Hurrah for Marse Robert."

Meanwhile, Dumont the spy, tricked by the heroic Arrelsford into sending a message to his Yankee brethren over the Confederate tickers, is caught red-handed in the War Department Telegraph Office. "Drop that gun or you're a dead man!" the Southerner shouts. "I've got you where I want you at last!" At this moment guards dash in from all directions and quick-thinking Dumont, still in his Confederate Captain's uniform, of course, suddenly reverses procedures by ordering Arrelsford arrested as a traitor!

Eric Ericson

"And God bless mama, ditto papa, ditto Aunt Mary, ditto Uncle Jerry"

That was the last straw. Screaming, "You've got the wrong man! You've got the wrong man!" Uncle Stin dashed down the aisle to the orchestra pit. There he stopped short, turned, gave a resounding Rebel yell, sprang across the footlights, and grabbed Dumont by the throat. By now, one after another of his comrades of the Kershaw Grays, responding to the old battle cry, had followed suit. The stage was a mingled mass of fighting, scratching Confederates, one after another in wild pursuit. The orchestra struck up *Dixie*, women screamed and fainted, and stage scenery collapsed under the strain of combat. Uncle Stin, his mission accomplished, crawled offstage (right) and, weaving in and out among the excited onlookers, headed up the outer aisle. Once in the clear he made for the buggy, clucked to Reb and struck out down Swift Creek Road like a martin to his gourd.

Early next morning, Father said, Uncle Stin and the owner of the Opera House were seen chatting warmly in front of the Robert E. Lee Saloon, but so far as he knew nothing came of their mutual interest in histrionics. One thing is sure, however. Our town was somehow deprived of theat-

Continued on page 216

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Uncle Stin Was a Hero

Continued from page 215

ricals until the coming of *Madame Butterfly*, five years later.

As his official chronicler I could of course go at length into Uncle Stin's private life or public affairs (or vice versa). His abiding love for our local Academy, for example, or his periodic interest in sacred harp singing as led by the shapely alto of the Balm of Gilead Choir. But these, comparatively speaking, are but moments to be skipped in a long and heroic life. It was his timely passing that really drenched our town in tears.

At ten on Memorial Day folks from miles around were clustered about the Confederate Monument of Court House Square eagerly waiting to hear Master Robert E. Odum, the high school valedictorian, recite Father Ryan's *The Conquered Banner*. The Fifth Grade Sextet (mixed) had already rendered *The Bonnie Blue Flag* and eight stanzas of *Dixie*, and Mayor Robert E. Stucky had announced that after the ceremonies one and all would march to Shady Grove Hill to place flowers on the graves of the honored dead.

As Master Odum squirmed his poetic way down to "Furl that Banner! True 'tis gory, Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory . . ." someone screamed and the crowd turned to see Reb, her head bowed, unevenly jerking an empty buggy around the square. A squad of veterans, together with a few common citizens, ran out to stop her.

Underneath the dashboard, his heroic leg curiously caught in the spokes and Reb's taut reins about his neck, hung Uncle Stin, pallid, ghostly, his hands flapping in the dust. Several women flinched and shrank away. An old soldier who had once hobnobbed with horror stood as if staked.

Halfmast up the buggy whip Uncle Stin's Stars and Bars trembled in the Carolina breeze.

After dinner-on-the-ground Master Odum was asked to conclude *The Conquered Banner*. Then, without delay, the celebrants trailed a floral-draped hearse through the religious twilight of the afternoon to Shady Grove Hill. Ahead of them all was faithful Reb flanked by a platoon of Grays.

Everyone commented on the timing. Uncle Stin would have preferred Memorial Day, they said. But Father always believed that delay would have helped matters little, anyway. "Embalming a man like Uncle Stin," he often remarked, "would have been like robbing Peter to pay Paul."

Yes, I tell you, Uncle Stin was a hero's hero. #

Continued from page 114

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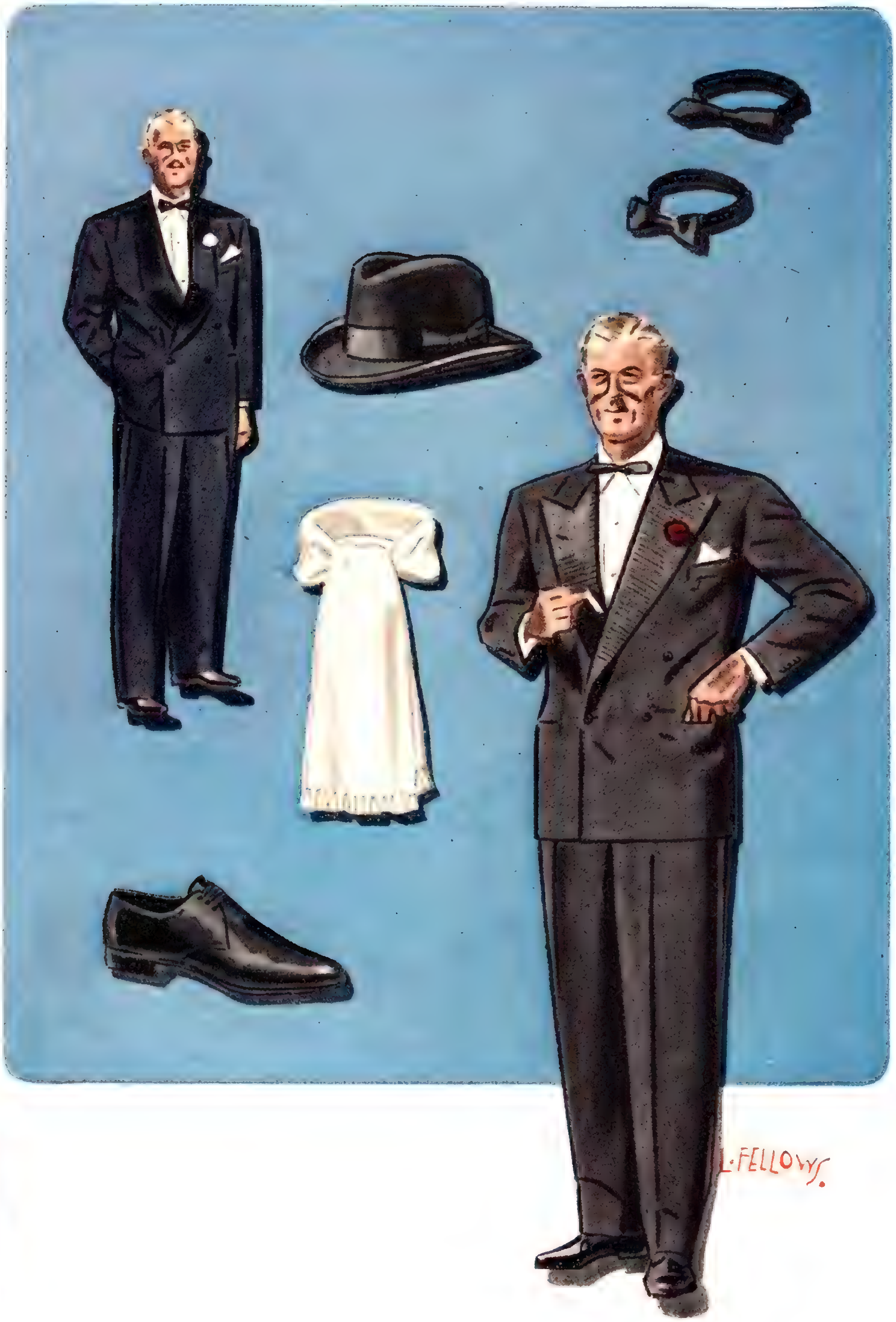


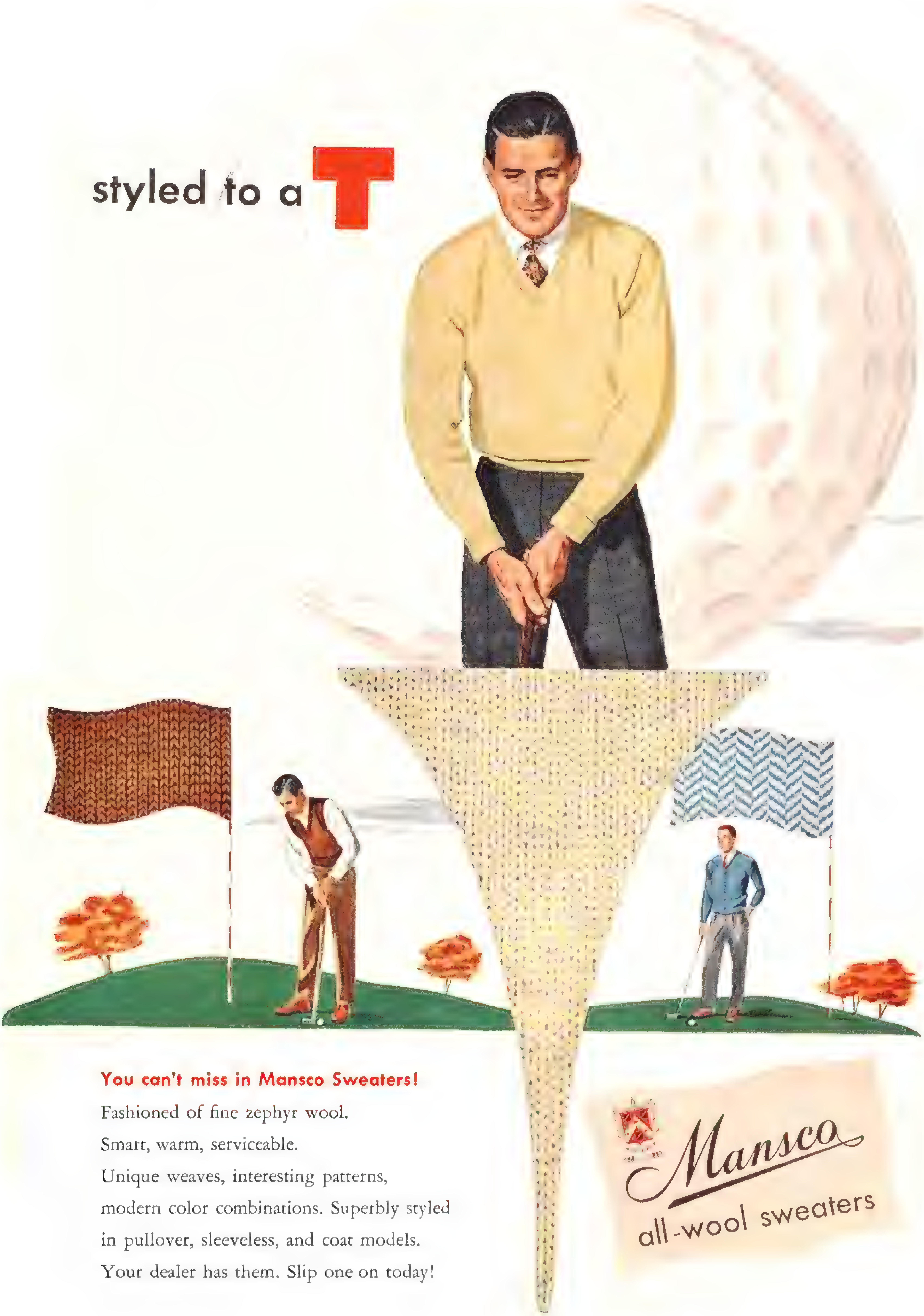
AUTHENTIC
Esquire
FASHIONS

LARK AFTER DARK

Drawing by Laurence Fellows

As evening clothes once again return to the social scene, midnight blue is the preferred shade in both dinner jackets and accessories. The double-breasted jacket retains its popularity and the fold collar attached shirt is correct. Selective in apparel, the man in the upper left chooses a satin-faced shawl collar dinner jacket, pointed end semi-butterfly tie, black pearl studs and patent leather low shoes. The peaked lapel jacket with grosgrain facing, midnight blue tie and studs is favored by the man in the foreground. In the above close-up, the shoe he wears is the three eyelet tie in patent leather, styled after the chukka boot. Other accessories include fringed muffler, Homburg hat and favored bow-tie styles in pointed-end and butterfly shapes.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



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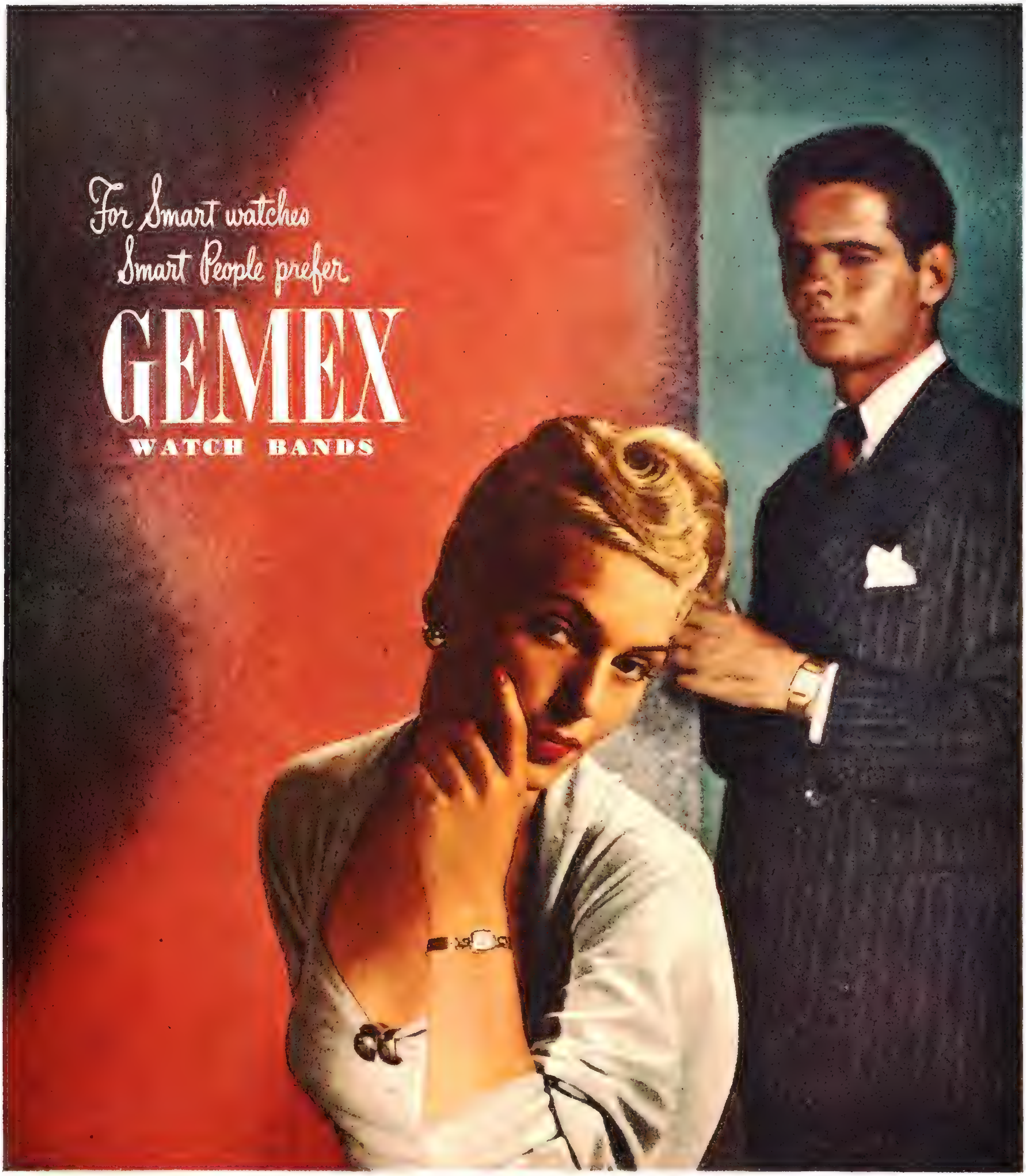
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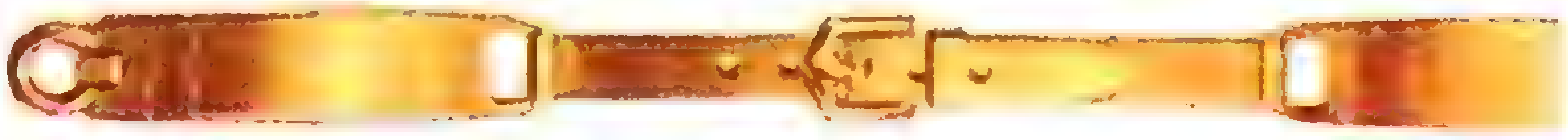
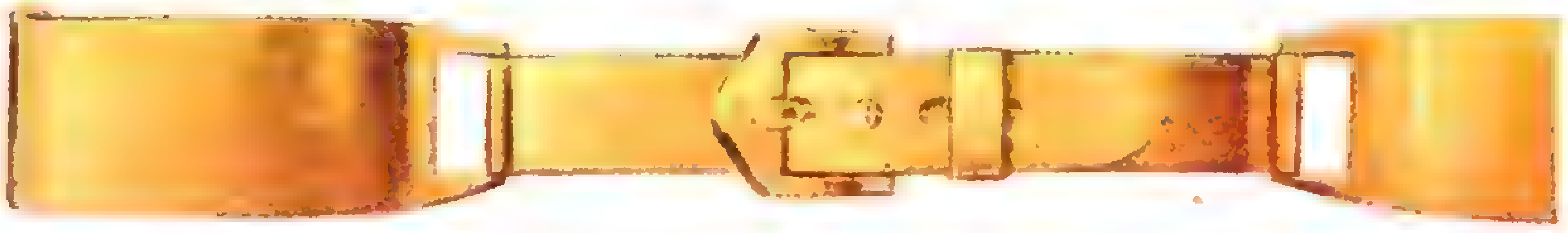


For Women: BARONESS — 14 Karat gold $32.50 plus tax



For Men: BARON — 14 Karat gold $75. plus tax

When the Flames Cast Shadows

Continued from page 101

her brief honeymoon. Her bold smile announced that she was well aware of what the people in our town were saying about her.

We had grown some more ourselves, those of us in the masculine ranks, and Hugh and I had become familiar with all the parking places in the section. Marie could kiss the nicest but Peggy necked better and Eldora danced the sexiest and Gail made you talk the most before she decided to let you neck her but once she started…

Hugh had changed a great deal. He didn't believe in going steady at all any more.

"Sample them all," he said. "There is a lot of time before you settle down."

I still favored a steady affair but there didn't seem to be anyone worth-while with Dolly gone. I was still in love with her, less importantly now, more remotely, of course, still holding feebly, as we will, to a dream.

But Hugh was the first to call and ask the future divorcée—more glamorous than anyone else could be in the whole country—for a date.

"She used to make me sore because she liked to fool around with a lot of guys," he said. "Now I won't mind that little matter at all."

He was very excited about the date, but it didn't live up to expectations.

"How was Dolly?" I asked him, still more than a little resentful of the fact that she had dated him so quickly.

"She's still a neat package," he said. "But the date was a washout."

"How come?"

"We played checkers all night," he said flatly.

"Pal, I don't believe it."

"Damned if we didn't."

"Well, I'll be damned myself."

"It was sure a waste of time, although she's still pretty. She's still as pretty as they come. But all I had was a kiss on the cheek. Maybe you'd better try your luck. She always liked you," he said with a wry smile.

Dolly and I laughed about that a great deal the night I saw her, for in a way we considered it some kind of youthful justice and retribution.

She told me about her husband and why she had left him—it always seemed as though she could talk easily and freely to me, as though she wanted to—and she said that she didn't have any plans at all now.

"I guess maybe I'm just going to be unhappy all my life," she said, very tragically.

And then she told me all about

Continued on page 222

Hylo Sportswear Anthony's
Hylo Sportswear Fagman, Inc. Chicago
Hylo Sportswear Phelps-Terkel California
Hylo Sportswear
Hylo Sportswear Ben Simon & Sons Lincoln, Neb.
Hylo Sportswear Schlesinger's
Hylo Sportswear Ed. Fleishman & Bro. Fayetteville, N.C.
Hylo Sportswear Lorrys New York · Miami Beach

Pitter-Pat

A DUPLEX Fabric tailored by HYLO

Spun rayon shirt featuring single-needle tailoring. Seams covered with Skinner's satin. About $7. Featured in these and other fine stores.

HYLO SPORT SHIRTS by LARRY R. ENGELSON of NEW YORK and CALIFORNIA

Fits in the right places

Instantly at home in the finest places - instantly at home on your foot . . . that's the outside and inside story of Freeman's finest—the King's Guard shoe. Superlative shoemanship, rich leathers, smart, original styling give King's Guards the *character* that fits them smoothly into the finest places. And Freeman's exclusive Cradle Heel molded to give your foot a restful *naturally*-formed foundation. For fit, for looks, for comfort—it's Freeman's King's Guard with Cradle Heel! For the name of your dealer write Freeman Shoe Corporation, Beloit, Wis.

New CRADLE HEEL
FOR GREATER COMFORT
MOLDED TO FIT WHERE YOU'VE
NEVER FELT FITTED BEFORE

THE Super CHIEF
SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES
Kings Guard
Kings Guard
RELISHES
SOUP
FISH
ENTREES
COLD
POTATOES
SANDWICHES
BREAD, ETC
SANTA FE DINING CAR SERVICE
FRED HARVEY

The FREEMAN Shoe
WORN WITH PRIDE BY MILLIONS

It's a FREEMAN *shoe*

Aetna

THE CLIMAX TO A GOOD *Shirt* TALE

Aetna Shirts
Aetna
MIAMIAN SPORTSWEAR
WITT

★
AETNA SHIRTS
and
AETNA
MIAMIAN SPORTSWEAR
are featured at leading stores from coast to coast
★

Aetna's more than a quarter-century of shirt-making is comforting assurance that your new Aetna shirts will give you the enjoyable pleasure of excellent fit, meticulous tailoring and dependable quality.

Buy your share of Aetna shirts today.

Also, ask your dealer to show you the new ideas in Aetna "Miamian Sportswear."

MANUFACTURED BY AETNA SHIRT CORPORATION — BALTIMORE 1, MARYLAND

When the Flames Cast Shadows

Continued from page 221

her date with Hugh a few days before.

"He was very uncomfortable," she said, "and I asked him how he could have lowered his pride enough to go out with a married woman. And he said, 'Oh, I guess I've changed a little. I'm more liberal now.'

" 'Why?' I asked him. 'Because I'm a divorcée—or will be soon?'

"He had to stammer for an answer. That's when I brought out the checkerboard."

We were gazing into the fire when she told me this. It was late at night and the only sounds in the stillness of the house and the quiet town were her husky, rather intimate voice, the methodical ticking of the old-fashioned clock from the dining room, and the crackling of the burning logs in the fireplace. Like the house, the living room was large; and like the clock, the furniture was old, rich plush, good still, but of another era. Dolly's mother and father had gone to bed some time previously. Aside from the light from the burning logs, there was only one dim bulb burning in a tall floor lamp.

At first we had been talking on the divan and then we had gone to the fireplace because the room was cold. We sat there, cross-legged, for a while, watching the logs burn. Then she leaned against my shoulder.

"We might as well be comfortable," she said.

She slipped her arm around me. "It's good to be with you again, Woody," she said.

I watched the shadows from the fire flickering across her face and I saw lines of worry etched in her smile, small lines but I saw how much she had really changed, how some of the clearness had gone from her eyes, some of the softness from her voice, some of the warmth from her smile, some of the music from her laugh. I could not have explained it at all then, of course. I only knew that she had changed.

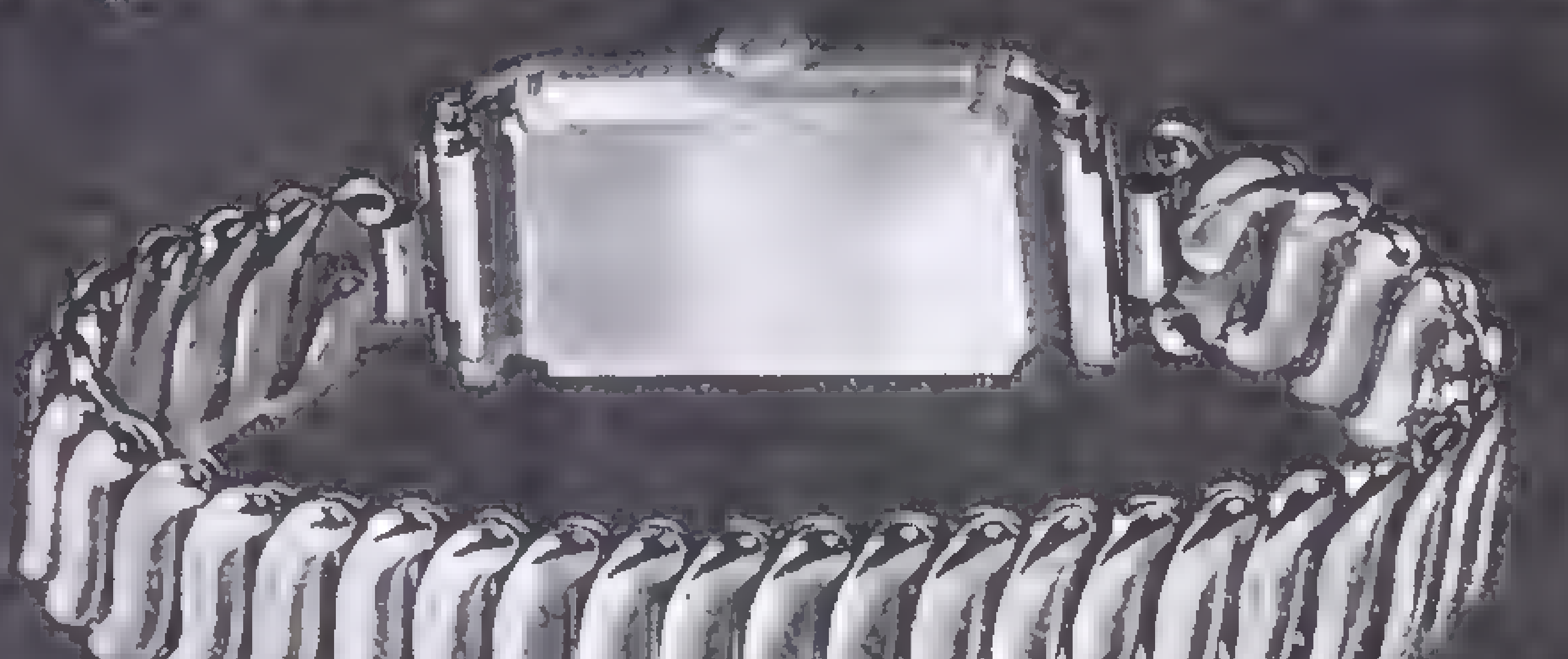
And we laughed about the date with Hugh and I leaned over and kissed her. She was wholly pliant, completely receptive, and I said, "Remember how I used to walk up past your house to see you?"

"Yes," she said, and her fingers touched my forehead, caressing it, and then she pulled my face down close to hers, and her cheeks were flushed now and I felt very old, very wise, very knowing, and sure of everything; and I smiled very confidently.

"What are you smiling about, honey?" she asked me.

"Checkers," I said, and she

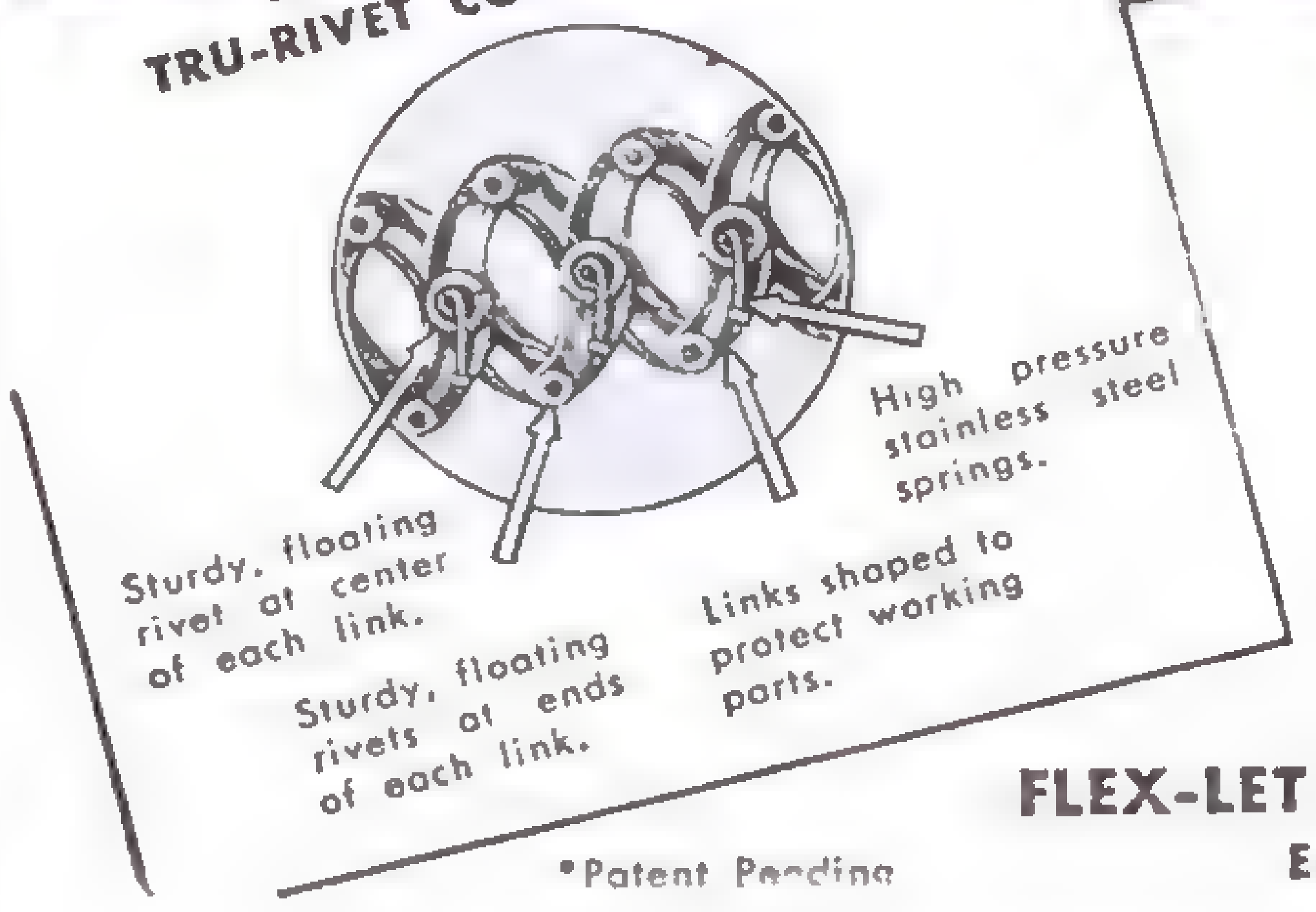
FLEX-LET
Expansion Watch Bands



. . . with TRU-RIVET Construction* for Years More Wear!

• And only Flex-Let has Tru-Rivet Construction!

INSIDE STORY OF TRU-RIVET CONSTRUCTION*


Sturdy, floating rivet at center of each link.
Sturdy, floating rivets at ends of each link.
Links shaped to protect working parts.
High pressure stainless steel springs.

*Patent Pending

You can give your Flex-Let Band the roughest, toughest treatment. It's almost unbreakable. Guaranteed one year!

Flexible, too . . . and fits all watches and all wrists. At reputable jewelers in gold filled, non-corrosive stainless steel or 10 Kt. gold. $8.95 up.

FLEX-LET EXPANSION PRODUCTS
East Providence, R. I.

smiled too, for a second, very knowingly, very confidently, very strangely, and then she pressed her lips against mine, hurting, and her arms were around me tightly and I knew that they would stay there, holding me, and now there seemed to be no sound in the room at all, none at all.

All of this, of course, was many years ago.

And Dolly was, in a way, my youth. And when I kissed her there in that room of another era, I was kissing it good-bye. Dolly knew that then. She was a woman. But I had never thought of it exactly that way until now, after meeting her casually on the street. I thought I was very old already. I did not know that all important, meaningful farewells are silent ones, the last wave of the hand long after the last word has been spoken.

The two children were with Dolly when we met and they have rosy little faces like their mother, with her soft blue eyes and small mouth. She has grown much stouter. Her face is still healthily plump but there is the beginning of a double chin. I do not know her husband at all but she seemed to be quite happy as Mrs. Louise Welker.

I did not think of her as Louise. I said, as naturally as though we had sat across from each other in English class the day before, "Dolly, how are you?" although no one who knew her currently would think of calling her Dolly

And she said, "Why, Woody-of all people. You finally got back from Europe . . ."

And nobody has called me Woody since shortly after I left town to go to college. In college it was always Dan. It has been that ever since.

But it sounded very natural the way Dolly said it, the "Woody" sounded completely natural, and I suppose that perhaps our lives together ended for all time on the night we lay beside the fireplace close to each other, with the shadows of the flames flickering across her face, her eyes smiling at me; that no matter how long we live that will always be the end for the two of us. I think it must be that way with some people. They remain, through the years—one way, one person, one time.

Certainly the stout woman with two children is not Dolly. She is a woman I met on the street and called Dolly. Dolly exists, actually, only when flames cast shadows on the floor from a fireplace, wherever there are shadows like that.

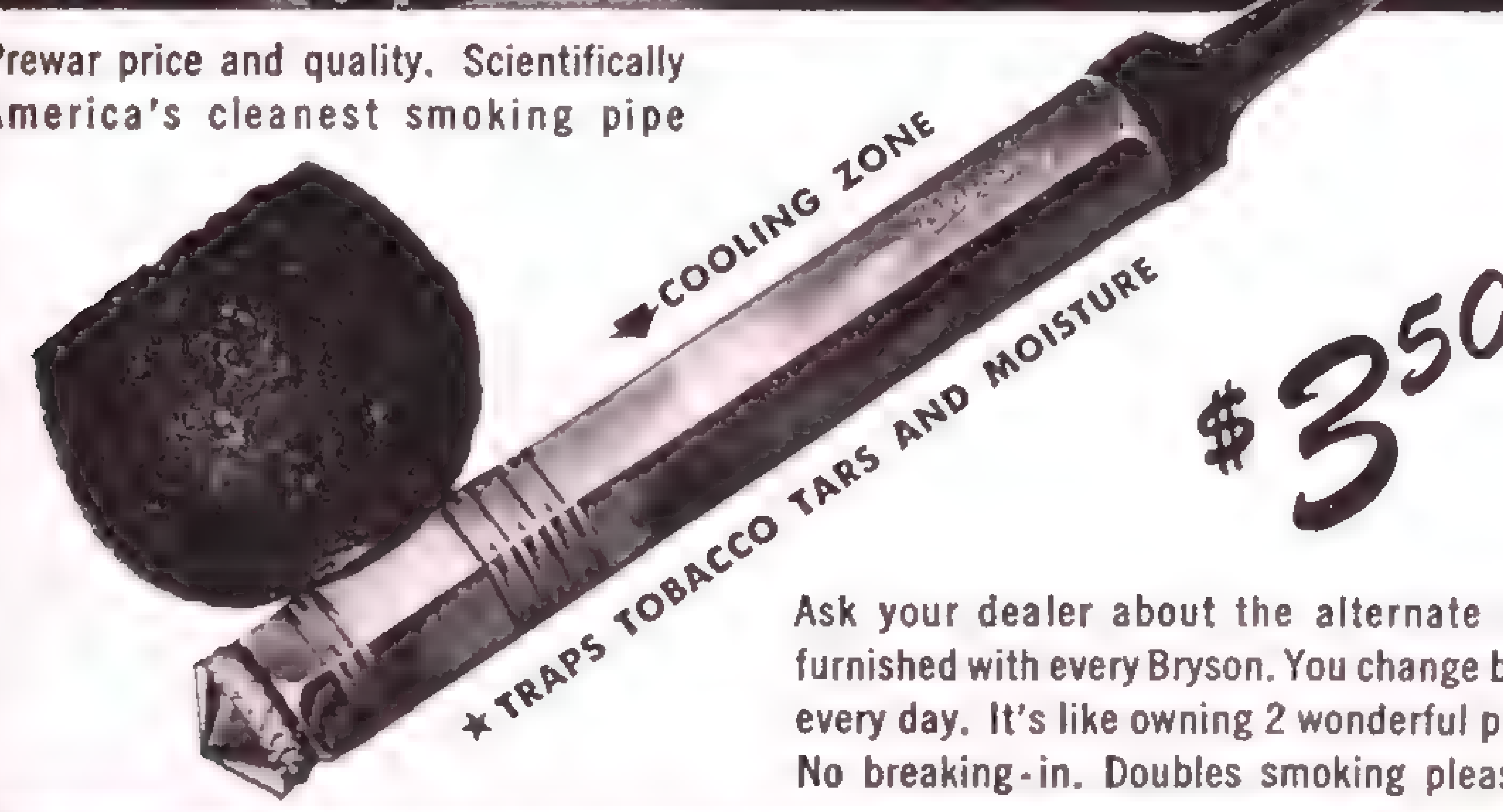
But for a moment the other day a girl named Dolly, with sleepy blue eyes and blonde curls, walked down the street of my home town and nobody knew it at all, nobody knew she was there, nobody except a boy called Woody, who loved her. ##

Continued from page 101

AMERICA'S GREATEST
Pipe Value
NO CHARGE FOR EXTRA BOWL

Bryson
EXTRA BOWL
Bryson
MADE IN CALIFORNIA

Prewar price and quality. Scientifically America's cleanest smoking pipe


COOLING ZONE
TRAPS TOBACCO TARS AND MOISTURE

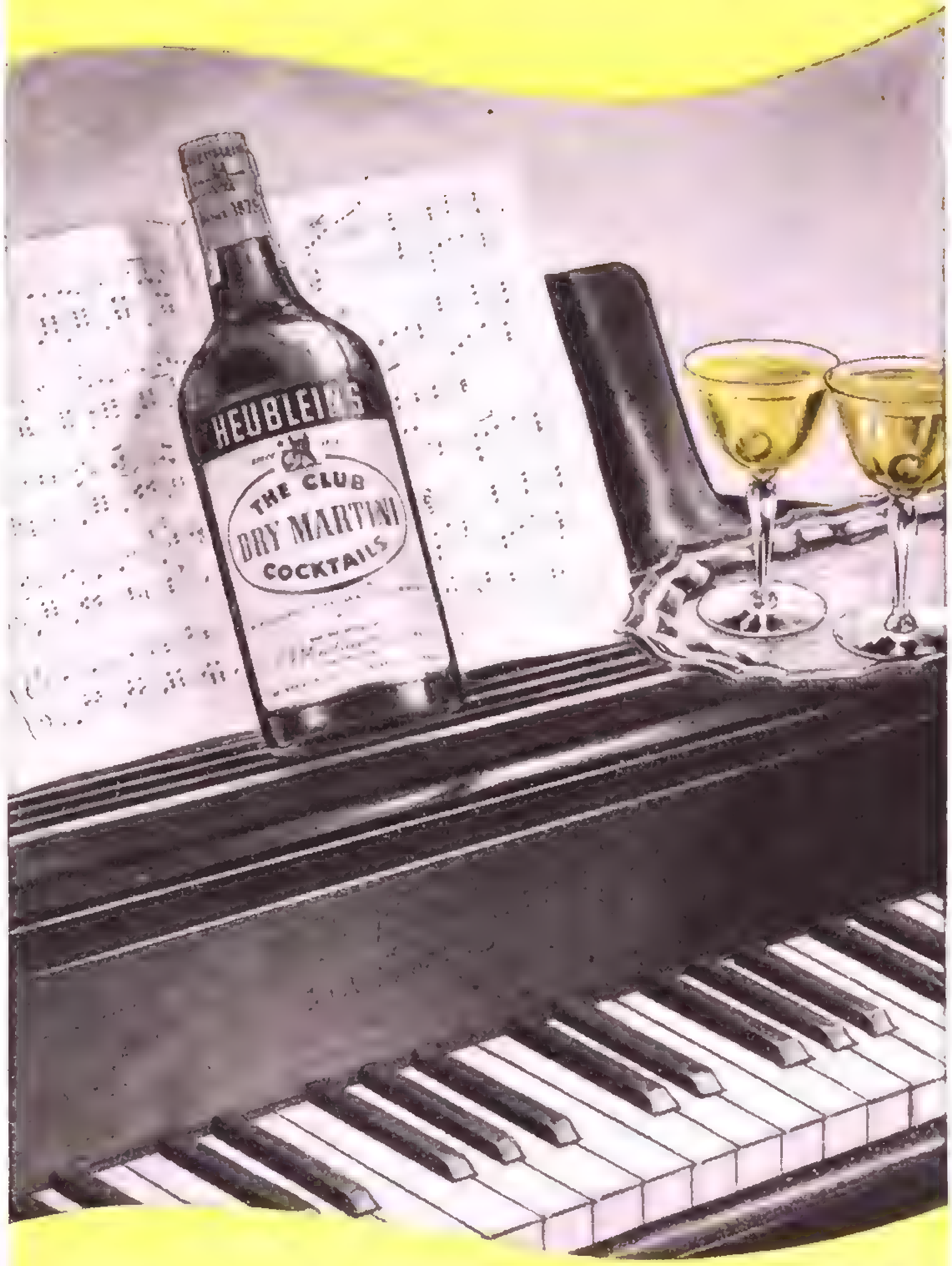
$3.50

Ask your dealer about the alternate bowl furnished with every Bryson. You change bowls every day. It's like owning 2 wonderful pipes. No breaking-in. Doubles smoking pleasure.

Gift package contains extra bowl. The Briarwood Corporation, Palo Alto, California

THE Bryson PIPE

Cocktails in 1/4 time!



You can always beat time with Heublein's.

There isn't a faster way of getting a cocktail, or a better. Whether you prefer a really dry *Dry Martini*, a smooth, mellow *Manhattan* or one of our other fine cocktails, you have only one thing to do—*just add ice and serve!*

Made for you from the finest liquors, by men who have mixed more cocktails than anyone else in the world.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

HEUBLEIN'S
Club
COCKTAILS

AT YOUR LIQUOR STORE
Manhattan, *65 proof*
Dry Martini, *71 proof*
Old Fashioned, *80 proof*
Side Car, *60 proof*
Daiquiri, *70 proof*

Pronounced HEW-BLINE'S

Cartier

Gold Appointments from Cartier are Valued Gifts

Cuff links for him, oval or waffle design, $52.75 each pair; for her, a cigarette holder with ejector tip, $52.00; and gifts both will appreciate — the engine turned lighter, $32.00, and key chain, $26.50. All prices include block initials. . . Federal Tax included.

A large selection of Cartier Christmas Gifts.
Christmas cards from 15c. . . Gift certificates available.

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. Plaza 3-0111

Big Annie Tells All

Continued from page 129

bearing down hard on the disapproving red button. The program is over. Now Big Annie's show begins.

You get a questionnaire: Did you like the program? Why? Why not? Which parts? Would you have listened at home? Now there is a call for verbal criticism, a call to clamor as it turns out. A starchy clubwoman is the first to speak up. Her comment is a long, documented review. She concludes the peroration with an alliterative variation of "it stinks." The announcer, she says, dripped, the tenor drooped, the orchestra droned, the playlet dragged. There is a sharp, indignant gasp from outraged defenders across the aisle. "It was wonderful," according to a bobby-soxer. "Okay, except for that rumba. It didn't fit," remarks a more temperate critic. "Swell, just the kind of show I'd have picked if I wanted to go to sleep anyway," from an accountant who had actually nodded during part of the show.

Before the verbal slugging match gets out of hand, the arbitrator-psychologist guides the heated discussion back to more specific criticism. From his desk slot, he is able to observe the red and green graphs and focuses comment around those sections that aroused strong "pro" or "con" reactions. The job of the questionnaire and the verbal free-for-all, is to establish the "why" of reactions. A stenographer records every word for detailed analysis.

One sponsor's program was typical of those dumped into Annie's lap. His popular musical show was about to lose its distinguished intermission commentator. The sponsor was eager to find a new announcer who would measure up to the rest of the cast. Asked to judge the show with several commentators, Annie tested and talked—too much for the producer's comfort.

After weeks of testing with four different groups, Annie provided the sought-after commentator and some unsought-after advice. She recorded more jagged red depressions than a shock patient's fever chart. Something was wrong with the show—and it was not the new commentator. Listeners had gone thumbs down on red whenever the star of the show, the high-priced soprano of taken-for-granted popularity, took to the mike. The end of the contract saw the end of the singer. Her successor was tested for everything from line reading to knee action.

Among the varied shows to get Annie's once-over was a serious half-hour news dramatization, *Report to the Nation*. The sample

TARS

The Complete After Shave Treatment For Men with Sensitive Skin

For all those who suffer from shaving irritation there's nothing to take the place of TARS. TARS goes to work on razor irritations with surprising results, helping to relieve tense and closely shaven skin. You'll thoroughly enjoy its tingling magic. Women admire its clean and masculine scent. If your dealer cannot supply you, send check or money order ($1.10 plus 20% tax). Combination set with TARS talc ($1.60 plus 20% tax).

TARS
COMPLETE AFTER-SHAVE TREATMENT
A superior after shaving lotion which helps to keep the skin smooth and immaculate. After shaving rinse face thoroughly, dry and quickly apply Tars. Following Tars bracing pleasantly tingling sensation, your face will acquire a refreshed new feeling of pliancy and smoothness.

HAPPY SHAVERS

SCHERK NEW YORK • PARIS • LONDON + SHOWROOM, 220 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

program depicted the need for rigid travel restrictions. Script writers figured out a punch ending: a muted trumpet, with a horse-laugh innuendo, playing the first few bars of *Would You Like to Take a Walk?* The studio staff liked it. Annie did not.

Many listeners, the analyzer warned, did not know the title of the song played. The few who did resented it. They were annoyed at the sharp contrast between a serious travel problem and the closing mockery of the music.

Researchers call such sudden switches a violation of mood unity. Annie calls them a pain in the ear. The value of mood unity is one of the most important analyzer findings and one most difficult to get across to many radio men.

"The older producers and directors," William Fineshriber, Columbia's Assistant Director of Programming, explained, "come from vaudeville where variety is the first ten commandments—a comedian, a sobby song routine, slapstick acrobatics, a dramatic recitation. Annie goes for mood unity, not extreme variety. It's hard for old-timers to believe that a machine can in any way improve on their own inspired notions."

There is a myth in show business that creative genius is pure, spontaneous and unsullied by science. Annie is a myth-buster. Fancy sound effects, arty fade-ins and frequent flash backs, the pet devices of "creative geniuses" are discarded when she finds them more distracting than delightful.

Among other pains in the ear that are swelling to mastoid proportions are the comedy, quiz and audience participation shows which rest on local laughs and visual aids. A few like *Truth or Consequences* and Tom Breneman's *Breakfast in Hollywood* are popular despite the pie-throwing tactics unappreciated by the listener at home. For the most part, shows of this type are quick poison. It may be hilariously funny to see a

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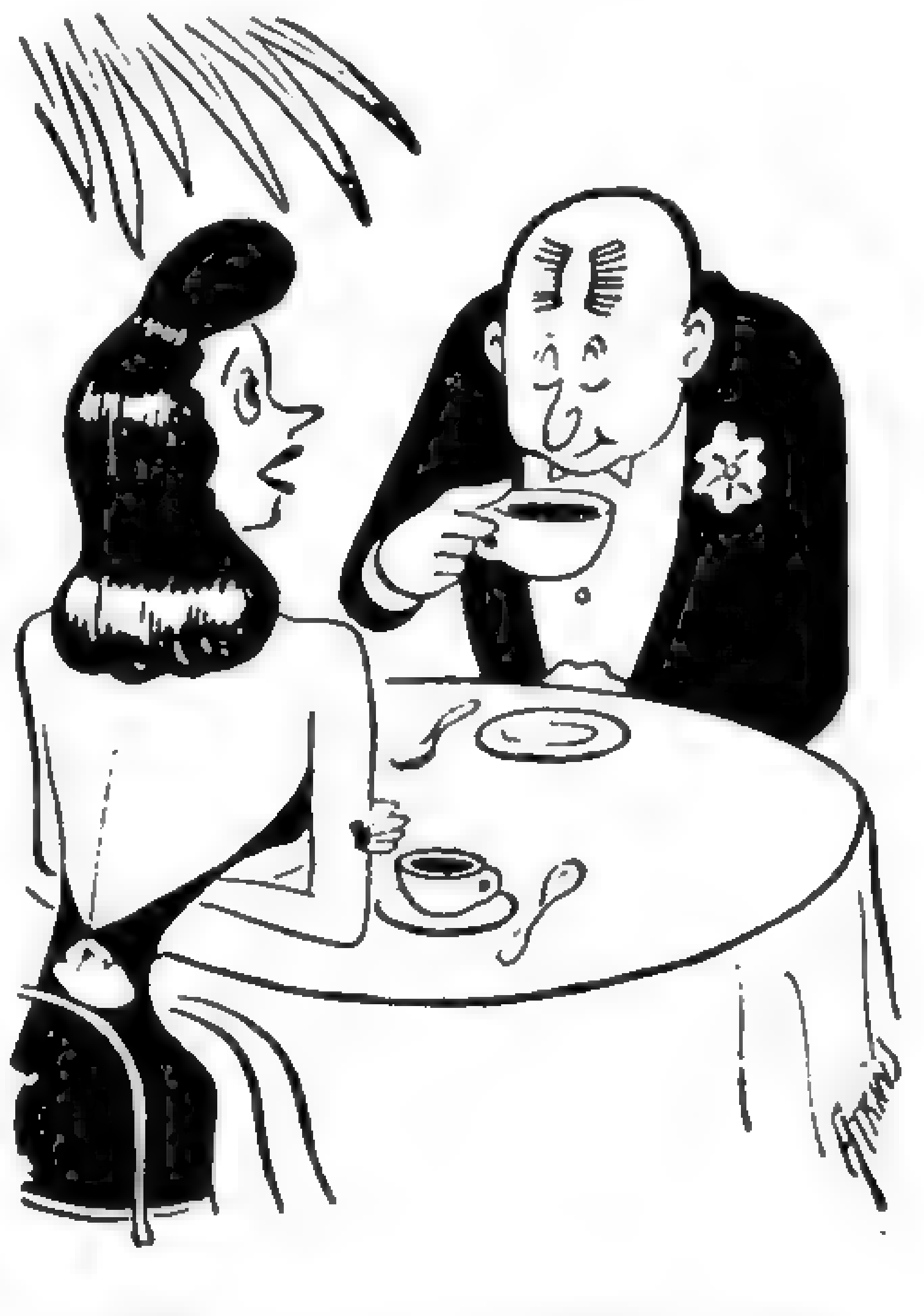


"My false eyelashes look better on you than they do on me"

ETERNA
Famous since 1856
THE WATCH OF PROTECTED ACCURACY

PROTECTED AGAINST DUST
PROTECTED AGAINST SHOCK
PROTECTED AGAINST MAGNETISM

For men who demand complete efficiency—this waterproof ETERNA is the watch. Sweep-second hand, luminous dial, unbreakable crystal—14 kt. gold case and buckle, 17 jewels.

Sold and serviced at leading jewelers
Write for your nearest.

ETERNA WATCH CO. OF AMERICA, INC.
580 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19

America is Dressing up

IN *Sherman Formal Bows*

100% DU PONT NYLON

When you need a Formal Bow, think of the greatest name in bows . . . **SHERMAN!** Choose either the ready-tied ***CLIPPER**, or the tie-it-yourself, or the Band Bow. Cummerbunds to match; also matching sets of Tie, Handkerchief, and Boutonniere in a variety of colors.

A STERN & STERN fabric
At fine stores everywhere

SHERMAN BOWS · 1200 Broadway, New York 1, N. Y.

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Remember Me!

I'm noted for taking kindly to harsh treatment. So is FIELDCLUB—that's why you'll find my picture on every pair of slacks or shirt or jacket made of this famous fabric. Look for me in your favorite store. Remember: just ask for FIELDCLUB.

Galey & Lord's
Fieldclub*
Takes Kindly to Harsh Treatment
Wash it if you will
Dry clean it if you will
FAST VAT COLORS • SANFORIZED
PRODUCT OF CRAMERTON MILLS
Cramerton Mills Inc.

Galey & Lord, inc.
57 Worth St. N.Y.

Big Annie Tells All

Continued from page 225

lady nicknamed "Tugboat Annie" embrace the emcee by way of illustrating why her hubby calls her "Tugboat," but the living-room dial twirler doesn't see it that way. Laughs hinging on local references are being frowned upon. Bob Hope, still popular but severely criticized for playing to the home town from which his broadcast originates rather than the national outlet, has—it is rumored—acquired a cordon of new writers to revamp his fall show.

Of all the listener gripes, the longest, loudest and most unavailing plaint is against commercials. This pains radio broadcasters so much they can scarcely bear to mention it. It also feeds them so they can scarcely bear to overlook it. But of all the detested cumulative aches there is virtually nothing that can match the "spot announcements," the parasitic ten-, twenty- or thirty-second commercials that are sandwiched between opening and closing announcements of one show and the closing of another, or vice versa. This is the skeleton in radio's closet—also, its backbone. "Spot announcements," which include those thrifty, electrically transcribed entertainment packages as well as commercials that jingle, jangle, account for 103 of the industry's 397 millions in gross billings for last year. As official policy, both NBC and CBS discourage this excess commercialism. What makes the spot announcement extremely hard to combat is its terrific sales effectiveness. People scoff at jingles—and sing them; beef about the more obnoxious ones—and buy.

Now that the FCC has thrown its blue book at broadcasters for the rampant growth of these lush plug-uglies, and station operators may have to meet the more stringent "public service" standards of the FCC to obtain license renewals, there may be some attempt to limit their use. While occasionally, a "Chiquita, the Banana Girl" gets rated higher than some of the regular entertainment, this is so rare as to make research history.

Americans, one studio executive noted, have a terrific tolerance of commercials. They can stand almost anything. While it is true that there have been no measurable instances where the listener dislike for the commercial was so strong that it resulted in a falling off of sales, quite a number have got the dialer in a dither.

One of the distracting phrases Annie put her finger on was, "now friends, a word from our sponsors . . ."—a cue many listeners took

Prepare for Pleasure

Miller
High Life
High Life
Beer
Old Original
Brewing Co. Milwaukee, Wis.

MILLER BREWING COMPANY • MILWAUKEE

to stop listening. As a result of Annie's discoveries, more and more commercials are creeping into the comedy dialogue or seemingly innocent build-up for a song or guest artist.

Audience taste is sometimes subtle, Annie discovered. It is all right for a man to get shot or stabbed over the air, but he must be shot or stabbed quietly. On the other hand, while it is perfectly acceptable to knock off seven people in four pages of a script, not a hair of kitten's fur may be stroked the wrong way. Radio actors cannot do wrong by animals and have listeners like them.

Satire, Annie found, goes over the heads of most listeners. This was apparent in a dramatic program showing that songs of World War II were inferior to those of World War I. To prove their point by exaggeration, script writers concocted a typical take-off on a sample Tin Pan Alley flag-waver. A nasal tenor warbled something about hotsy-totsy, Nazi and rotsy. Asked for comment, most listeners reported earnestly, "He didn't sing it too good, but it's a pretty nice song."

Annie's indications of discrepancies between what is on the air and what listeners like does not mean that radio's professionals do not know the XYZ's of the entertainment business. "Annie is not a substitute for creative work," Tore Hallonquist, CBS chief of the Program Analysis Division, said. "She is a corrective, a troubleshooter for declining, doubtful or debut shows."

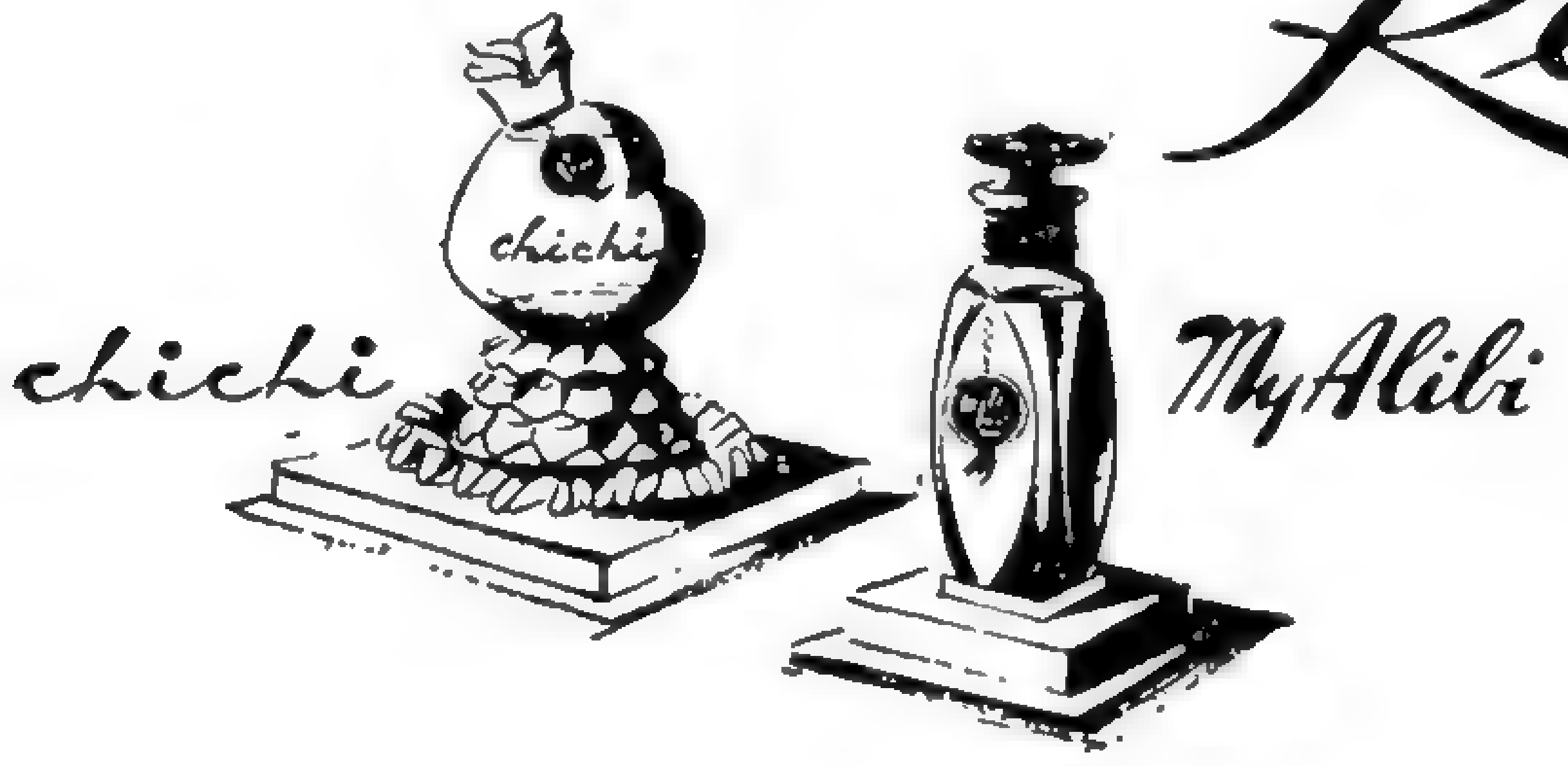
On the doubtful or declining shows Annie reminds jaded producers that two sound effects are not necessarily better than one or that a double entendre is not always as good as a simple statement. On debut shows she keeps the "if's" in "if it clicks" down to a minimum.

Raymond Massey and a seventy-piece orchestra under the direction of Howard Barlow had been signed for a half-hour show. Their sponsor wanted to program his weekly $10,000's worth of talent to the best possible advantage. Since the manufacturer hoped to get farm implements into every garage, granary and leftover victory garden, his advertising agency, which has exclusive agency rights to the program analyzer's services, sent a portable analyzer unit, Little Annie, to Pennsylvania farm areas. Another test was made in New York City. Annie showed to the minute how much narration and music rural and urban listeners wanted and what kind.

Obviously impressed, the sponsor signed up as a regular customer. He is the first of the program analyzer's big-time clients to have his show tested before it went on the air and to continue tests at three-month intervals. Sustaining and less expensive com-

Continued on page 228

somewhere in his life there's a woman who uses perfumes by Renoir



FASHION'S HALL OF FAME

NO. 12 OF A SERIES

The Coronation that was held in a hat shop

Long live the Homburg Hat:

The time: *Circa* 1900. The place: a hat shop in Homburg, Austria. The royal head belonged to Edward VII, then Prince of Wales. Thus, a local fad became an international fashion.

Long live Nettleton shoes, too! They lend princely splendor and royal comfort to the common foot. Distinctive in design, their constructive features insure long and restful wear. Easy lies the foot that wears a Nettleton shoe!

A. E. Nettleton Company, Syracuse 2, N. Y.

*One of The Famous Algonquins**

**Copyrighted*

Nettleton Shoes

THE FAMOUS NAME IN SHOES • AT BETTER STORES—COAST TO COAST

Big Annie Tells All

Continued from page 227

mercial shows have been following this procedure since 1937.

Nine years ago there was only Little Annie, more formally known as the Lazarsfeld-Stanton Program Analyzer. Equipped to handle from ten to twenty people at a time, Little Annie was based on a timing technique worked out in 1930 by Dr. Paul F. Lazarsfeld, then a psychology professor at the University of Vienna. To find out what made a popular song popular, he had the record of a hit tune played and synchronized with a clock. When the audience heard a chord or musical phrase they liked, they were to mark down the exact position of the clock's hands.

In 1937 Dr. Lazarsfeld was appointed director of the Office of Radio Research, which was established under a Rockefeller grant, and had as his associate director Dr. Frank Stanton, now President of CBS. At Dr. Stanton's suggestion, ten buttons controlling pens poised on a tape were substituted for the clock. The moving tape was marked off in three-second intervals to correspond with the speed of the program. By 1943, it was simply a case of "Big Annies from little Annies grow"—and adding ninety buttons.

It was not until the war that Annie began working on public service announcements, domestic propaganda and Army analysis in addition to testing commercial shows for CBS, which had acquired exclusive network rights to the analyzer in 1940.

Annie can be a true friend of the people. Up to now radio's alibi for poor programming has been that audience reaction could not be predicted. But Annie will now supply to radio what preview and road-show audiences have given to the movies and the theatre.

Her future has more angles than a soap opera has pat solutions. Production of portable analyzer units is already under way so that no element of national listener reaction is neglected. Modified versions of the analyzer will soon go into representative living rooms where some member of the family will be asked to vote from his easy chair. Annie will also be called in to keep television's growing pains to a minimum.

It hasn't happened yet, but a politician willing to plunk down $1,000 to see how his platform would stand up could try it on an analyzer group. Of course, he risks being told that his plank is full of splinters, but one thing is certain. Big Annie, properly pampered, will tell all. ⧺

Continued from page 129

take

genuine Imported Briar from the age-old burls grown in the Mediterranean region—sweet smoking, long lasting, beautiful . . .

and

. . . **hard rubber bits**—durable, tasteless, shaped for balance and to enhance the style of the bowl . . .

and

. . . **Sterling Silver bands,** to circle the pipe, to strengthen the shank, to add that touch of masculine handsomeness . . .

and

. . . the **"know how"** of **LHS** in pipe craftsmanship and artistry—a reputation 50 years in the making . . .

put them all together, and you have

$5

Model 28, Smooth Finish. Many other handsome models. Plain and Antique Finish.

AT ALL GOOD DEALERS

STERNCREST STERLING

LHS Sterncrest "Special Make"—connoisseurs' pipes, custom-made from rarest briar, circled with 14K gold **$25 to $12.50.** LHS Sterncrest Ultra-Fine (genuine block meerschaum-lined bowl and 14K gold band) **$10.** LHS Sterncrest 14K (selected briar, 14K gold band) **$7.50.** LHS Certified Purex **$3.50.** LHS Purex Superfine (*Domestic Briar*) **$1.50.**

ZEUS Filter Cigarette Holder is back—in aluminum, with handy ejector.

Write for your copy of "Pipes—for a World of Pleasure" FREE

L & H STERN, INC. • Stern Building • 56-64 Pearl Street • Brooklyn 1, N.Y.

HANDCRAFTED . . . AMERICA'S LUXURY LEATHERWEAR

Thoroughbred GIFTS

for him

Billfold, Key Case Set. Sturdy as a cordovan riding boot. Of topgrain SHELL CORDOVAN, mar resistant, moisture proof, with a natural hand-rubbed finish that improves with age. Strongly stitched, full-Zip Billfold has 3 roomy built-in compartments; matching Zip Keytainer holds 6 keys and driver's license. Set $10. Plus tax.

for her

"Sportswoman" All-Purpose Billfold. Lady Rugby's 3-in-one Classic. Hand turned and stitched for lasting beauty. Imported rare leathers in smart color contrasts. Slide-out photo album. Expandable coin purse. Large bill section. Spacious yet light. $5 to $7.50 plus tax. Key Case to match.

Other styles for men and women, $3.50 to $25.

Rugby *The Mark of Original Leather Creations*

INTEGRITY

At better stores everywhere. Or write Rugby Products Corp., 11 W. 32nd Street, New York 1

In England Now: The Saving Instinct

Continued from page 99

stumbled on a small wooden object of curious shape. Investigating the object further, we found we were holding a miniature lavatory pan. Beautifully carved, elegantly varnished, about two inches high and one-and-a-half inches across the beam, it was clearly the work of a craftsman who loved his job. Even now, though its tiny hinges had never been oiled, the lid and the delicately turned seat could be raised and lowered smoothly and soundlessly. We looked at the base and saw, roughly pencil-scrawled in our own handwriting, the words: "Ostend: 1930." Suddenly memory came flooding back. We remembered the junk shop not far from the Casino. We could see ourselves at fifteen, pressing our nose against the window, running off to borrow three francs from a friend and returning at full speed to buy what then appeared to us to represent humor at its most droll; what then seemed the ultimate distillation of the Rabelaisian comedy.

USO
Keep it up...
Don't let them down!

"Well, well," we said to ourself, recalling all this. "Just imagine—that old pan!" It was like meeting a dear friend after a long absence. It must be worth something too now, we imagined. You didn't often find workmanship of that standard these days. Carefully, affectionately, we put it back in its drawer. We wouldn't throw that lavatory pan away for all the tea in China.

* * *

Like the mother-in-law and the retired Indian Army colonel, the landlady who keeps bachelor lodgings is a stock figure of English fun. For generations, jokes—the same jokes—have been made about her acid tongue, her avarice, her remarkably austere morals. The humor, of course, is simply a smoke screen to conceal the race's sentimental respect; for there is something grimly indomitable about the old hussy.

Through good and bad times, through war and through peace,

Continued on page 230

HIGHLAND QUEEN
Grand Liqueur

Famous Queens

BY
FAMOUS MASTERS

QUEEN ELIZABETH
by ZUCCHERO
(Hatfield House Collection)

In Highland Queen there is a blend of choice flavors that establishes it as a true sovereign of choice Scotch whiskies, unmistakable to discriminating palates. Like all fine Scotches, you may not always be able to get Highland Queen...but it's worthwhile to keep asking!

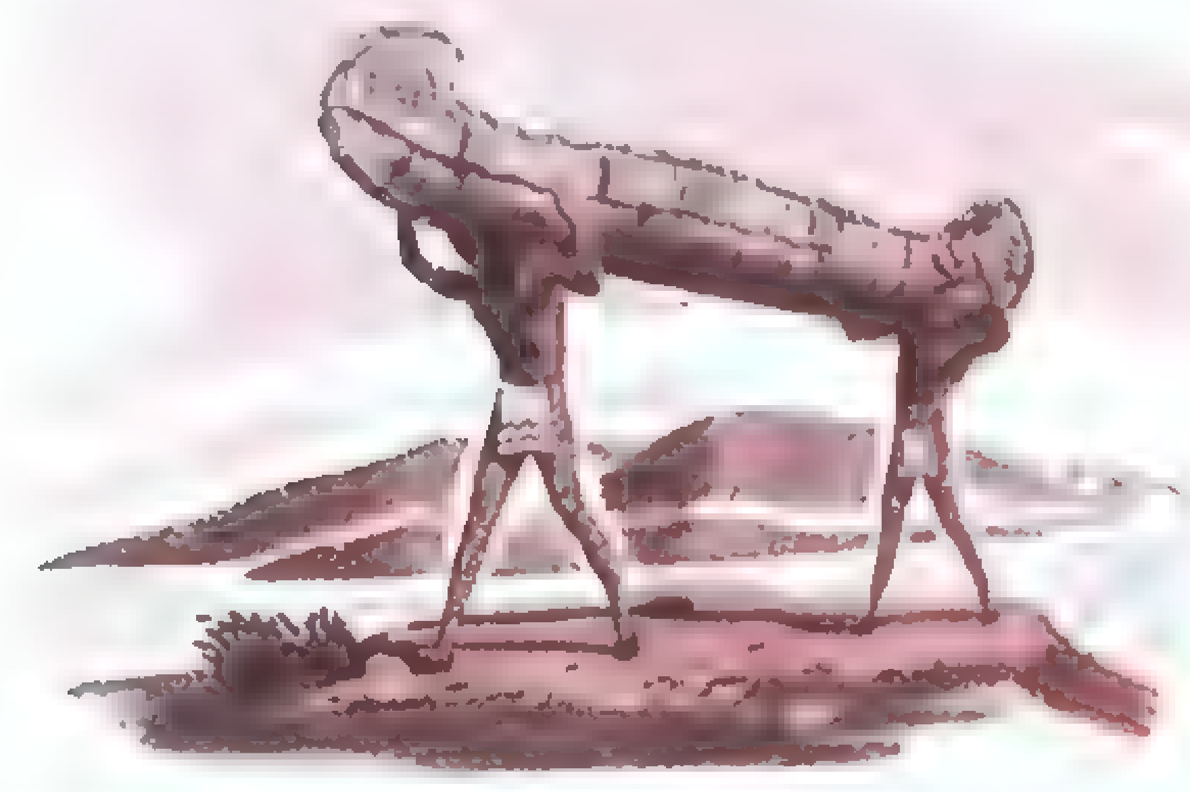
HIGHLAND QUEEN
Blended Scotch Whisky

86.8 PROOF "The royal name in Scotch"

IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK

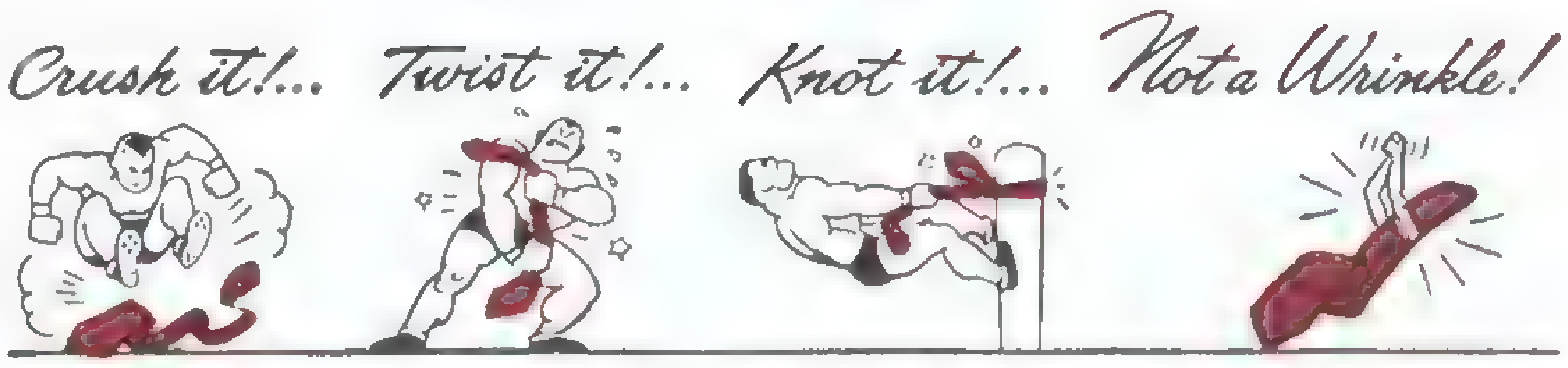
COLORS OF AMERICA'S HISTORIC TRAILS

Mohawk Red



Wembley*

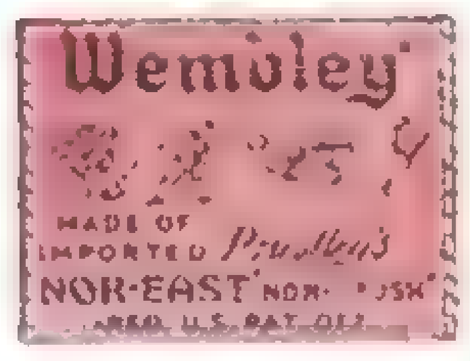
NOR-EAST*
NON-CRUSH*
TIES


Crush it!...
Twist it!...
Knot it!...
Not a Wrinkle!

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Give a fresh, new note to your fall attire. Wear this appealing color—created by Wembley, a trustworthy name in men's wear. Your Mohawk Red tie in the famous Nor-East Non-Crush fabric will keep its shape and sparkle for you. You'll enjoy wearing it for many a day.

There are seldom enough Wembley Nor-East Ties to fill the demand. However, Mohawk Red is also available in Wembley's all-wool Murrytown fabric.



This is the neckwear label in greatest demand coast-to-coast

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

In England Now: The Saving Instinct

Continued from page 229

the landlady remains appallingly herself.

Bachelor acquaintances inform us that during the late war her flair for caustic understatement came right into its own. "I'd like to lay my hands on that Hitler," said one Croyden landlady as a thousand-pounder exploded just 'round the corner. "I don't mind telling you I'd send him away with a flea in his ear." But the main weapon in her armory was a meaning sniff. Until the war nobody realized just what English landladies could do with the meaning sniff. The Nazis overran France. The landlady sniffed. They approached Moscow. She sniffed. The tide turned. The enemy was swept out of Africa and the Philippines, driven back through Italy, forced over the Rhine. She sniffed. Doenitz capitulated, the invasion of Japan was prepared, atom bombs were dropped, Tokyo threw its hand in. The lips of the English landlady remained as tightly compressed as ever. The war was over. She sniffed.

We had all but forgotten how this somber creature had pushed us around in our bachelor days when the nationwide shortage of sizable houses lately obliged us to dump our family in a Kentish village and find lodgings in a large provincial city. Vaguely we recollected a time of perplexity in 1937 when a landlady in Golders Green, North-West London, decorated every dish she gave us—from roast beef to fried eggs—with a liberal sprinkling of grated nuts. As we raised our knife and fork, she would stalk up to the table, silently fling a handful of nuts over the plate and march off. The reasons for this were never clarified but we remember thinking she must belong to some movement.

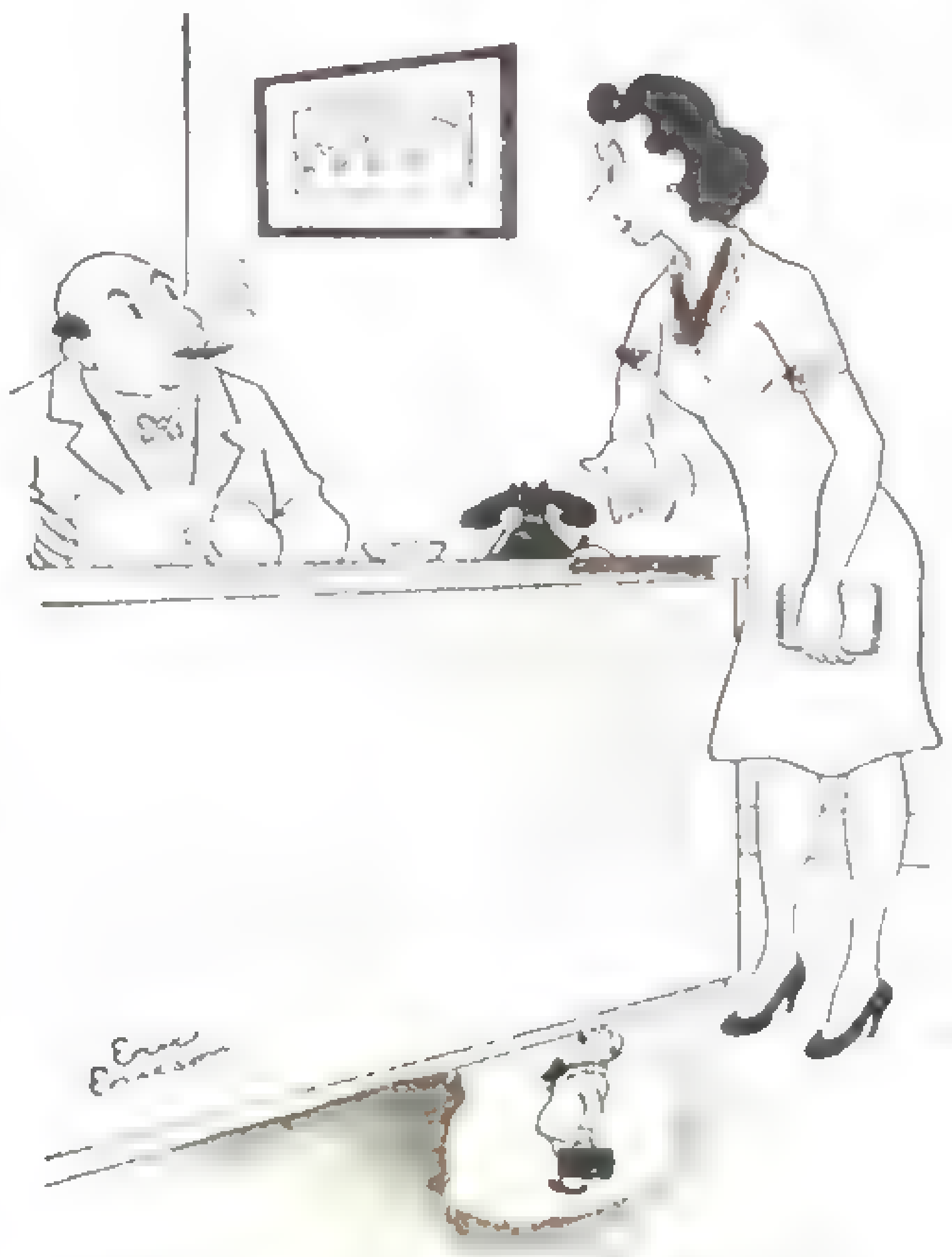
We could just recall the landlady in Bolton, Lancashire, who had turned a visiting aunt out of her bed-sitting-room one summer evening in 1938 with the bitter question: "Call yourself a respectable woman?" But remembrance of things past is mellowed by time. "I want you to feel at home," said our new landlady, and our heart warmed to her white hair, her comfortable girth, her little smile. We had forgotten the old enemy's traditional tactics.

Our first embarrassment was over the evening meal, which she firmly decided should be served up at 5:30. By skimping our work and sprinting hard up the long hill from the bus stop, we could just manage 5:45; and on the third evening she proposed that we should find another job. "That

Calendograph
JANUARY
20th.
SATURDAY
10 O'CLOCK
8 MINUTES
29 SECONDS
MOVADO
SAT
JAN
In gold or steel.
The supply of these watches is limited.
MOVADO
WINNERS OF 165 OBSERVATORY AWARDS SOLD AND SERVICED BY LEADING JEWELERS ALL OVER THE WORLD
Copr. 1946, Movado Watch Agency, Inc., 610 Fifth Ave., N. Y. • 36 Toronto St., Toronto, Can.

FINE CHAMPAGNE V.S.E.P. E. RÉMY MARTIN & Co
E. RÉMY MARTIN & Co COGNAC
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
E. Rémy Martin & Co
COGNAC
JOSEPH H. REINFELD, INC.
RÉMY MARTIN
Sipped with delight
by seven generations
RÉMY MARTIN
COGNAC
Made in the heart of the
French Cognac district
since 1724
80 PROOF • JOSEPH H. REINFELD, INC. • NEWARK, N. J.

nice Mr. Robinson, who had the rooms before you, always got back by 5:15," she told us. "He was a bank clerk. Doing very well, too. Good prospects. Why don't you join a bank?" We had somehow to combine firmness with discretion. The accommodation shortage gave her the whip hand. If she turned us out, there might be nowhere else to go. We said we would think it over. Then we began to worry about the dining-room clock. The dining room was immediately below our bedroom and every quarter-hour throughout the night the clock sprang to life with a gay carillon, followed by an uncertain number of resounding chimes. Sometimes there were ten chimes; sometimes fifteen; sometimes only three. We used to lie there in bed, nervously counting them. "Mr. Robinson was very fond of that clock," our landlady told us when we mildly objected to the resounding chimes. "He liked the arpeggio effect. He found it homely. I want people to feel at home."



"That micro-film representative is here"

Soon she began to put on the pressure. She complained that we were untidy. We found this simply meant that we didn't hang our dressing gown on the hook of the bedroom door before coming down to breakfast. After that, we were careful to use the hook. The food started to deteriorate. One evening we found ourself looking at a cold *rissole*, unsupported by any sort of vegetable. There was nothing else on the table except a small tea knife. After this, we ate most times in restaurants. We still paid for full board, but if we occasionally begged a slice of bread and margarine she said it was a crying shame the way some people wanted their meals twice over when millions were starving. She called on the memory of Mr. Robinson with growing nostalgia. Walking ruthlessly back on her original words of welcome, she daily quoted Mr. Robinson's favorite aphorism: "I get along well in lodgings because I always remember I'm living in someone else's house."

One day as we came through

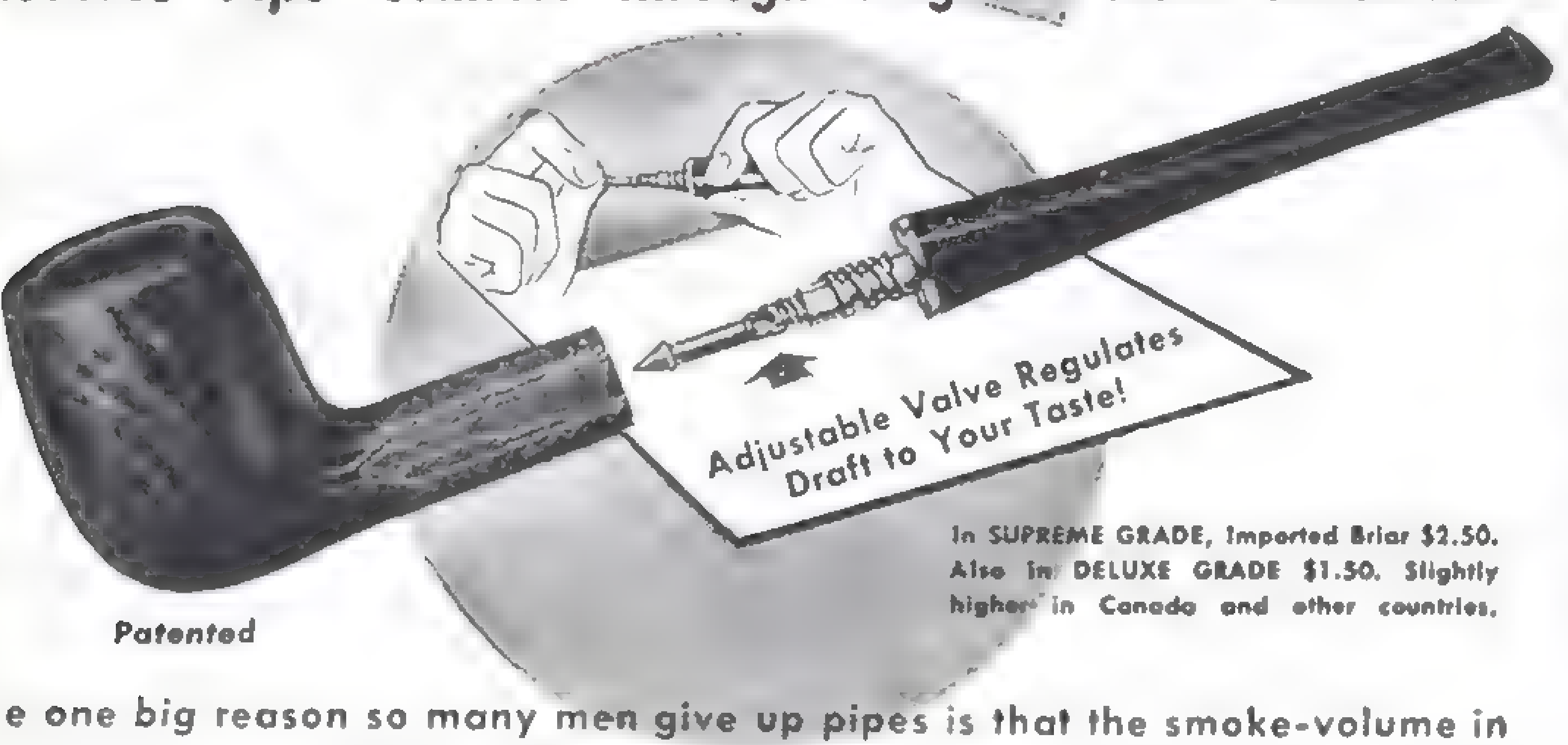
Continued on page 232

TO THE MILLIONS OF MEN WHO THINK THEY CAN'T TAKE A PIPE

Why be a Pipe Exile?

Royalton
Smoke-Control

Assures Pipe Comfort through a great New Invention


Adjustable Valve Regulates Draft to Your Taste!
Patented

In SUPREME GRADE, Imported Briar $2.50. Also in DELUXE GRADE $1.50. Slightly higher in Canada and other countries.

The one *big* reason so many men give up pipes is that the smoke-volume in a standard pipe is too heavy—they can't "take it" . . . Royalton craftsmen set out to build a pipe that *any* man could smoke—that would allow the smoker to cut down or increase the draft to suit his personal preference . . . That pipe is here now . . . The Smoke-Control feature is a simple adjustable valve which widens or narrows the opening through which smoke flows. You can set this valve so that you draw in the *exact amount* of smoke for *your* taste and throat. Ask your dealer to demonstrate Royalton Smoke-Control.

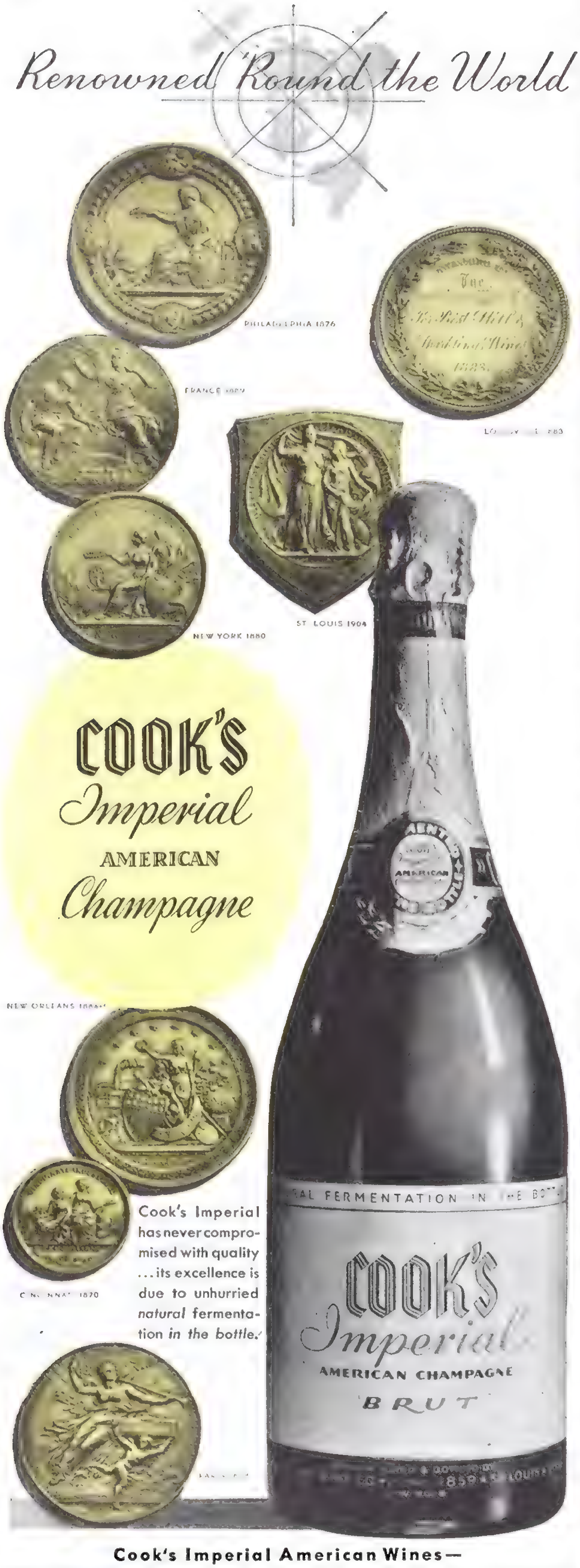
Write for Interesting FREE Booklet . . . Henry, Leonard & Thomas, Inc., Dept. E, Ozone Park 17, N. Y.

A Name to depend on!

ALPAGORA
Coats

Despite all shortages and difficulties, Alpagora Coats offer you the same careful standard of quality for which they have so long been famous. Although there are still not enough Alpagoras for all the men who want them, if you **do** *get an Alpagora this season — whether it's a Fleece, a Tweed, or a Covert — you can be certain of real satisfaction for many seasons to come!*

FOR THE NAME OF THE DEALER NEAREST YOU, WRITE STRATBURY MANUFACTURING CO., GALION, OHIO


Renowned 'Round the World
PHILADELPHIA 1876
FRANCE 1889
NEW YORK 1880
ST. LOUIS 1904
NEW ORLEANS 1884
CINCINNATI 1870
FERMENTATION IN THE BOTTLE
COOK'S Imperial AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE BRUT
AMERICAN

COOK'S
Imperial
AMERICAN
Champagne

Cook's Imperial has never compromised with quality ...its excellence is due to unhurried *natural fermentation in the bottle.*

Cook's Imperial American Wines—
Table: Rhine, Sauternes, Chablis, Claret, Burgundy • Dessert: Port, Sherry, Tokay, Muscatel
AMERICAN WINE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS, MO. • EST. 1859

In England Now: The Saving Instinct

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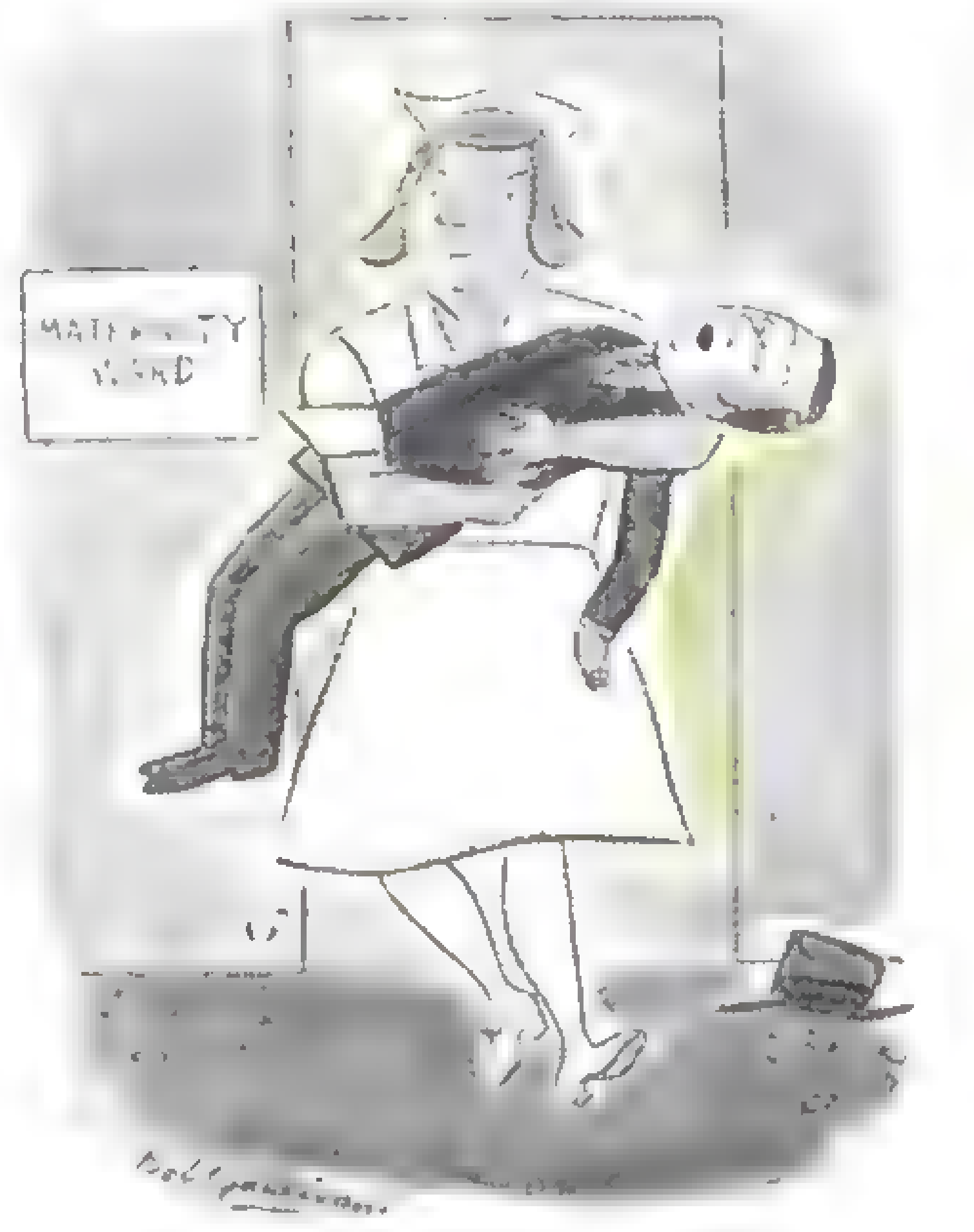

MATERNITY WARD

the front gate, she was shouting across the hedge to her neighbor: "He's awful! He's terrible! I can't stand it any longer!" The reason for this, we discovered, was that we had been allowing her to make up our bed, erroneously supposing that this was one of the things we were paying her for. So then we always made up the bed ourself before leaving for work, and also threw in a little Sunday digging and weeding in her back garden as a makeweight. This had no effect. Our severely ascetic way of life merely stimulated her to try out a bold frontal attack. She would stride into the sitting room, wearing a flowery bobble-laden hat, and say: "I'm going out. Mind you don't have any women around while I'm gone."

We decided to do little errands for her, like posting letters. It was no good. Finally she took to standing quietly in the front hall, waiting for us to come that way. Then she would clutch our arm dramatically. "No, no," she would say. "Don't go upstairs! Not that, not that! Whatever you want," she would cry, "let me run up and find it for you. Every time I hear that heavy tread, I get sick with worry about how long the stair carpet will last."

That did it. We put the case to all our friends and one of them finally offered us shelter in a second floor back. Just a week ago we made a courtesy call on our former landlady. As we were talking to her in the front garden, a young man came up the path. She introduced us. "This is Mr. Gregg, the new lodger," she told us. Mr. Gregg gave us a queer, hostile look and slouched off indoors. "I often tell him how considerate you were," she said; and—we ask you to believe us—with her snowy hair, her ample figure and her quiet smile, she looked as sweet as somebody's grandmother. ⧻

Continued from page 99

getting a LIFT out of LEISURE
Pritzker Fine Outerwear FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY

We dreamed up this new Pritzker Leisure Coat for flattery and comfort, when you feel in the mood to be stylishly lazy. It's 100% virgin wool Shetland Cloth! Typical Pritzker tailoring and quality, like leather-piped button holes, leather buttons. Sky Blue, Seafoam, Buttercup, Oyster, Camel, Cocoa, Natural.

Sizes 36-46
About 25.00

Sold at better stores everywhere
A. PRITZKER & SONS, INC., Boston 18, Mass.
New York Showroom: 200 Fifth Avenue

Strong Medicine

Continued from page 123

ple of powerful swishes of its tail turned it on even keel and once more it started towards the water. In the meantime, the man had secured the rope to a tree trunk and once more the brute was violently jerked to a stop.

At that very instant, from the tree above a solid, black mass of writhing fury suddenly fell upon the crocodile. In a matter of seconds several strangling coils had encircled the surprised saurian. Flaying at the snake with its deadly tail, snapping at the constricting coils with its fangs, rolling and bellowing in fury and agony, the crocodile was fighting like mad against the snake's death hold. The rope that held them to the tree was as taut as a violin string and badly hampered the beast's freedom of movement. It tried hard to get on its feet and drag itself and its adversary into the water where it would have had the advantage of its own element as well as a chance ultimately to drown the snake. It was then we heard—and felt—the loop around the tree trunk slip. It did not help that all of us hung on to the rope, it freed itself, and inch by inch snake and crocodile fought their way towards the water's edge. The next instant, the water was whipped into foam, mud was splattered around and the night was filled with the terrifying sound of battle that could end only in death or victory.

I lifted my gun to pump a round of bullets into the fighting monsters rather than let them escape, but Beautiful Clean One screamed excitedly into my ear: "*Pieh fang-chiang, pieh fang-chiang*—don't shoot, don't shoot." Surprised, I lowered my gun and the next moment it was too late for me to put a stop to the battle: the fighting beasts had reached deep water and a violent maelstrom now marked the spot where the struggle continued underwater. Once more the men tied the rope to a tree; at any moment I expected it to break. Time and again, the fighting reptiles rose to the surface, the crocodile turning and twisting, yet the rope held. After a while the struggle grew less violent and finally there were long pauses of calm, and then, at last, we could see no signs of further struggle.

It took all five of us—Beautiful Clean One gave a hand—and slowly we heaved them in. They were very heavy and still alive, as we could feel them slowly rotating like the spoon at the end of a trolling line.

However, we finally got them back into shallow water, and even at some distance from the bank

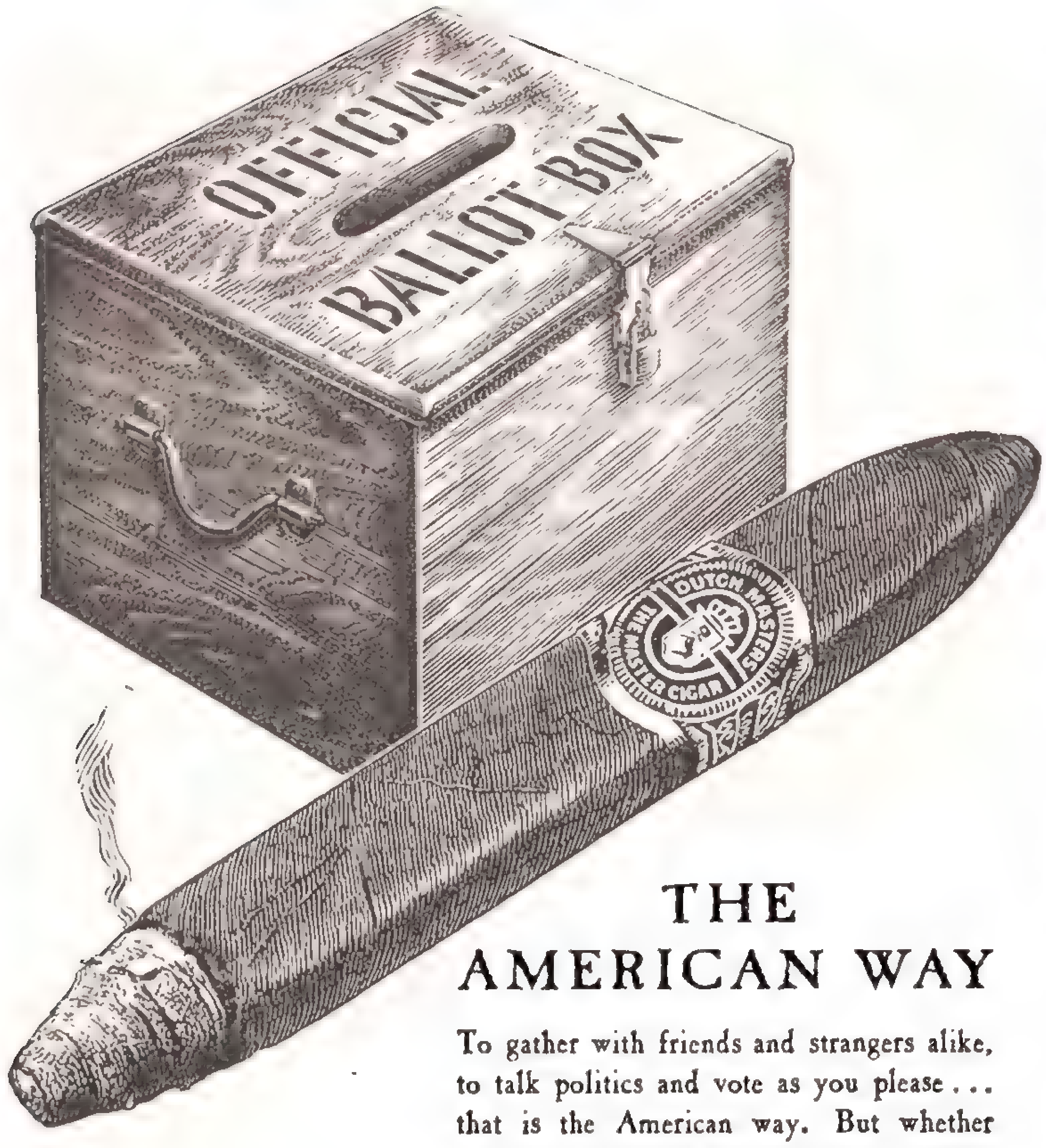
Continued on page 234

Crawford
WATCHES

COMPLETELY DEPENDABLE
The ultimate achievement in superb timepieces
AT BETTER SHOPS EVERYWHERE

BEAUTY Crawford WATCH COMPANY ACCURACY
New York, N. Y. • Manufacturers and Importers

"You're asking for a Good Sock"
Westminster
FAMOUS AMERICAN SOCKS



THE AMERICAN WAY

To gather with friends and strangers alike, to talk politics and vote as you please . . . that is the American way. But whether your ticket wins or loses, election day calls for an extra fine smoke . . . a Dutch Masters Cigar. That, too, is the American way.

DUTCH MASTERS

Strong Medicine

Continued from page 233

we could see in the moonlight that the rope had wound itself around both snake and crocodile in many tight loops which neither of the combatants had been able to break. There was life yet in both. Hurriedly two of the men put out the dugout and began punting. Instantly there was a last violent burst of struggle, then the snake and crocodile grew limp and still.

With poles and more rope around the crocodile's tail, we managed to drag them both up on the bank.

The snake was a large python and his beautifully marked skin was covered with a network of brown streaks and spots. Of the two, technically, it was the victor; its coils were still writhing although its head was badly smashed and its neck was almost severed by the clamped jaws of the crocodile. Half of the pig was still unswallowed and in the crocodile's mouth, which the sharp shark hooks had lacerated cruelly, with one hook firmly imbedded in the upper jaw. When, after laboring hard, we finally managed to free the dead crocodile from the snake's coils, I don't think there was a single whole bone in the saurian's hideous body.

In the heat of the battle I had not noticed the army of mosquitoes that had descended upon my face, neck and arms, and suddenly I became painfully aware of them. I pulled down my fly net off the sun helmet and, very tired, I relaxed on the bank. At last, Beautiful Clean One had everything she needed for her medicine—the heart of the crocodile and the blood she could tap off the python.

Yet, Beautiful Clean One made no signs of getting into action.

"Master, this crocodile is no good," she said to me in Chinese. "The heart of a dead crocodile is useless. It has to be alive."

Then she had an idea.

"However, master, there is no cause to worry. There is still half of the pig left that we can use for another bait and the men will catch us another crocodile. Now, if only you would lend me another five hundred francs . . ."

And as she said it, a large, black cloud covered the moon.

"Look, Beautiful Clean One," I countered. "The time is not propitious. The full moon is no more."

At this Beautiful Clean One grew very sad. It was a pity, she assured me, because now her husband would never be cured of opium smoking.

And she was right. He never was. ##

Continued from page 123

MADE OF A PACIFIC FABRIC

FOR CRUISING OR CHRISTMAS
A NEW Lion of Troy
ALL-SPORTS PATTERN

A little subtle hinting should get you this for Christmas . . . or sooner. It's a sport shirt that's equally smart shipside or by your own hearthside. Tailored in that inimitable Lion of Troy manner of an all cotton gabardine Pacific Mills fabric. Sanforized*, it washes handsomely. This all-sports pattern is in natural, sand dune, tan and blue.

AT LEADING RETAILERS EVERYWHERE.

*Maximum shrinkage 1%

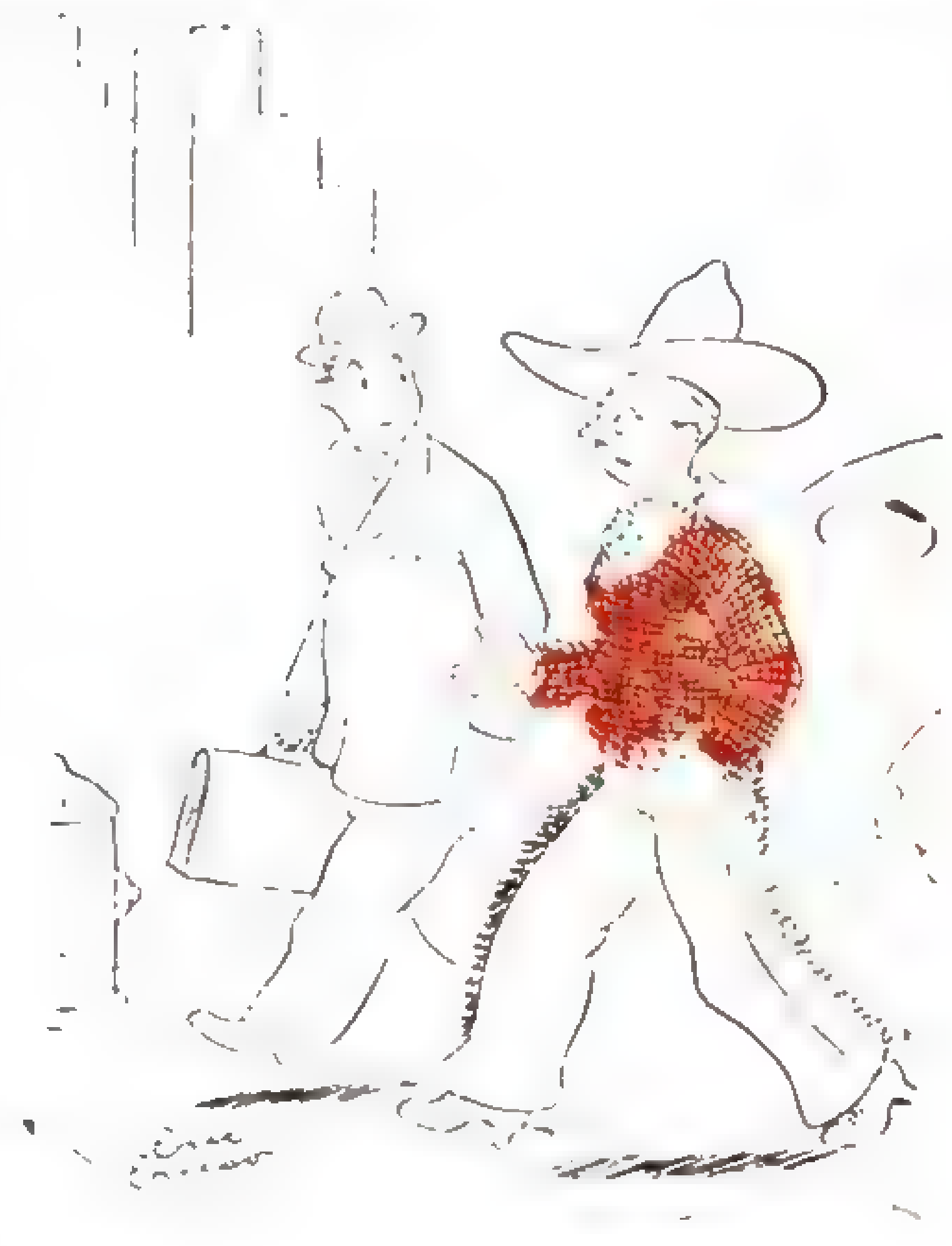
M. Nirenberg Sons Inc., 1140 Broadway, N. Y.

Eight Books Published Every Year

Continued from page 105

insight, decorate with sociology. From the jacket of *Europe: The Real Story* by Gunther Reiss Scott:

"The real story of Yalta had to be kept secret, at least until now. Mr. Scott, noted international observer was there, at all critical moments, and observed. Today he reveals, for the first time, why Stalin refused the mutton chops: how the fate of a war-torn world depended on whether Churchill could manage to pass a little slip with the message 'Vodka abominable' to President Roosevelt. Mr. Scott gives vivid, observing accounts of war-torn France, war-torn Romania, war-torn Italy, war-torn Hungary and non-war-torn Sweden. His shrewd analysis of the powers behind . . ."



"No, I'm not a cowboy—but this is all I could buy"

7. The How-to-Do-Everything Books

Men rarely see them. Their ads (with mail-order coupon) appear on the back pages of magazines which the literary crowd never takes time to read.

Here's a short paragraph from one of these entitled, *How To Be Your Own Bergdorf Goodman*:

Velvet the Fashionable

"Remember our *nice* basic pattern for the rayon cocktail dress? (Pattern 56c). The same is true for velvet. Never burn it. Burnt velvet loses its shine. Steam it, chalk in outline of your figure, line with French crepe, cut out armpits, try on, steam, adjust. If your dress doesn't fit yet, don't lose patience. Velvet may not be *your* material. For instance, women with big hips *must* avoid shiny material. Evening gowns are such *fun* if bought in a good store, but if you must be your own dressmaker, *first select the right material!* Working with velvet has *one* advantage: if you've ruined the dress you can always use the velvet pieces to make a

Continued on page 236

O f Ancient heritage

La Ina . . . from the *bodegas* of Pedro Domecq . . . a princely, pale dry sherry whose heritage dates back to the founding of this noble House in Jerez, Spain, more than two hundred years ago.

Bottled in Jerez, Spain

Pedro Domecq Sherries

Sole Distributor:
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Incorporated, New York, N. Y.

G.G.G. "architects of men's clothing" present a two button version in Outer-Wear
Sold in America's finest stores.
Write for free color book of the newest GGG models.

WM. P. GOLDMAN & BROS., INC.
12 EAST 14th STREET NEW YORK

*Lined with Celanese Rayon

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

FEET PICK UP WHEN YOU
Relax in Slax*
Mansfield Slax*

Chalk up another style-beam first for Mansfield! The embossed saddle Slax*-Moc. Casual! Carefree! Action-inspiring! Good-looking! You'll also find leisure-perfect Bostonian Slax* at your local dealer.

SLAX FOOTWEAR, INC., NORTH QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

Eight Books Published Every Year

Continued from page 235

velvet glove in which to hide your iron fist in (See Chapter Seventy-five, *How to Make an Iron Fist*)."

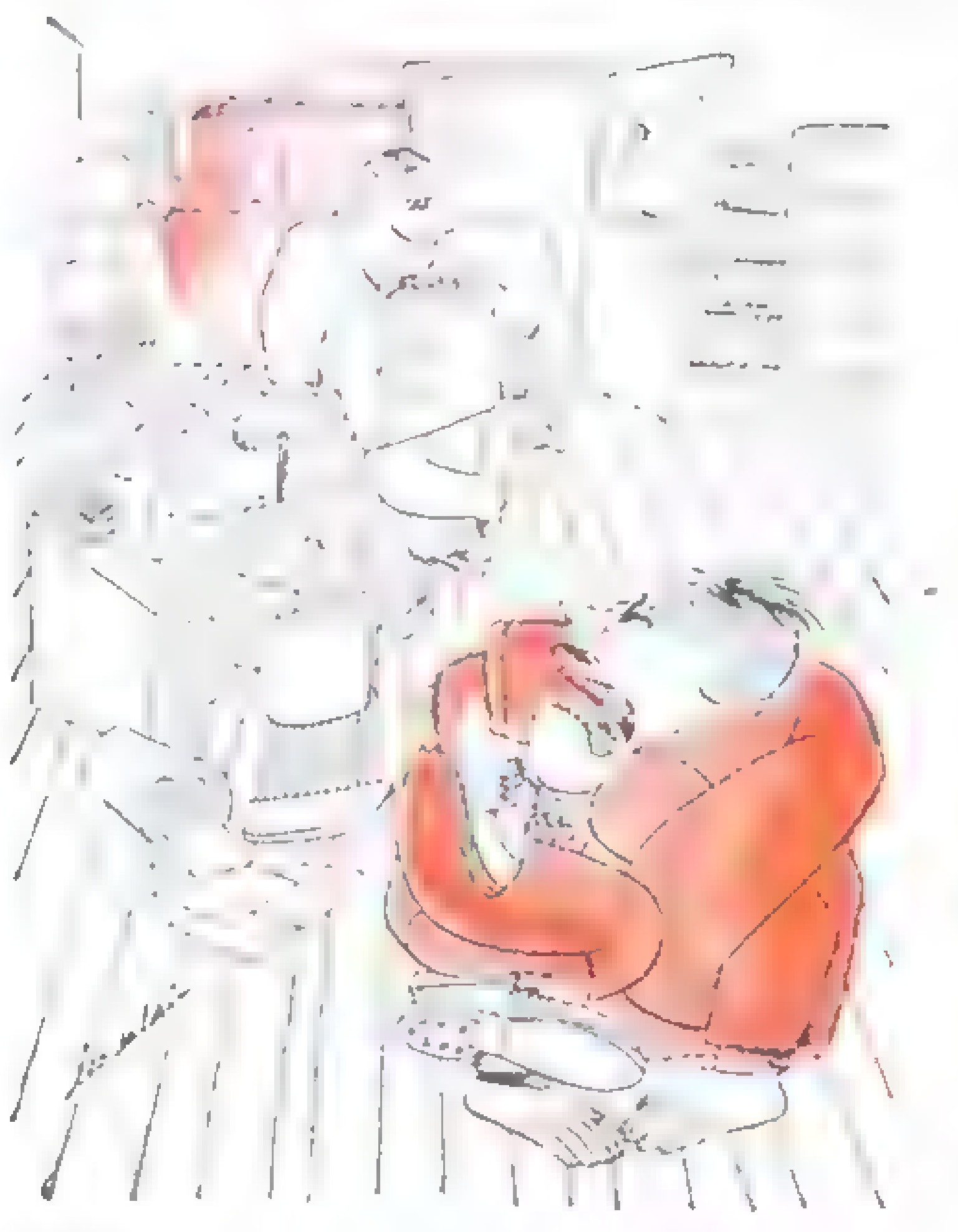
8. The My-Family-Was-So-Mad School

Department of "Life with—". They leave no family skeleton unturned. We quote from a publicity release for *Aunt Ida's Hippopotamus* by Phyllis Melba Rafferty:

"If you think you have met crazily amusing people in Mrs. Rafferty's *Uncle Roger's Rabbits* (now in its thirteenth edition), you just wait 'til you know Aunt Ida.

"She was absolutely mad! The story of how she talked her husband into installing a telephone in the pigsty is as riotous as the unforgettable episode when she pretended to be deaf so her niece wouldn't visit her. Ethel, the niece, is as mad as Aunt Ida; the household, including Millicent the cow, is mad; and the village, having seen *Life with Father* twice, tries its best to live up to the reputation of mad villages in mad books.

"If you are tired of books on 'important' subjects, just watch Aunt Ida teach Tiny, the 7,000-ton hippopotamus to read aloud from Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* . . ."



"All right, all right, I'll publish your ju-jitsu manual. Now, get me out of this"

Reader, from the crinolined Phoebe Hicks to the oh-so-delightfully-mad Aunt Ida and her literary pachyderm, we have passed this way before. But we cannot look back on the experience with the contentment of the optimist who finds comfort in the midst of disaster because he knows things, bad as they are, cannot get worse. For us there is no promise of surcease. Come book-club selections and publication seasons, you can be definitely certain that we shall pass this way again.

And again. ⱡⱡⱡ

Continued from page 105

PICK PIPER FOR PLEASURE!
PIPER-HEIDSIECK
PERFECTION IN Champagne
PIPER BRUT
PIPER-HEIDSIECK

Joseph H. Reinfeld, Inc., Newark, N. J.

Sailor in Coveralls

Continued from page 119

search the right. You're looking for a hole. You scan the shining black beam of your quivering, bowstring-taut boat. It is sixty-two inches. And the hole you're looking for is twelve feet wide!

The regimented tules part and frond into a knot of foliage. You almost grunt. The trees always seem to grow at channel points. Steady wheel right. Your plywood package drops on a chine and rides the rails for the hole.

Instantly your peace has departed. You leap through like a streamliner in a tunnel and now you have only the blistering, banshee screech of your engine rocketing back from the banks that seem only inches away—banks that have lost their orderly array of neatly set bulrushes and are now a blur of green and white.

No chart board now—it is in your head. Left turn—not too short. Easy, girl! A swish as you shave it too close and tules fall like murder victims before machine-gun fire. A lightning bank, right up on the chine with the prop nearly clear. Another block of straight-ahead water.

Right turn! The graven map in your head automatically unreels. It's a thirty-mile-an-hour corner! Pinch it down to forty-five and cut it fine. Again the tules fall and once more you ride the chine. It's too good a try! Your foot frantically lifts. Your boat slams back onto the hard surface of the water with a wrenching thud, buckets for a moment, even rises on the opposite chine. You are shaken like a rag doll! Only the belt holds you in. Your arm instinctively shields your face. There is a grinding crash, tules falling, planks splintering, earth caving from the opposite bank!

And as suddenly it is quiet except for the unceasing beat of your engine. The cushioning tules have sprung you clear back to mid-channel! A wipe at your goggles. You hope it is water. Then a lifting of the goggle frames to wipe again. You know it *isn't* water.

Your watch says you'll have to pick up rough water soon if you are to win and then you start bouncing slightly on the turn.

Your mental map unreels and worry spawns more worry; it's too narrow here. Catch the focal point of that wake here and you'll have trouble. Your ear sorts out, in the maelstrom of engine scream and bottom slap, an alien sound of lumber working. Bob a head to the left. No plank showing. Perhaps it's just a split. Three minutes down, the slough widens to six boat widths. Catch him there.

Bouncing higher now. It's hard work on the turns. Can't afford

Continued on page 238

Leisure-Lite by Paragon

$8.50 • $10 • $12.50 at better stores everywhere

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Men! Here's something entirely *different* for your hair. Not merely a "tonic"... not a greasy or goo-ey "dressing" . . . L. B. Hair Oil approximates and supplements the *natural* oils of a normal, healthy scalp and its *instant* effect on your hair is wonderful!

L. B. was created *in* Hollywood . . . to meet the exacting demands of studios and stars . . . and here's what it does for *your* hair:

1. Dissolves loose dandruff *on contact!*
2. Instantly gives a soft, *natural* lustre and neatness, *never* a greasy, "plastered" look.
3. Makes dry, unruly hair easier to manage.
4. Soothes and lubricates your scalp.

Women! L. B. is for *you*, too! Try it before and after a permanent, to make your wave last, keep your "hair-do" smart and shining!

L. B. Shampoo is grand, too! Rich, billowy suds that *really* clean, remove dandruff, need no special rinse. . leave hair gleaming and silky, yet easy to manage.

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L.B. HAIR OIL

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and 100% PURE WOOL

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COLON, MICH.
100% PURE WOOL

LAMB KNIT Sweaters

Good men's shops from coast to coast feature better sweaters with the Lamb Knit Label!

THE LAMB KNIT GOODS CO. • COLON, MICHIGAN

Sailor in Coveralls

Continued from page 237

to jump off the top. If you do, you'll slam boat and all right into the bank. The path ahead is showing foam and bubbles. Give him two turns ahead, no more. A pier flashes by, frozen fisherman still in casting position, pier wet from the wave of seconds before.

It is just north of Farrar's Park when you thunder out of the confines of your scenic railway. A roaring leap as you clear the slough, two vicious bounces as you fight it out of a skid and then your foot bangs the floor and you are down the water highway, riding just on the outer edge of the "V'd" excavation that focuses on the dripping boat ahead!

The mental map turns a page; three miles of this and then the Bridge. You close the gap steadily, pulling toward the center as the "V" narrows. This is the six-minute boat and you have something on him but not what you'd like. It is going to be close. But it has to be done before the Bridge. For the Bridge is piling, thick and solid. And there is only one untimbered pathway through—a pathway that is ten feet wide. First boat through will have smooth water; the second boat will have to wait and float through!

A hundred yards will catch him—the "V" is scissors-narrow now. A thousand yards ahead the latticed piling looms. It is touch and go. Maybe you both will make it at the same time. You sigh and reach for the mixture control.

It's a gadget that—never mind. Anyhow your engine will take it, full lean for just a moment, and in the passing through, that point will jump three hundred revs—if you don't toast a valve or heave a piston through the head! You hate to lick your engine that badly. Finger on the control, you wait. Maybe you won't . . .

Then you twist it!

There is a moment. It always comes in close quarters with a fast boat. It is a moment of flying water, of spray—white and solid as birdshot; of leaping, uncontrollable boat; of noises, the clunking thump as cement-like waves stud against your frail bottom; the siren wail of the prop as it leaps clear the racking of the engine in its frame! There is no vision—only confusion and noise, the merging of the beats as two engines slide in and out of synchronism. You're jumping his wake!

Your vision instantly clears and your jammed foot holds stiff on the gun as you sight for the ten-foot opening at 70 miles an hour! Your arms grow stiff as you hold them against the rebelling commands of your mind to turn right

ANTONIO STRADIVARI
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The crowning touch to a perfect dinner

COINTREAU LIQUEUR

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or turn left a shade. The hole rushes at you with express train speed! There is a whoossh!! and you are through.

Your head pivots at once. The opening is still spray obscured. Then water cascades over the roadway. And no boat comes through. You spare a moment for regrets. He probably wasn't hurt. Then you remember to breathe.

The channel is wide in the next ten minutes. It grows wider and suddenly seems like an inland sea. You have room now, room and speed and boat after boat goes down under the metallic brutality of your superb engine.

You can't identify them all. Sometimes they are far away to the side. You make marks on the chart board, little tally marks. There are seventeen boats and by the time you have put your nose into San Pablo Bay you have three neat groups of five chalked off. You make sixteen and your eyes strain ahead into the afternoon sun that is laying a strip of chromium plate across San Francisco Bay. There is a flaw in the polished plate and you know it is the seventeenth boat!

You are over the shoals and well clear now—a tiny sliver of black and red painting a disdainful slash across the plated bay. You are holding top revs. It is still smooth water and the place to make them count. Ten miles or more you have with nothing but a little cross chop that jolts you rapidly.

The black spot ahead becomes a boat; a straining, harried quarry. Your mind is acclimatized to racing and you are weighing probables, among which the plunging boat ahead is only a minor factor. You know the major factor and it's not too far ahead.

You'll pile up a mile on him, maybe two, before you have to take that big breath and the big leap across the Golden Gate and that mile of whitened water. He's slow—that means a heavy bottom. You grind him down inexorably, busy with your preparations. Get the belt tightened afresh. Hold the gun full open with the hand throttle. Scuff the oil from the rubber sole of your tennis shoe for a firm adhesion on the throttle pedal. Get the chart board out of the way.

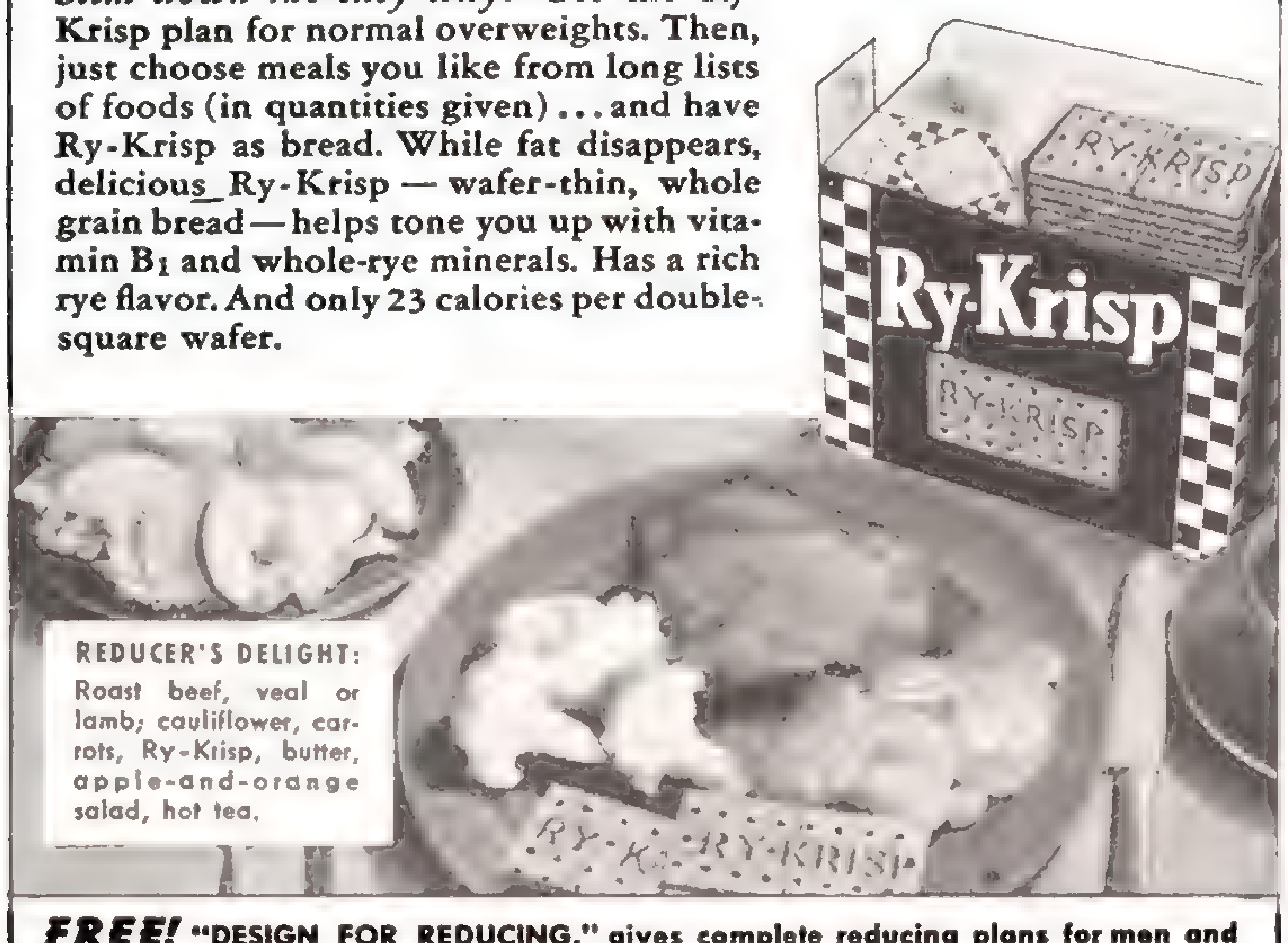
Lean over and check the hood clamps that hold down the huge, black blister. Nearly lost it once before. Re-snap the belt. A last glance at the gauges. The Point at Sausalito is behind you. And ahead your goal, the bleak breakwater of the St. Francis Yacht Club, guarded only by the chuckholes of water, tufted white from Pacific winds. You have your mile. Perhaps it's two. And then your nose rockets out from the protecting shield of the northern end of the gate!

Sixteen feet in front, your nose

Continued on page 240

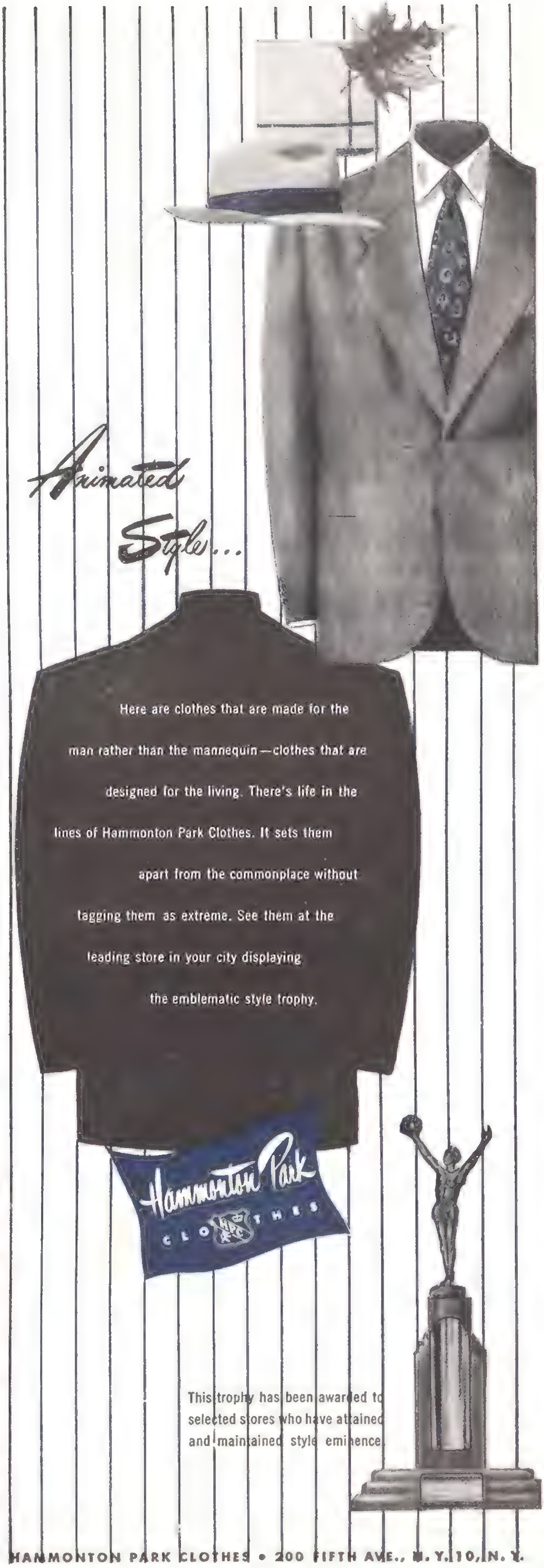
Showering attention...on somebody else? Better reduce the Ry-Krisp way!

Slim down the easy way! Get the Ry-Krisp plan for normal overweights. Then, just choose meals you like from long lists of foods (in quantities given) ... and have Ry-Krisp as bread. While fat disappears, delicious Ry-Krisp — wafer-thin, whole grain bread — helps tone you up with vitamin B_1 and whole-rye minerals. Has a rich rye flavor. And only 23 calories per double-square wafer.



REDUCER'S DELIGHT:
Roast beef, veal or lamb; cauliflower, carrots, Ry-Krisp, butter, apple-and-orange salad, hot tea.

FREE! **"DESIGN FOR REDUCING," gives complete reducing plans for men and women. WRITE RY-KRISP, 200 CHECKERBOARD SQUARE, ST. LOUIS 2, MO.**



Here are clothes that are made for the man rather than the mannequin—clothes that are designed for the living. There's life in the lines of Hammonton Park Clothes. It sets them apart from the commonplace without tagging them as extreme. See them at the leading store in your city displaying the emblematic style trophy.

This trophy has been awarded to selected stores who have attained and maintained style eminence.

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ESTABLISHED 1755 BORDEAUX
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APRICOT LIQUEUR
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Enjoy APRY also as a Cocktail—
⅓ Apry; ⅔ Dry Gin;
Teaspoon Lime Juice.
Shake well with Ice;
Strain and Serve.

Once again from overseas comes fondly-remembered APRY—famed liqueur of Marie Brizard. To those who appreciated it here and in famed Parisian cafes, the arrival of APRY—"soul of the apricot"—is indeed an event.

APRY
FAMOUS FRENCH LIQUEUR SINCE 1755

Apricot Liqueur—80 Proof. Schenley Import Corporation, New York, N.Y.

Sailor in Coveralls

Continued from page 239

smashes into a rock-like white-cap. And fourteen hundred pounds of boat soars dizzily into space! Full closed throttle, in mid-air you hang, to settle with a thunderous crash into the valley of the second wave following. Your nose buries and your boat climbs painfully, shudderingly upward. You catch your breath, lift the nose with the full push of your hundred and twenty-five horses.

Your foot lifts slightly and you broad jump the next with a hundred revs less. The flight is not so high and you catch it by the transom on the second wave. The landing impact is a terrific, bottom-punching smash and you hear the shaft whine as it binds from hull twist. Two hundred revs less on the next one and you top the crest right on the step! You have it gauged now and so you sit and take it.

It is only a couple of minutes. Minutes of leap and closed throttle, crash and bottoming like a landing on concrete; full throttle and leap again! You are beaten stiff and sore. Your lips bleed where your clenched teeth have caught them. And you wonder—you pray—that the bottom stays on. The breakwater comes nearer. You can see—you could see if your head wasn't shaken like your spine was severed—people crowding the end. Bang and smash! A hood clamp breaks and the blister thrashes against the hull! And then, instantly, there is only flat water and you are behind the breakwater!

It is a tapping on the shoulder that wakens me. The steward bends solicitously over: "Sorry, sir. All drinks off the table at twelve!"

I look up to the bar. They are there—striped jersey and stiff-visored cap. My glance goes over my own garb. I see the grease by the leg; that thrust bearing always heaves it right on that coverall leg. That tear on the right leg; that was the Lake Merced scramble when I turned it over. I catch a fragment of the conversation: ". . . And right at the turning buoy . . . got the wind on him and squeaked it out to split-second finish! . . . Tell you—it was a thrill! . . .

". . . Ran out of breeze a half mile from the harbor . . . Yeah—he was one of those sailors in coveralls and wanted to start the auxiliary . . . No, siree! . . . No stinkpots for me! . . ."

I look at my drink and gulp it hastily. Then suddenly I remember it is my *fifth*. My voice, thus fortified, booms out: "—And I'm getting a new propeller with a few inches more pitch . . ." #

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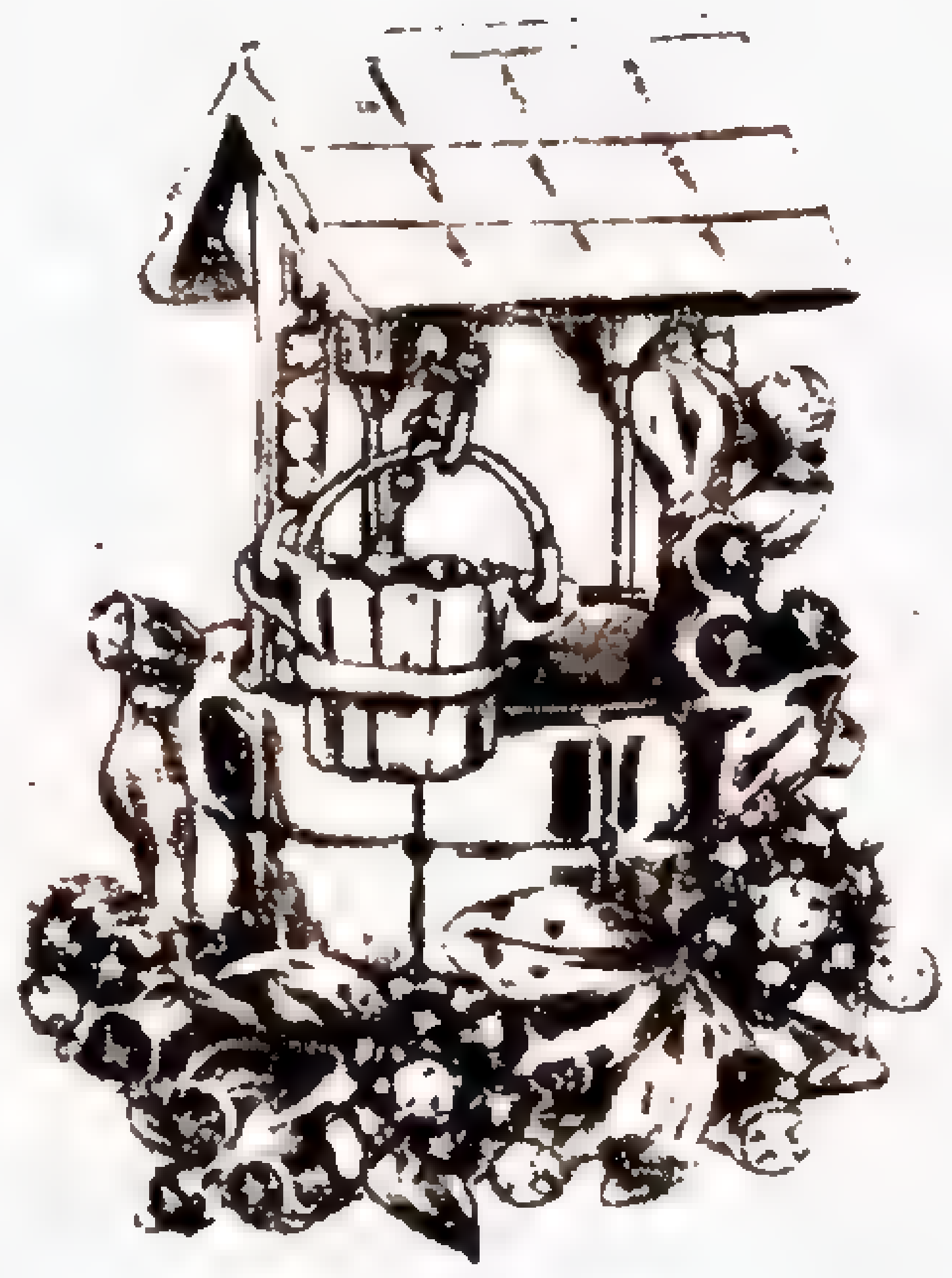
Jeweled Well by Coro



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Gentlemen Wore Gowns to Chow

Continued from page 84

and unpacked his duffel bag. "And the guy's knocking himself out trying to work a shine on my combat boots," said Ruskin, awed.

Humphrey explained the role of scout, whose duties embrace those of a valet and hotel detective. "Don't trust the blighters," he cautioned. "They report everything you do. Unless you happen to have a good 'un, and then it'll cost you more in cigars and beers than you'd be docked by the dean's fines anyway."

"He called me 'sir,' " said Ruskin, and as a Pfc imbued with the spirit of *noblesse oblige*, he would hear no ill of his retainer.

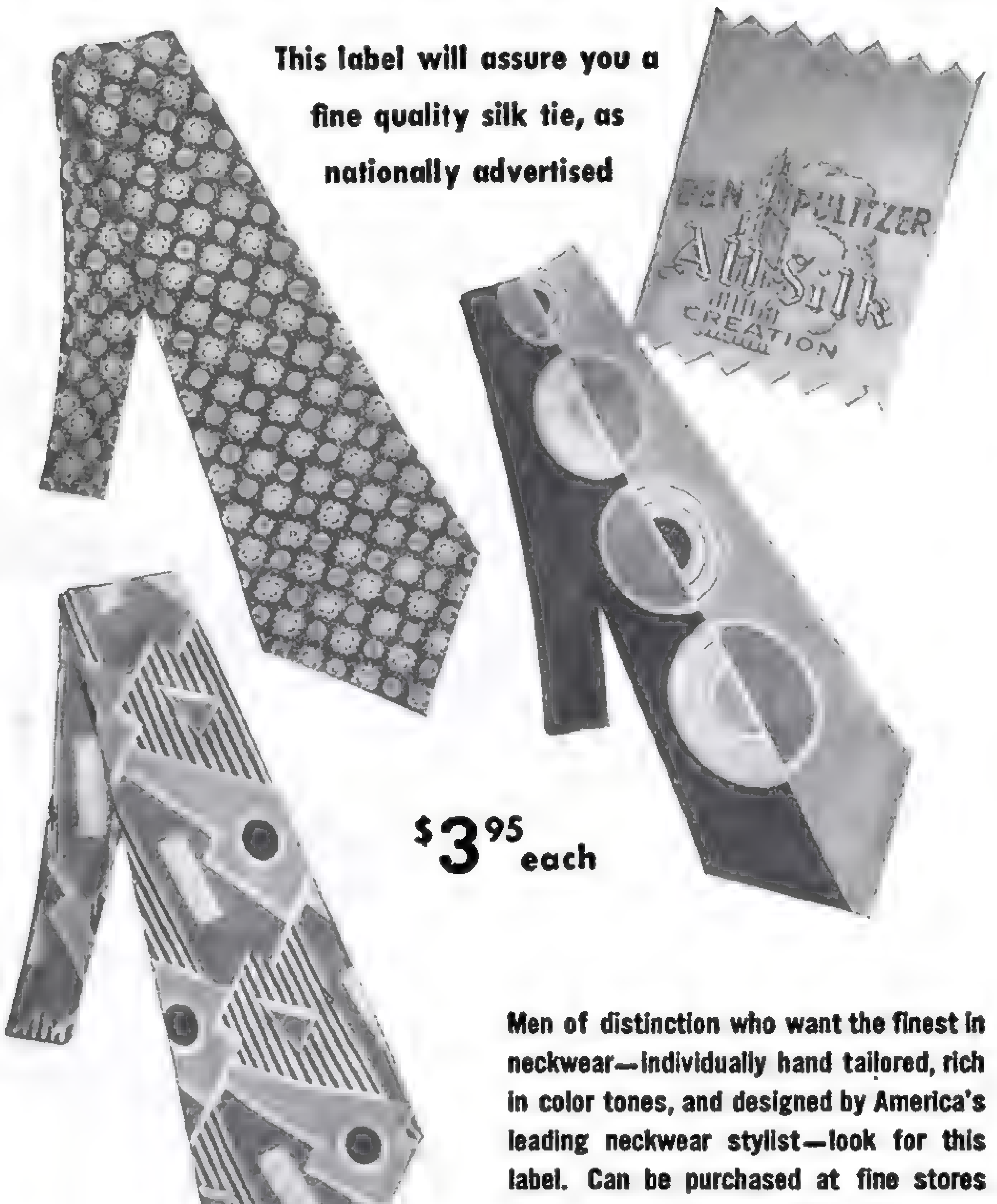
Our scout appeared just before dinner, "to clear away the tea things" since we had already unpacked. He added my canteen cup smelling of Bob's cognac to the dainty china on his tray and Bob asked politely if we mightn't have the tea things back before morning because we liked midnight tea too. William Jeddings broke down and grinned and inside a fortnight was the liveliest and most human scout the school had ever known, I'd bet. We taught him to wake us by bellowing "hit the deck" from the study door, and Bill taught us to sport the oak—or employ the solid, double door when we were entertaining intensely and didn't want interruption. Bill weighs heavily on my conscience today, for I'm certain that we've made him unfit for his life work and he's probably been sacked already, unless the Etonian that inherited our room likes being told he has to drag his rump to lectures before ten if he wants his sty cleaned.

First dinner in Hall was a solemn affair. We were all painfully aware of not having our gowns and we huddled together at the darkest table beneath the painting of the gloomiest and most heavily bearded bishop on the oak walls. A pink freshman arrived late and was shunted to our table, probably because he hadn't a gown either. He asked us if we were new and said that he was too, but had begun studying at a divinity college up north. Bob told him we had been to the University of Iowa and he said that was nice because he had an aunt in Cincinnati.

About half the undergraduates were uniformed the first night, these being the lads who had returned from five years with the Commandos, the RAF or the Navy. They had equally tough going at conversation with their fellows who were just up from the public schools, and within three days our colonies had merged and the Americans were absorbed. There was absolutely no schism

Continued on page 242

There's nothing like ***pure silk*** for men's fine ties!



This label will assure you a fine quality silk tie, as nationally advertised

$3.95 each

Men of distinction who want the finest in neckwear—individually hand tailored, rich in color tones, and designed by America's leading neckwear stylist—look for this label. Can be purchased at fine stores from coast to coast, or write us for name of your nearest dealer.

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Think of it! Sportswear interlined with fleecy, silky, soft fibers of glass . . . light as thistledown! Spun Sun* keeps out cold, holds in warmth better than any other insulation. Gives you zero protection with the very minimum of weight and bulk. It's featured exclusively in Albert Richard Sportswear—coats, jackets, gloves and mittens in fine leathers and fabrics. Your dealer has them . . . Spun Sun* interlined or regularly-lined. All Action-Fit*, of course.

Your Albert Richard dealer has a free football map for you, The 1946 Grid Revue. Ask for your copy.

Albert Richard
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Gentlemen Wore Gowns to Chow

Continued from page 241

between Briton and Yank—the undergraduate camp to which you belonged was determined by whether or not you shaved.

Coffee and liqueurs were served in the Junior Common Room, to which everyone shuffled decorously the first weeks. As the term wore on, the clearing of dessert plates precipitated a violent scraping of chairs and gowns fluttered wildly as New College tore across the quad to reach the JCR before the cream and port ran low. It was a regrettable institution, probably due to ourselves who were hardened to short rations at the end of a chow line, but my fiancée writes from Oxford that our college is still notorious for the undignified after-dinner sprint.

We looked for a stiff ordeal in the JCR and knotted ourselves into a tight, brandy-warming group by the fireplace. We fingered bound volumes of *The Sketch* and *The London Economist* (the JCR was later to receive *Yank* and *The Stars and Stripes* regularly), we tried to hide our combat boots, and rolled our brandy glasses round and round in casual imitation of the practiced. It was Maury, the lieutenant with a Chicago doctorate and a suspicion toward education without plumbing, who broke the barriers and put an end to brandy-warming. He entered late, ordered his brandy, and said, "Mud in your eye." He downed the brandy at a single swallow, smiled at the steward and said, "Fill her up, Jack." Maury became one of the most popular people at Oxford, ranking only behind Jake who could do a Humphrey Bogart accent and conceived a never-consummated scheme to sell protection to the Vice-Chancellor. ("I mean after all, Bud—somebody might chuck a brick through them pretty stained-glass windows.") Both, incidentally, won their tutor's commendation for scholarly work.

The question of after-dinner brandy became a sore point with the military office that handled our economics. The Army had originally decided to foot all college bills, tuition and board as well as the incidentals—laundry, tea and cakes from the stores and liqueurs from the college cellars—that appeared on our weekly battels. Determined to make the most of a good thing, our people consumed an unholy amount of brandy at Army expense and it was only when we developed the altruistic habit of ordering drinks all round, that the finance authorities doubled back on their tracks. A notice appeared on the boards the second week advising the Americans that their drinks would

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The Toiletries, too, That Women Like Best to Buy for Men

'HIS' is the magic name in fine toiletries for men. They're his kind of toiletries, practical yet luxurious...Strictly Masculine...mannishly packaged in his favorite rich burgundy color ...distinguished by their lusty, tangy Northwoods Fragrance. A superb gift selection (more than 50 units and sets) priced from $1.00 up . . . at better Department, Drug and Men's Stores.

henceforth lighten their own pockets and we spent much less time ripening international friendship in the JCR.

Most of us had come to Oxford because it presented a less ugly alternative to occupation duty in Austria or Yokohama, and we had hoped to model our lives there roughly upon that of Robert Taylor who went through three years of *A Yank at Oxford* in twelve reels without once being photographed on the same set with a book. We discovered finally, that nobody cared very much whether or not we sat a lecture or opened a book or even came to our tutorials. And so, all but a minority began working furiously and burned the academic lamp long after the scholars that were studying for necessary degrees had gone to bed.

Just as the first Army obstacle course was a pleasurable experience when we left our colleges long years before, prowling through the volumes of abstruse trivia in the Bodleian Library to produce weekly theses of awful length became more fun than pub crawling. Scholarship, and particularly the wonderful detachment provided by classically abstract studies, are much loved sports of all returned warriors and the work done by our people must have given the dons an egregious notion of the American students' academic fervor.

Except for the girl I met at a lecture on Donne and will eventually marry, the greatest deterrents to study were Bagby and Keith. Bagby belonged to the Night Climbers—Oxford's most terrifying secret society. Its members were mainly rugger blues and hearty rowing types who charted perilous routes up and across all of Oxford's loftiest towers and spent their nights prowling about the rooftops. Bagby, on discovering that parachuting was my Army occupation, extended to me the dubious privilege of risking my neck nightly on horrible jaunts to bell towers, in order to prove that what man has built, man can climb. We'd set off ceremoniously, linked by ropes and carrying alpenstocks, and midnight would find me swaying against a gargoyle and thinking desperately of the lovely calfbound works of medieval poetry that I might be reading in my snug study. These clandestine ventures had their pragmatic value though, for I was eventually given a map showing the four best routes across the college walls. Our boys became so enthusiastic about the sport that uniformed patrols used to snake across the walls after pub-closing time every evening.

Keith was one of those irrepressibles to whom things happen; his life could only reach fruition in a war or at Oxford. He had been a cloak-and-dagger operator for the weirder British equivalent of our

Continued on page 244

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The eyes of thousands appraise you 122 rainy days a year*, so plan to own a dual purpose coat—a rain topcoat by Rainfair—the most practical garment in a man's wardrobe.

Tackletwill . . . $16.75—(*at right*). Made from substantial weight Skinner's Tackletwill, originally developed for football pants and used in Paratroopers' uniforms. In smart shades of egg shell and tan. Raglan sleeves, slash pockets, convertible collar. **Lustretwill** . . . similar style of lightweight, lustrous twill. Colors: gray and tan. Also $16.75.

Ziprain . . . $13.75—(*at left*). Softly draping gabardine of fine combed yarn. Knee length, raglan shoulders, balmacaan collar, R. R. stitching on cuffs and bottom. Yoke and sleeve lining of strong silky rayon. Colors: bleached bone and light olive.

* 28 largest cities in U. S. average 122 rainy days a year.

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RAINFAIR shower proof Rain Topcoats

How to make your raincoat last . . . our new free booklet gives you detailed instructions, and illustrates the popular Rainfair styles ranging in price from $12.50 to $30.00. Write for it today.

Gentlemen Wore Gowns to Chow

Continued from page 243

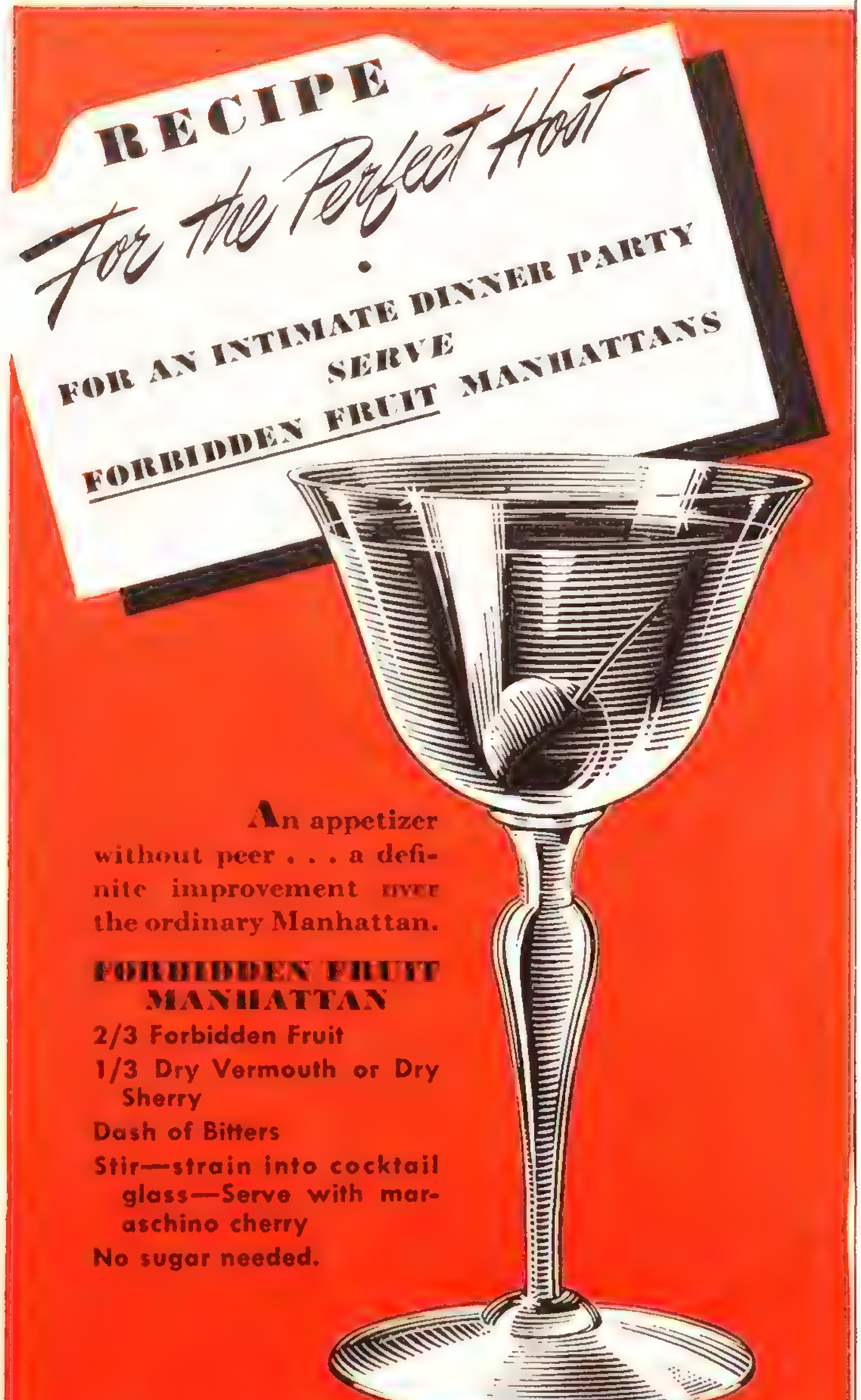
OSS, and kept running into people with whom he had blown bridges in Norway or set up radios in occupied Yugoslavia. His room was forever strewn with mysterious Poles, Dutchmen or Belgians, all of the Resistance and all in England to see Keith on obscure matters of state and to consume his Canadian whiskey. He took equally well to tight-lipped young Englishmen who had been "out there with Campbell and Scott," but Keith's great natural affinity was for Americans.

He loved us all and tried doggedly to enlist us in involved schemes to liberate Spain or parachute arms to the Balkans—he seemed considerably hurt that we all intended to go home and wear quiet pin-striped suits when the Army released us. We were regularly called upon to rally round Keith in his battle with the authorities and lived in constant fear that he would be sent down for one of his minor heresies, depriving us of our stanchest ally.

Keith maintained a covert feud with his scout, who was a disapproving septuagenarian of the sort who would report a scholar to the dean whenever a pair of very drunk aliens was found to have spent the night in his room, brooding over a map of the Pyrenees. The hostility began when his scout first discovered an odd revolver or two lying about the place, in violation of the warden's request that all weapons be left with the porter. (This rule was aimed at solemn lads from the public schools who read Houseman, wept for the world and owned target pistols.) The dean was notified and Keith reprimanded, and the next day his scout came upon another revolver. Tired of persecution, Keith had us carry his entire arsenal of light machine guns, sniper's rifles, assassin's pistols and assault grenades to the porter's lodge. The two watched each other and waited.

Matters finally got to where Keith couldn't have a Polish captain in to tea or use his Gurkha knife to slash firewood from his study chair without his scout peering in to make notes for official reference. We did our best to reinstate him in the good graces of the powers and failed.

Keith had gone to London to discuss his affairs with the Canadian High Commissioner's Office and had forgot to ask the dean's permission to be absent from college for the night. This was a particularly heinous offense and we feared the consequence. Bob suggested that if we rumpled his bed and disarranged his room to make it appear that Keith had been



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FORBIDDEN FRUIT MANHATTAN

2/3 Forbidden Fruit
1/3 Dry Vermouth or Dry Sherry
Dash of Bitters
Stir—strain into cocktail glass—Serve with maraschino cherry
No sugar needed.

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entertaining, his scout must assume when he came to clean in the morning that Keith had slept in, awakened early and gone for a stroll to clear his head.

So we gathered the Americans and a liberal sprinkling of others who most feared Keith's dismissal, and we held an impromptu party in his room after dinner. The idea was to let any passing college official know that Keith was home and entertaining, and to this end several ex-RAF people donated a few bottles of Irish. Things got lively towards midnight, and those who felt themselves competent set seriously about the business of disarranging things. We mangled the drapes and the desk and the carpet, we recreated the shambles of St. Lo across the study, and we left just before dawn, conscious of having done our best and more. Somehow in the conscientious bustle, we had neglected to rumple his bed or even unfold his pajamas, and the room that morning had a brawled-in but not a slept-in look.

Keith returned to find himself probably the first man at Oxford to be fined and gated for not being in his room and for holding a disgracefully violent party in his room on the same night. When last I heard from Keith, he was still a member of New College, but had been asked to take up residence somewhere outside of the college gates. And his fondness for Americans never waned.

The American Army had been at Oxford about a month when people began noticing the first symptoms of what was to cause an internecine rift within our group. Classes of Rhodes Scholars had been split by the issue for decades we were told, but nobody expected it to rupture a party of GI's up for only a few months. We had underestimated the spell of the University.

Initially it didn't amount to much—a lieutenant would confess a preference for mulled ale over Milwaukee beer; a private would begin to take afternoon tea in his room; someone would be discovered talking about his "digs" or eating with the fork in his left hand. But the suspicion mounted and was ugly: some of our boys, our strong-limbed American fighters, were going Oxford.

Van Goghs and mezzotints of Magdalen Tower replaced the Esquire girls on study walls. Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes were smoked openly, even on PX ration days. Gowns were worn over battle jackets at the most incongruous times. And a corporal from Pennsylvania held a sherry party.

The storm broke when Ruskin took to wearing a gaudy New College scarf to all public places.

The stancher patriots among us became belligerently American. Maury and Jake began to snarl

Continued on page 246

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Gentlemen Wore Gowns to Chow

Continued from page 245

about the plumbing and fish for breakfast. They asked bewildered pubkeepers for rye or applejack; they demanded of their tutors an explanation for Oxford's modern history course ending with the Congress of Vienna in 1814; they sang brawling choruses of *On Wisconsin* and *Here's to Jones Junior High of Toledo* at meetings of the Madrigal Society. The loyalists stopped speaking to men of their own combat divisions who toasted scones and took water in their Scotch. I had learned to play rugby in my prison camp and when I went to play at Cambridge with the college rugger fifteen, I returned to find myself irrevocably ranked with the Benedict Arnold faction.

It was only towards the very end of term that the conflict resolved itself in anticipatory nostalgia. Orders trickled in for us to rejoin garrison units on the continent or proceed to Southampton for repatriation. Maury came to Hall one morning and asked for a second kipper for breakfast. Jake wore a gown to his last lectures and sipped port in the JCR in company with two fresh-faced theology students from Winchester. The spires of Oxford thrust themselves on us, suddenly lovely, lost in the low clouds of autumn, and the maddening bells of the colleges became haunting, gentle bells. A score or so of the most recalcitrant began framing telegrams to their commanders, requesting extension of duty, and the delegation that breakfasted on doughnuts at the American Red Cross Club was seen punting down the Isis with men who neglected *Yank* to read the *Tatler*.

The last of us to go went out the gates after evening matins. Jake adjusted his captain's bars and put on his cap for the first time in months. Ruskin and I followed him solemnly, Ruskin flaunting his garish scarf. As we turned off New College Lane onto the High, Jake looked around to stare at the Bell Tower and saw Ruskin. "See here, soldier," he said, "you're back in the Army. Straighten that damned scarf."

I have recently had a sad letter from Keith. The Americans who were discharged and stayed on at Oxford have all taken to sherry and Harris tweeds and become members of the Oxford Union Debating Society. There are some Australians up now though, he writes, who have begun to poach rabbits in the Christ Church meadows and are eyeing the sacred herd of deer. Would I like to come to Spain and help in some interesting political work this summer? ⵌ

Continued from page 84

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Football for Feeble Fullbacks

Continued from page 102

in play on his 20-yard line. If you lay up a two, that, of course, is a blocked kick, and he takes over the cards for a runback from the line of scrimmage.

Example: You've worked the ball down to his 28-yard line but it's fourth and 9 to go, so you elect to try for a field goal. You drop back to his 30 and lay up a four. It's not a picture, so the kick is no good. He takes over on his 20. If you had laid up a Jack, Queen, King or Ace, the kick would have been worth three points and you would have then kicked off to him. However, if you had laid up a two, your opponent would have blocked your field goal attempt and run the ball back from the 30.

8. *The Kickoff*—When the game begins, high card has choice of kicking off or receiving. The ball is kicked from the 40-yard line. As with the punt, 5 is the multiplier, pictures count 11, 12, 13 and 14, and when the kickoff reaches the goal line or goes over, the receiver takes over on his own 20-yard stripe.

However, there is no blocked kick on a kickoff. A deuce constitutes a 10-yard kickoff (and a deucedly bad one, too). The kickoff is run back in exactly the same manner as the punt.

9. *Forward Pass*—Don't worry. This only sounds complicated:

It takes two cards (a passer and a receiver) to execute a forward pass, though the use of two cards constitutes only one down.

A. *Completed Pass*—When both cards are of the same suit, and the second card is not a picture, the pass is successful. To determine the net gain, you multiply the value of both cards. Here again, pictures represent 11, 12, 13 and 14.

Example: You announce a forward pass attempt and lay up the six of Spades and the nine of Spades. Since they are both of the same suit, you multiply 9 x 6 for a completed pass of 54 yards.

On another pass, you lay up the Jack of Hearts and the four of Hearts. Result: a nifty 44-yard completed pass. (The picture is all right, in this case, because it is the first card, not the second. If order had been reversed, the pass would have been no good.)

B. *Incompleted Pass*—When the two cards are of different suits, or the second card is a picture, the pass is unsuccessful.

Example: On an attempted pass, you lay up the six of Diamonds and the eight of Clubs. The cards are of different suits, so the pass is no good and the ball is returned to line of scrimmage.

On another pass attempt, you lay up the five of Hearts and the

Continued on page 248

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Football for Feeble Fullbacks

Continued from page 247

King of Hearts. Though the two cards are of the same suit, the pass is still no good—because the second card was a picture. If the order had been reversed, the pass would have been completed for 65 yards.

An incompleted pass, of course, uses up a down.

C. Intercepted Pass—When the second card is a black picture, the pass is intercepted. It makes no difference what the first card is. If that second card is a Club or Spade picture, you're in trouble. To determine how far your pass carried before it was intercepted, you lay up a third card and add value to the first card.

Example: You try a pass from the 50-yard line and lay up the seven of Diamonds and the King of Spades. The second card being a black picture, your pass has been intercepted, so you lay up a third card: the nine of Hearts. Adding the seven and the nine gives you a pass of 16 yards down to the 34, where the pass was intercepted. When you hand the cards to the intercepting player, he will start his runback from 34.

Another example: On an attempted pass from your own 30-yard line, you lay up the King of Diamonds and the Jack of Clubs. Moaning at the sight of the second card's black suit, you then lay up a third card: the four of Spades. Adding the King (13) to the four indicates that your pass carried 17 yards to the 47 yard line, into the waiting arms of your opponent, who will now run it back from the 47.

10. *Runback of Intercepted Pass*—This is identical with the runback of a kick. If you lay up a picture, you are tackled immediately at the point of interception. If you lay up the Ace of Spades, run the ball back for yardage equal to the card's value. If you lay up the Ace of Spades, you run interception back for a touchdown.

Strategy

1. If it's unwise on the gridiron, it's unwise on the card table. If you throw passes deep in your own territory, or run on fourth down, you are playing daring football. Sometimes you're lucky at it, and the kibitzers think you're a brilliant quarterback. More often you pay the consequences.

2. When you are within the enemy's 40-yard line on fourth down, it is usually wiser to attempt a field goal than to punt, unless you are so far behind that three points can't help much. Then a forward pass might be better.

3. When you near the end of the first half or the end of the game, don't attempt to go for a

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touchdown with a running attack unless you are sure there are enough cards left to carry you to the goal. If you are on your own 10-yard line, six points behind, and only five cards are left in the game, you know you can't possibly score a touchdown by running, even if you come up with four straight ten's and a nine (49 yards). But you do have two chances for a last-ditch touchdown. In other words, instead of watching the clock, watch the deck.

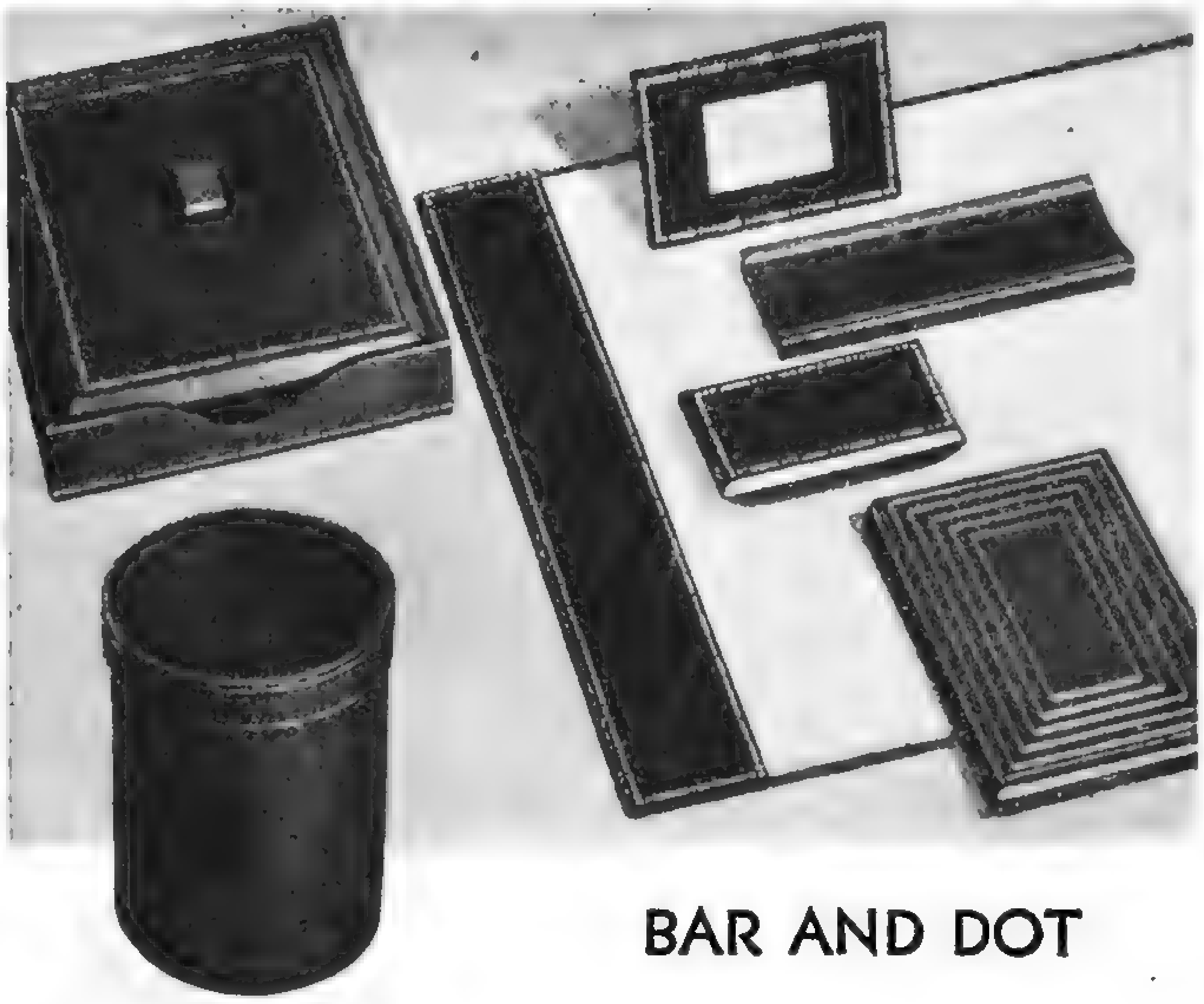
4. If you can manage to remember which cards have already been played in the quarter, you will have a decided advantage in quarter-backing your game. For example, if you think that most of the pictures have already been turned up, you'll know there won't be much percentage in attempting a field goal in that quarter. With most of the pictures used up, you can try a ground attack unworried by possible losses from Aces, Kings, Queens and Jacks. On the other hand, if you haven't noticed any black pictures turning up, you'll think twice before throwing a forward. It could turn out to be a backward!

There's the game. Now let's take one last quick workout with the plays:

Kickoff is made from the 40. Multiply the card by 5 . . . Runback is equal to the value of the card. Picture means zero runback. Ace of Spades is a touchdown . . . Running plays are equal to the value of the card. Pictures are losses of 1, 2, 3 and 4 yards. All others are gains . . . Punts are made from a white line. If not on one, drop back to nearest marker. Multiply the card by 5 . . . When you lay up a 2 on a kick from scrimmage, it's a blocked kick . . . Kickoffs, punts, blocked kicks and intercepted passes are run back in the same fashion. Picture means a zero runback. Ace of Spades means a touchdown, and all other cards indicate runbacks equal to their face value . . . You can try a field goal within the 40. Picture: good. No picture: no good. Two: a blocked kick . . . Touchdown when you run the ball up to or over the goal line. Ditto with a successful pass . . . Point after touchdown—any card above a five . . . Forward pass uses two cards. Pass is good if both cards are of the same suit and second card is not a picture. Pass is no good if the two cards are of different suits or if second card is a picture. If pass is good, multiply the two cards together. If second card is a black picture, pass is intercepted. Lay up a third card and add it to the first, to determine where the pass was intercepted . . . Plays are made by peeling off the top card . . . 52 cards to a quarter . . . Four quarters to a game.

All right now, men, get in there and FIGHT! ##

Continued from page 102



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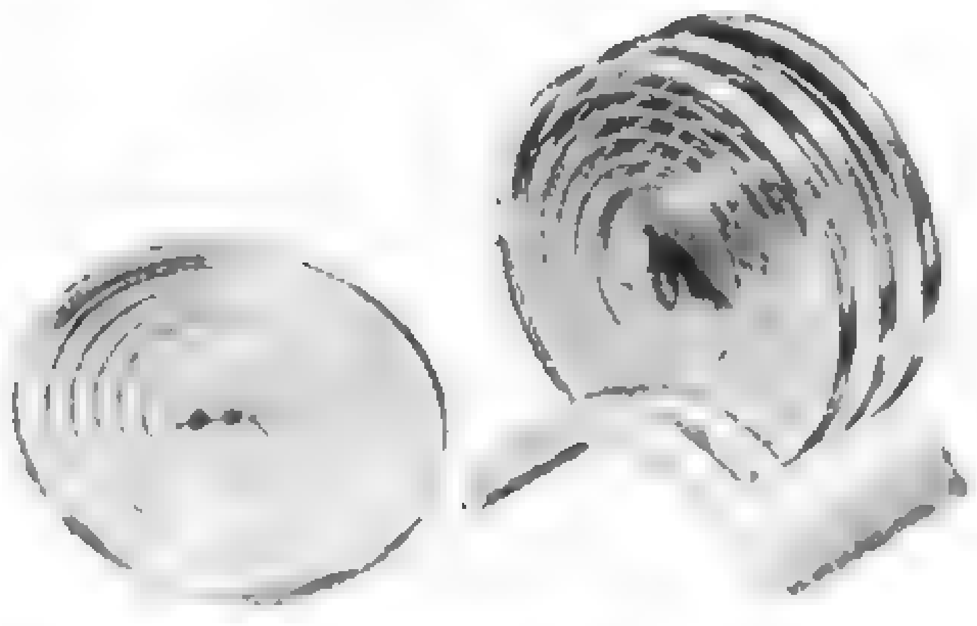

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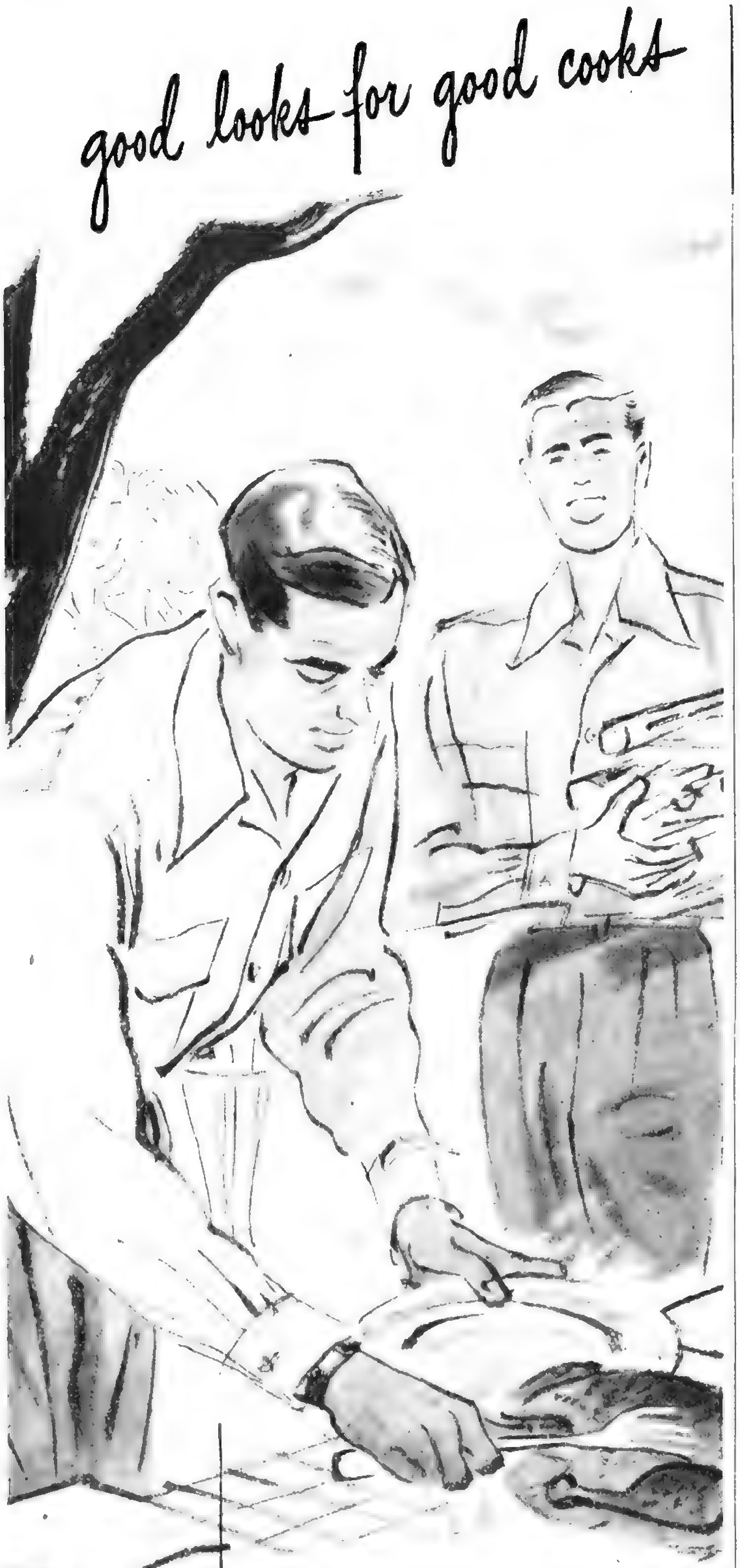
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The Two-Eyed Trout

Continued from page 77

antly, "there's only one sh-shyster in town who's geared to c-cushion a rap like this."

"Shyster is not a term we regard highly in this office," Miller said drily. "If that's what you're seeking, I relinquish the case."

Pinkie giggled. It got Miller the way it got everybody else.

"No s-suds, Senator," said Pinkie. "You're m-my b-boy. What I meant was since you're strictly a plush job, I better handle the angles."

"What do you mean by angles?"

"N-never you mind, Counsellor. Before I'm through the D.A.'s office will settle for reckless driving."

The lawyer eyed him doubtfully. "I can't prevent you from taking any measures you may think helpful, and I hope they succeed, although I rather doubt it. But for purposes of the trial I'm counting on you to produce witnesses from the Press Club, who will testify that you had been drinking nothing but beer."

"Sure," Pinkie said. "They'll testify anything for me. B-besides that's all I'd had—a few beers."

"With the girl to corroborate them, we'll have the beginning of a case."

"Leave her out of it."

Mr. Miller regarded his client's attitude as foolhardy but felt it to be highly commendable from a moral viewpoint.

When Pinkie dropped by the club that evening to round up witnesses, he found his admirers strangely shy; apparently, they'd all been out on assignments or busy on the copy desk the night of the accident and couldn't reasonably be expected to testify they'd seen him at the club, since their whereabouts was a matter of office record. Pinkie couldn't remember any too clearly whom he'd seen there, before the gin haze closed in on him, so he couldn't press the matter beyond a certain point. A couple of the guys did promise to talk their friends in the D.A.'s office into reducing the felony rap to a misdemeanor.

Pinkie was satisfied; it never occurred to him that they might have become a little tired of the star reporter from New York. He wasn't even discouraged when he discovered that his black ace, the letter of introduction to the Assistant D.A., wouldn't take a trick; it appeared that there'd been a slight misunderstanding between the D.A.'s office and the publisher which the Broadway letter writer hadn't heard about.

At the preliminary hearing, Pinkie confidently predicted to Mr. Miller that everything was

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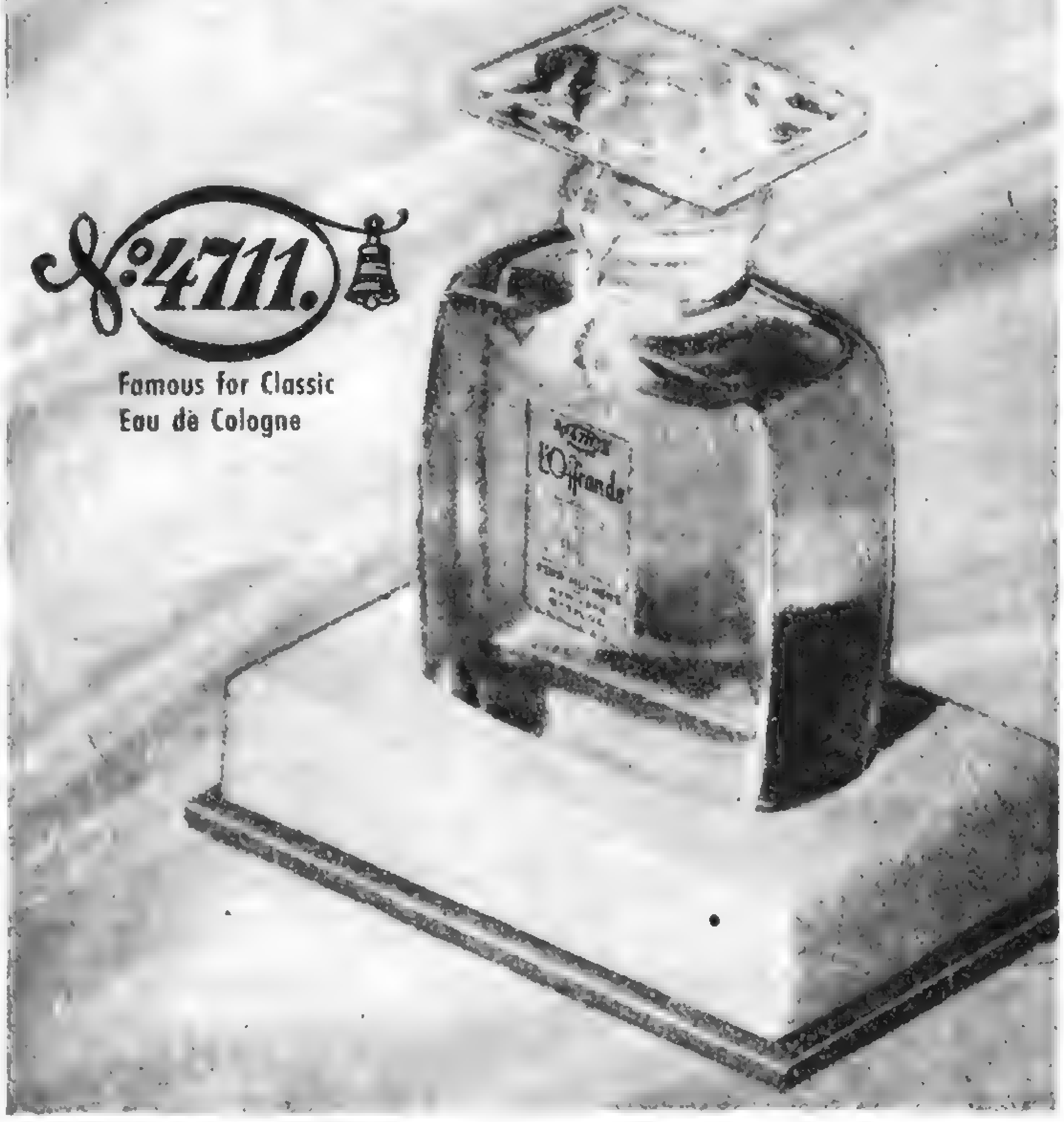

going to be tied in fancy ribbon.

"All you g-got to do," he whispered to his lawyer, "is m-move for dismissal. The D.A.'s boy won't oppose it. That's straight from the f-feedbag."

A moment later, Mr. Miller made the usual routine motion for dismissal, on the ground of insufficient evidence, and the Assistant District Attorney bounced to his feet to oppose the motion.

"The District Attorney, Your Honor, feels that the evidence is overwhelming in this case," he snapped, "and he asks that it be set for immediate trial."

The judge bound Pinkie over for trial in the Superior Court.

"Perhaps, from now on," Mr. Miller said to Pinkie, "we'd better trust in my methods."

As the trial approached, Sylvia became so worried for Pinkie that she went to Miller's office secretly and offered to testify. To her surprise, the lawyer turned her down.

On the day of the trial, Sylvia slipped into the back row of the spectators. She'd promised Pinkie she'd stay away, but she hoped that perhaps she'd get the chance to make one of those dramatic last-minute appeals to the judge and jury she'd seen in the movies, and which always worked. As she listened to Mr. Miller cross-examine the prosecution witnesses, she began to doubt that a Barbara Stanwyck act would fit the script.

The old boy, obviously, had been making hay with the streetcar company, while Pinkie had been trying his Tammany tricks. On cross-examination, Mr. Miller gently induced the motorman and conductor to admit that they hadn't thought Pinkie was drunk until the passenger's remark put the idea in their heads. By his questions, the lawyer made it clear that they both thought Pinkie's denial that there was any girl with him, although everybody on the trolley had seen her, was an act of gallantry. As a finisher, Miller eased out of them the fact that they had noticed Pinkie's unfortunate impediment of speech.

The importance of this last bit of evidence became apparent when the defense lawyer cross-examined the police surgeon. His official report of the results of Pinkie's examination at the station house, which was already in the record, had included the phrases: "breath, alcoholic," "pupils, dilated," "balance, unsteady," and "speech, thick and inarticulate."

"You will admit," Mr. Miller said, in a pleasantly chatty way, "that anyone's breath may be alcoholic as a result of no more than a couple of glasses of beer?"

"Of course," said the surgeon.

"Objection!" the prosecutor bellowed.

"Objection sustained," the judge ruled. "The jury will disregard both question and answer."

Which is fair enough, if you

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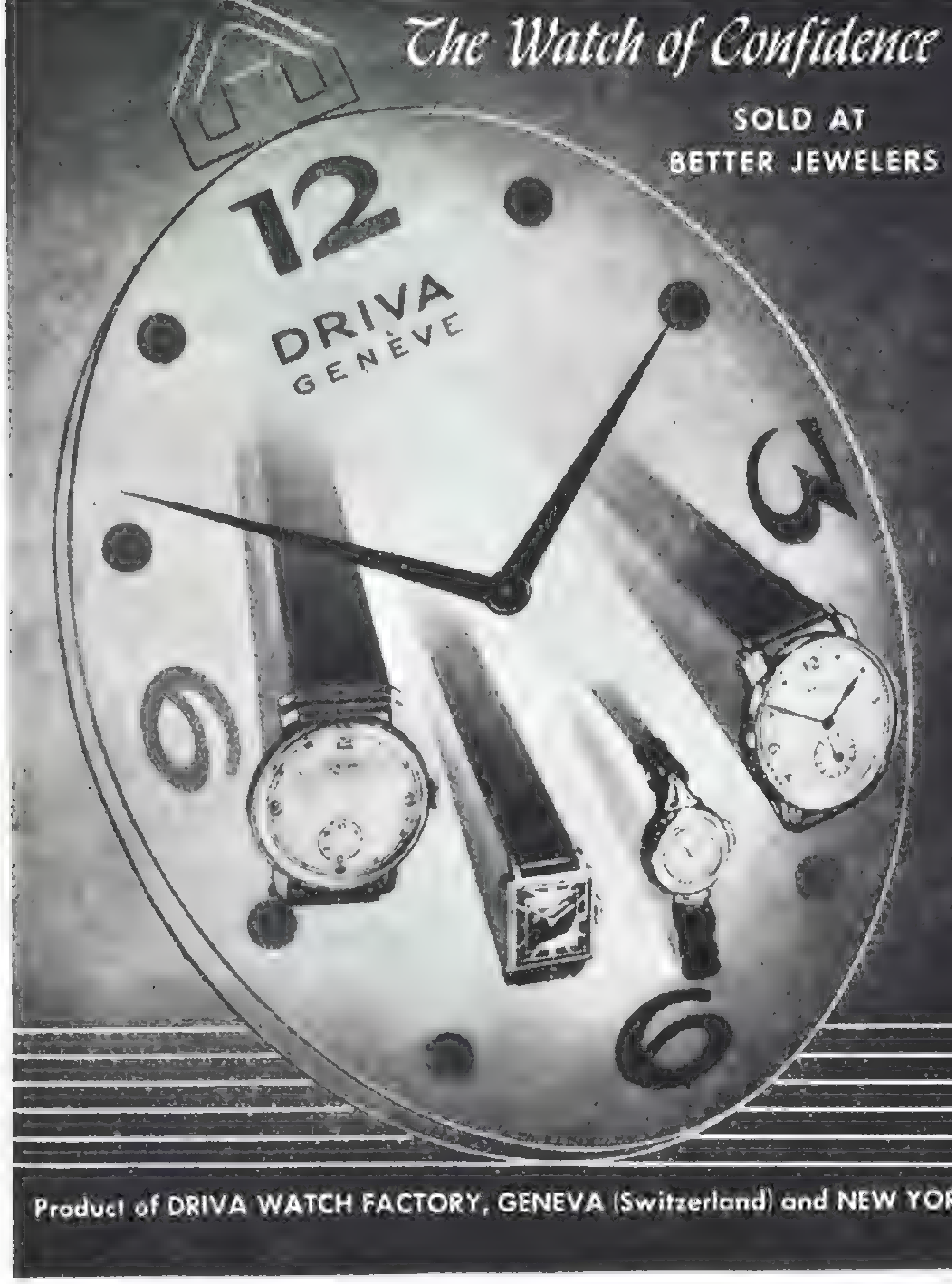
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The Two-Eyed Trout

Continued from page 251

think jurors disregard what they have heard with their own ears.

"And you'll agree," went on Mr. Miller, as if there'd been no interruption, "that the pupils of the eye may be dilated by a couple of drops of belladonna, such as are often prescribed—"

Again there was an objection, and it was sustained, but the witness had already nodded yes.

"Would you say that the shock of an accident may cause unsteadiness of balance?"

"Naturally."

Of course, the prosecutor objected again, and he was sustained, but the jury was still sitting there, with all their ears on.

"It has been testified that the defendant suffers from an impediment of speech. Couldn't that explain your impression that his speech was thick and inarticulate?"

The objection came before the police surgeon could answer, and once again the jury was told to forget the whole thing.

"No more questions," Mr. Miller said, with a weary, martyred smile. "And now, if it please the court, the defense will dispense with usual opening address to the jury. They are quite capable, I'm certain, of reaching a just and proper verdict without any interpretation of the facts by me, such as the prosecution deemed necessary on its part. Mr. Regan, will you kindly take the stand?"

Pinkie didn't move; it had been so long since anybody had called him by anything except his nickname that he didn't realize the lawyer was addressing him. Then he suddenly came to, and giggled.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm not used to being called Mister."

One of the jurors laughed.

The court clerk went through the usual rigmarole, swearing him in and asking his name and address.

"Pinkie Regan," was the reply.

"Is that your legal name?"

"No," said Pinkie, "but nobody's called me anything but that for twenty years."

"Give your legal name," the judge said sharply.

Pinkie leaned far forward and whispered something to the clerk.

"Speak up!" the judge ordered.

"Horatio J. Regan," Pinkie said in a loud voice, and flushed as pink as his hair.

The whole jury laughed, along with the spectators, and the judge pounded for order.

"Tell us in your own words," Mr. Miller said, opening the direct examination, "exactly what happened on the evening of April 14th, last."

"I went to dinner with a friend of mine whose name I'd prefer not to mention," replied Pinkie, without even a suggestion of a stutter. "Afterwards, we went to my apartment for a couple of beers. As I was taking her home, we dropped by the Press Club."

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over a single word, Pinkie went on testifying, while Miller's surprise turned into horror, and, finally, into desperation. The lawyer became so nervous he kept dropping his glasses. As a last resort, he stuttered himself, but Pinkie went right on, unwaveringly.

When Pinkie stepped proudly down from the witness stand, Mr. Miller, sprawled in his chair at the counsel table like an ambulance case, didn't even look at him. "The defense rests, Your Honor," he said, in a voice inaudible two rows back.

The jury retired, and Mr. Miller led Pinkie out into the corridor, where nobody could overhear them.

"Will you be good enough to explain," he asked, in a hopeless tone, "how it happens that I've never heard you open your mouth without stuttering, but after I'd carefully established your impediment of speech you went on the stand and testified for nearly an hour without stuttering once?"

"Did you th-think," retorted Pinkie, "I wanted to m-make a g-god damn f-fool of myself in front of those hayseeds?"

Before Miller could come up for air, Sylvia rushed up to them. "If they convict you," she told Pinkie, "we'll get married and I'll go live outside the gates."

"One f-felony at a time," said Pinkie. "I forgot to m-mention I'm married."

That disposed of the question for good. Sylvia went away, without looking back. Pinkie spent the rest of the court recess telling Miller about the Chapman murder trial in Hartford, Connecticut, and how he'd guessed the verdict the second the jury filed back into the box; he knew it was guilty from their smug smiles.

"I c-can always tell," he said. "I've c-covered so many trials."

The judge returned to the courtroom from his chambers. A court attendant hammered with the gavel. The jurors marched into the box, smiling grimly. Pinkie took one look at them, and leaned over to his lawyer and whispered in a voice that could be heard all over the courtroom.

"Guilty, the b-bastards!"

The judge rapped angrily on the bench. "Quiet!" bellowed an attendant. Everybody glared at the defendant. And the foreman of the jury stood up and announced, solemnly: "Not guilty, Your Honor."

Pinkie was still sitting in his chair, gaping blankly at the departing jurors, when the Court Clerk called the next case. Mr. Miller had to pull him by the arm to get him out of there.

All the way down in the elevator, Pinkie never uttered a sound. Walking along with Miller to the parking lot, he still acted dazed. The lawyer drove him home, in pleased anticipation of a few words of gratitude and appreciation, but Pinkie didn't say anything except, "I'll s-send you a check," as he got out of the car.

For a long time, after that,

Continued on page 254

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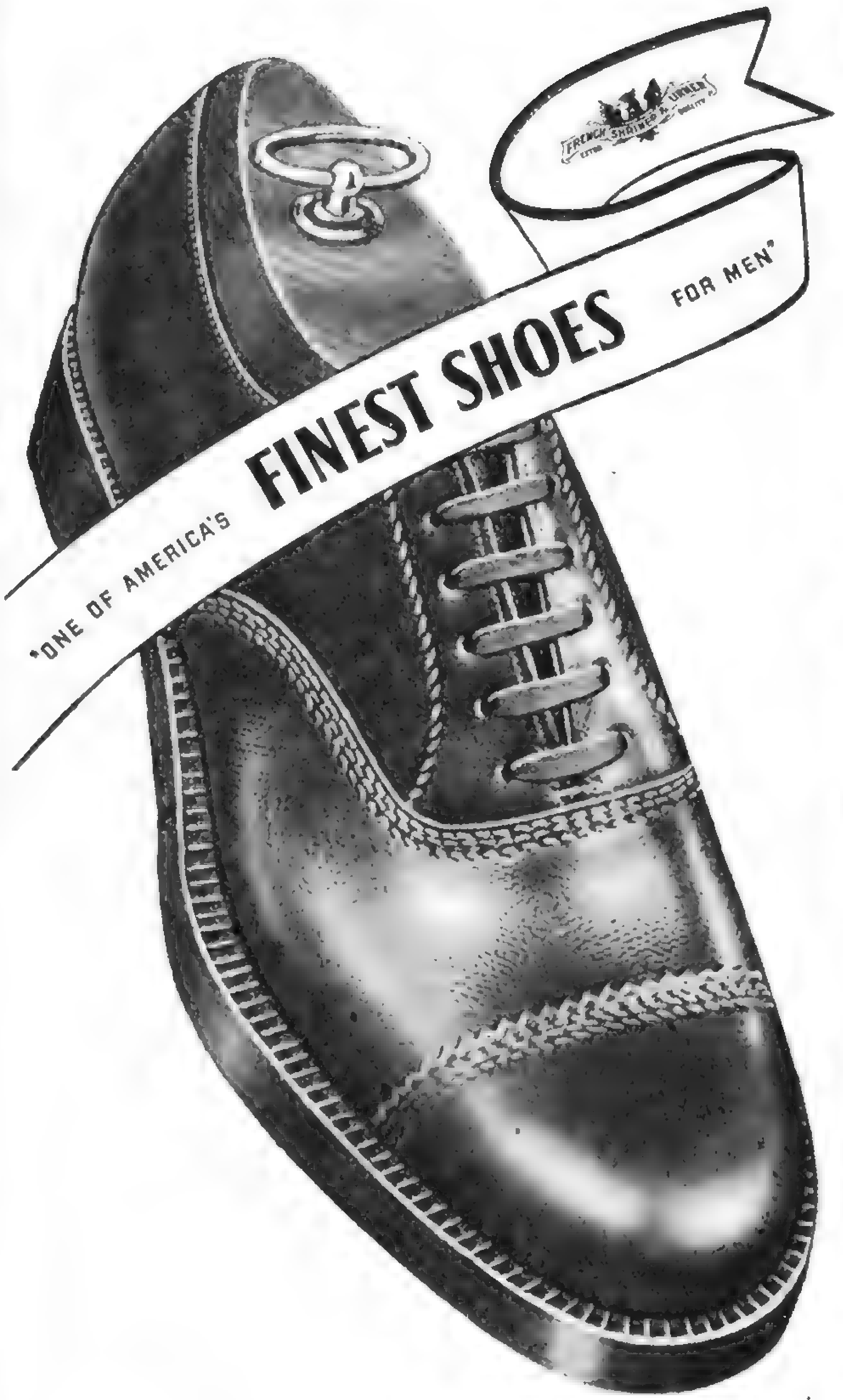
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The Two-Eyed Trout

Continued from page 253

Pinkie was like a different guy; all the cockiness was gone, and the giggle with it. He avoided the Press Club and everybody he'd met at the studio. When the picture company let his option drop, he didn't look for another job or even try to get an agent. The town had him down, and yet he couldn't get away from it.

When he ran short of dough, he tried writing originals in a half-hearted way, but none of them jelled. Then he hooked onto a radio sustaining program for a few weeks. "It s-sustains everybody but m-me," he said, in a flash of his old style.

When he got rid of the U-Drive-It, he practically dropped out of sight, until Prohibition went out and beer got cheaper; then, he'd show up occasionally in some bar catering to picture people to tap the ex-newspapermen he knew for some dough. After a while, word got around that he refused to take a job on any of the local sheets, which would have been tickled to get him, and that he wasn't funny to listen to any more, with the result that it became growingly difficult for him to make a touch.

He'd got down to cadging drinks, when a producer he'd met gave him a job shadowing an extra girl to see if she was a two-timer. Then, having reached absolute bottom, he disappeared altogether, and nobody who'd known him as a reporter in New York saw him for a couple of years. He didn't show up again, so far as Hollywood was concerned, until the night a group of former New York newspapermen put on a memorial dinner at the Hollywood Athletic Club in tribute to a famous New York editor, who'd died the previous week.

It was Nostalgia Night for everyone present. Every guest was pulling down at least a G a week from the movies, which is a mellowing influence, and they were all wearing dinner clothes, as an agreeable reminder of how they'd come up in the world.

None other than Mac, who had never been more than a legman at Police Headquarters in New York, sat in the place of honor at the head of the long table, as the production head of a studio. The fact that the late lamented editor had never heard of Mac was a matter of no concern to anyone.

Several moving speeches about the deceased were delivered by eulogists only vaguely familiar with their subject.

However unsatisfactory such an occasion might have seemed to citizens of more conventional communities, in Hollywood terms it was a highly successful evening. There had been an unbroken flow of cocktails, vintage wines, and very old brandy, which has a way of stirring the memory without diminishing the present sense of well-being. The food had been edible and the encomiums to the dead, necessarily, short. And as

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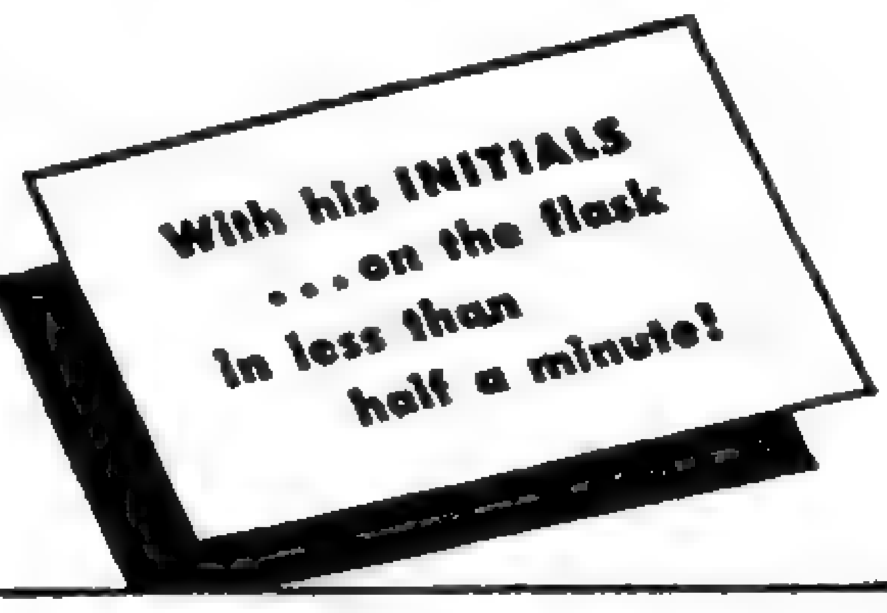

midnight approached, more and more of the distinguished gathering had reached a mood of gentle melancholy in which it seemed to them that the happiest, most fruitful years of their life had been spent working for one hundred dollars a week or less on a New York newspaper.

At this juncture, one misty-eyed diner, placed rather far down toward the lower-salaried end of the table, suddenly began crying, "Speech! Speech! Speech!" in a tone which increased in emotion as it did in volume. There was a momentary and shocked hush; coming from that end of the table, it had a most unseemly sound. But then everyone saw that the offender was pointing dramatically to a man at the very bottom of the table, also in dinner clothes, of course.

"Pinkie's here," said the man, who was pointing. "That's Pinkie. Speech! Speech!"

Until that moment, most of the guests had not recognized Pinkie for the simple reason that their attention had been turned, naturally, toward the upper-bracket end of the table. Now, in their benign nostalgic mood, they joined in calling upon Pinkie to speak.

He rose with an awkward, rather sheepish movement, grinning and blushing at the same time.

"I haven't g-got t-time for a s-speech," he said. "I'm c-coverin' this for a morning paper downtown an' I've got to g-go if I'm going to c-catch the deadline."

Quite spontaneously, everyone applauded violently. Pinkie, who'd started out by being ashamed that he was working for a hick rag, looked up and down the table into the eyes of men, every one of whom at that moment sincerely felt envious. Then Pinkie giggled, the old infectious girlish giggle, and the whole table rocked with delight.

"All I d-do want to s-say," Pinkie went on, while they all gazed up at him with the smiling affection they felt for the images they had in their minds of themselves as reporters, "is that, unlike most of you I actually knew the eminent editor in question, and he was too g-good a newspaperman ever to give any of you a job after what you've said about him tonight. He was a l-louse an' he kn-knew it."

With that he turned from the table and headed for the door. The applause and laughter continued until he had passed through the foyer and out onto the sidewalk.

It didn't matter that the story of the dinner didn't run more than a couple of sticks, only made page three, and didn't carry a by-line. That night was the turning point for Pinkie; he'd licked the town that had had him down so long. A couple of weeks later, he arrived in Grand Central and called the city room of the tab, where he'd worked before.

"Tell Ed P-Parks to m-move over," he told the managing editor. "Pinkie's back." ###

Continued from page 77

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What Price Football?

Continued from page 69

every year—three in the fall and two in the spring—for four years. He lacked everything but desire to play. He weighed under 160 pounds and was about three inches short of six feet. Faithfully each evening he'd pull a red shirt over his head and take his place on the defense so the varsity could kick him around in acquiring the timing and finesse necessary to make the offense function smoothly on Saturday.

In his fourth year this human punching bag broke his leg. He washed dishes for his three meals a day even while hobbling around on crutches, for he had no money and the subsidizers weren't interested in the little guy.

One day as he hobbled along the street beside me, he said, "You know, Ed, if I could only make the third team next fall and be on that traveling squad I'd fix it so that I'd come back to school for another year."

That lad has always been a hero of mine. He played because he enjoyed it, despite the hopelessness of his chances. I have a notion he's made out a lot better in life than many of the stars whose way was greased by the easy money.

There is, on the other hand, the college player who's a realist and recognizes the game for what it is—a business. Such a boy was Mac, teammate of mine in college, and a favorite with me because of his candor. His motive in attending classes at all was, by his own admission, to maintain eligibility for football.

One afternoon as we went through warming-up maneuvers for a game with Chicago in the Michigan Stadium, which can seat upward of 85,000, Mac looked at the crowd, which seemed to be composed only of ushers and the next-of-kin. Pointing with disgust, he said, "Who wants to play before a crowd like this? What's the percentage?"

Later the same year, during a game in the East with an Ivy-League opponent, Mac was taken out at a point in the game when we had just been thrown for a loss because of one player's failure to execute his assignment. As he approached the coach on the sidelines, Mac threw his helmet to the ground in anger and demanded of the coach, "Why did you pull me? It wasn't my fault, so-and-so missed his signal."

The coach replied calmly, "I know it. That isn't why I sent in a substitute."

"Sure, you know it, but those people up there in the stands, they don't know it," Mac fumed.

Mac's sense of values remained constant, but a great many athletes found it hard not to be seduced by the attention and adulation heaped upon them by sports writers, alumni and coaches—disproportionate praise that, in re-

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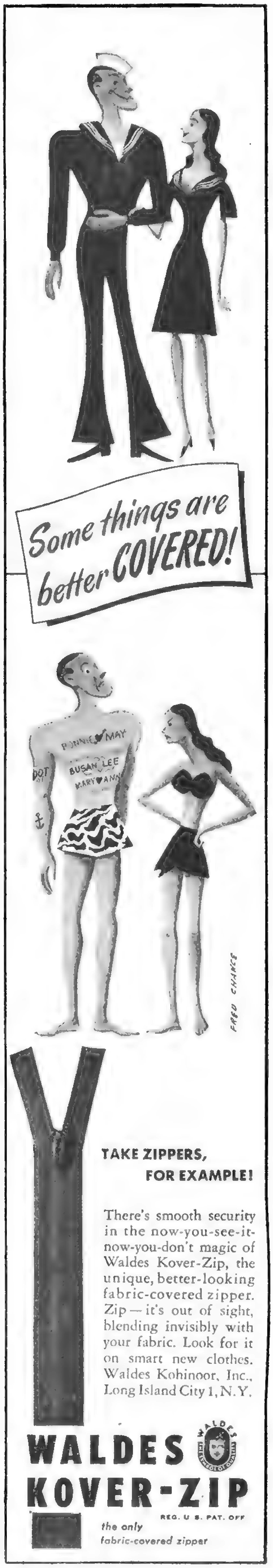

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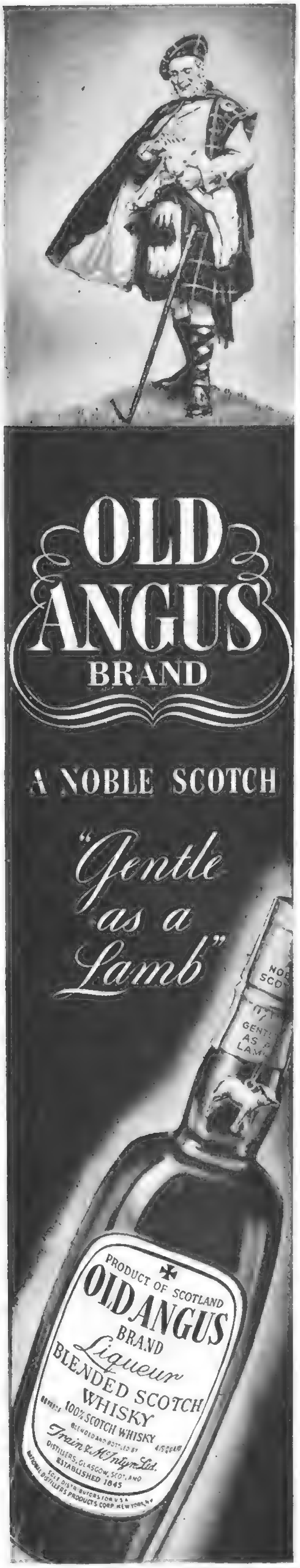

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trospect, can be described as unkind. I remember hearing a coach describe one of his players as having "achieved greatness." At the time, I felt how inappropriate that remark was. Now, after a war in which men honestly achieved a measure of true greatness, I am even more sickened by the practice and can only hope that the player singled out for the coach's citation recognized it as so much bushwah.

And don't think that a mere war has changed the practice. At a banquet so recently as this spring, I heard another coach relate, with an actor's emphasis to squeeze out the ultimate in dramatic effect, the "brave" and "courageous" and "fighting" deeds of his team. He finished by placing his hand upon his heart and exclaiming, "They had it here." And the audience sat piously hushed!

Imagine those players sitting at the table of honor and listening to the coach's words with all the credulity of their youth, and then imagine them a few short months later, approaching a prospective employer who doesn't give a damn for their record on the gridiron but *is* interested in their scholastic attainments, if any. How much better off they'd be if they had spent the three months in the fall and the two months in the spring concentrating on their accounting courses, or what have you, instead of on the intricacies of the T-formation!

Sure, there are those who will say it's possible to play college football on the big time and be a scholar as well. Yes, it can be done if you're a Nile Kinnick or Whizzer White. But the odds are long against you. You can't take a physical beating three hours a day, learn what you have to know to be a member of a college squad, and then settle down quietly over a textbook for two or three hours in the evening. If you're not too fatigued for study, your nerves forbid it. And just try keeping your mind on a dry academic subject when a big game's in the offing, with its attendant strains and pressures.

Football and a college education are as incompatible as pickles and ice cream. I mean football as it is overemphasized on the big-time level. So, daddy, if you're smart, you'll instruct that boy with a yen for football to do his practicing with a textbook instead.

And if you're worried about all work and no play making your Jack a dull boy, there's a fine intramural program that will give him all the recreation and exercise he needs—at least until the right balance is achieved between intercollegiate football and study.

If "no study" describes the ills of college football, "no dough" is a pretty good, nutshell description of what's been wrong with pro ball. Before the All-American Conference entered the field, the National Football League enjoyed a virtual monopoly . . . and things

Continued on page 258

It's easy to see . . . . .

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What Price Football?

Continued from page 257

were rigged against the professional player. When he came out of college he had no choice of which club he preferred because that was all settled by the annual draft—the older league's method of divvying up the talent issuing forth from colleges. Opportunities for bargaining, therefore, were slim. You could dicker personally for a few extra dollars per game, and even if you succeeded it still added up to a paltry wage, considering the hazards. Only those stars with definite box-office appeal were able to wangle a respectable salary.

Why, then, you may wonder, did the collegian choose professional ball? The reasons were many. A few chose it to make enough to finance their way through professional schools. Others chose it as a stopgap while they decided upon some less hazardous career. To most—and I can be included here—it represented a failure to find a place in the world of commerce or business, for which they weren't adequately prepared because of their zealous concentration upon football in college.

Salaries in the National League ranged from $150 to $1500 a game, although the players who earned more than $1,000 a game can be counted on the fingers of one hand. The average, I'd judge, earned about $250. Since a team played about eleven games a season, you can add a zero to that figure and get the yearly take of most pro players.

On one of the teams with which I played the highest salary was $700 a game, and only one player received that. Three others received between $400 and $500 per game, two received $300 or slightly above, and the remainder got from $150 to $250.

Assume that you are one of the higher-paid players and receive $3,000 for the four months of the football season. If you elect to continue with the game, you'd do well to pack your sheepskin in a trunk and forget about it until you're ready to break clean with the pigskin. For off-season employment for the professional football player comes under the heading of unskilled labor. Few employers are going to hand out a job with a future to a man who is on eight months and off four. There are too many good conscientious youngsters anxious to carve out futures for themselves over the twelve-month period. So our player labors eight months and plays four.

Continue that cycle a few years and what have you? A man, finished with football because of age or injuries or loss of effectiveness for a number of other causes, lacking experience in any line of business, with no special abilities that might command an interesting salary. He has actually to

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start his business life anew.

For those interested in specifics, here's my case in detail. I left summer school in August, 1941, and enlisted in the Naval Air Corps. After playing in the Chicago All-Star game that summer, I learned my Navy class was not due to be mustered in until the following January. That left four months open, and having been drafted by the Green Bay Packers; I proceeded to the little Wisconsin town and signed a contract for $2,000. The original offer was $1,750 for the season, but I was a businessman in those days and talked fast in order to get on the $250.

My second professional season was likewise traceable to circumstances arising from the war. The Japanese surrender just before the start of the 1945 season found me with enough points for discharge from the Navy. I figured I'd play another season and save as much of my wages as possible so that later on I'd have a couple of income-free months during which I would be able to find a job with a future.

My salary was $2,500 for the season. During the season, I was traded to the Detroit Lions for six pairs of sweat sox and a slightly used supporter. (This was during the period when these articles were hard to get.) I finished the year with the Lions and resolved to break clean—and permanently—with the game. At twenty-seven years of age, I should have had six years of solid business experience behind me. Instead I knew little about business and could offer a prospective employer only a certain amount of intelligence, a college degree, and a promise of industry. But so could a lot of young men fresh out of college with eager minds plus the six years I lost somewhere between college and today.

Granted that the war affected my own experiences, it did not affect a great many other professional players who approached twenty-seven to thirty years of age with the same realization of futility I knew.

How did I happen to sign for another year with the new All-American Conference, if I felt this way about the game? That was easy. After hearing a couple of dozen employers sing the same lyric into my ear for a month, "You have no experience, no experience, no experience," I got a call from the representative of the Los Angeles team in the new league.

He wanted to talk. I wasn't enthusiastic but I agreed to meet him in his hotel room. I took to the meeting a cynicism with which I had been conditioned in contract negotiations with the older league. The Los Angeles agent was a young, smiling gent who told me in a quiet pleasant voice about the team and the men behind it. There were several men backing the team, he said, principally a Chicago real estate operator, Ben Lindheimer, who is a stockholder

Continued on page 260

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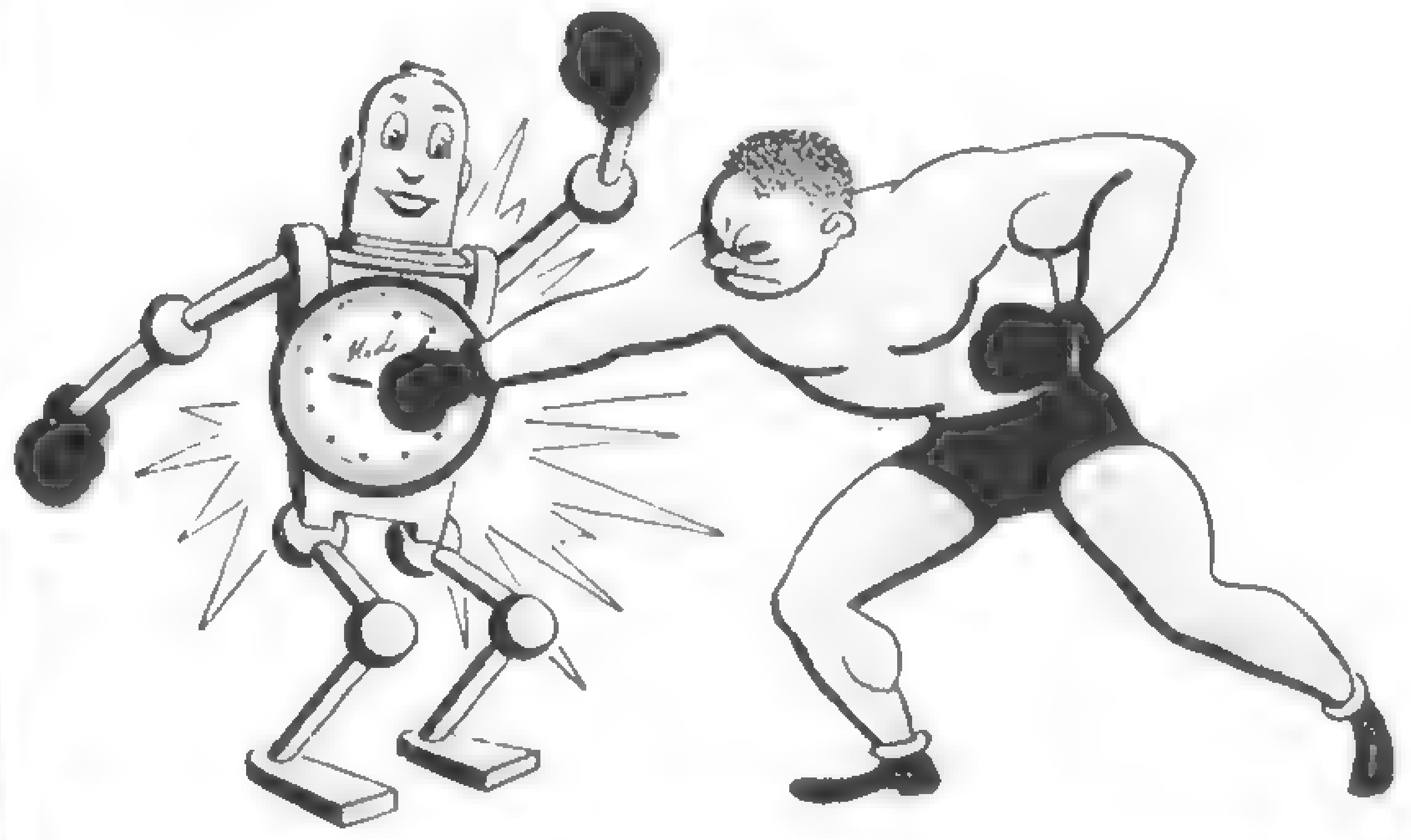

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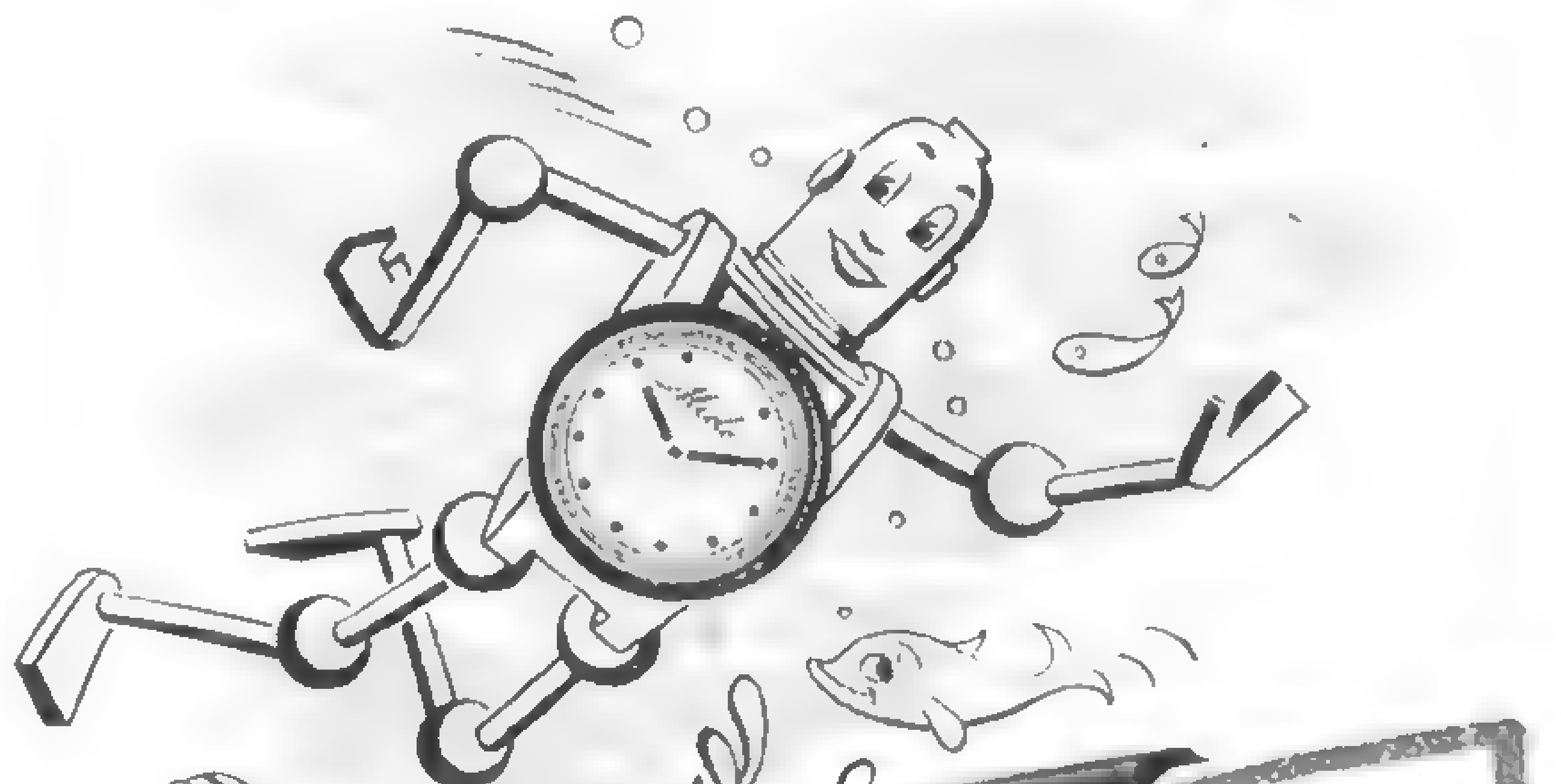

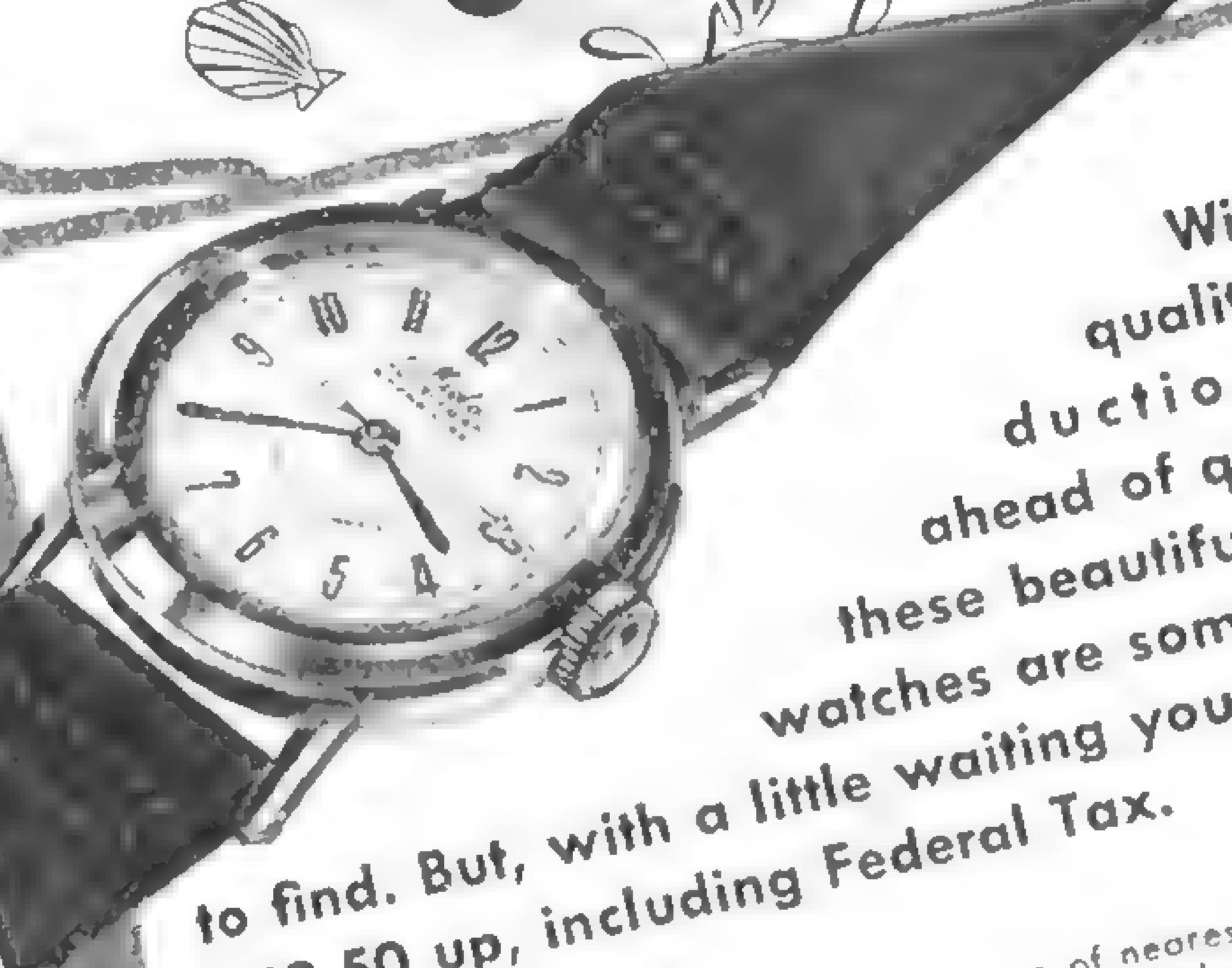

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What Price Football?

Continued from page 259

in two Chicago race tracks, and the minor investors included movie people like Don Ameche, Louis B. Mayer, Bing Crosby, Pat O'Brien.

By their numbers and affluence, he pointed out, it was obvious they were not in the business to coin money. Of course, he assured me, they didn't want to lose any, either, if they could avoid it. Their chief interest was in bringing big-time football to the City of the Angels. Then he got down to details of the plan.

"The coaching staff has compiled a list of forty men whom we hope to bring to training camp in August. We prefer that method to signing a flock of players and letting them try out for the team with the result that we'll have to cut half of them off the squad," he said. (Since then, incidentally, I've noticed that there were sixty-five players under contract at last reckoning.)

From that point he got down to prices.

"How much do you want to play ball for us?"

I gave him my stock answer. "I don't know. Make me an offer?"

He said the club officials had agreed on a policy of making it worth a player's while in order to get the best return in performance for their money. Then he named a figure which was twice the amount I had played for in 1945.

"Does that figure suit you?" my host asked.

It didn't take me very long to make up my mind.

"I was offered much less than that by Detroit," I assured him. "My principal interest at the moment is in landing a job which will give me some sort of an apprenticeship in the work I want to do, a newspaper or public relations job."

The man without a moment's hesitancy said, "Well, tomorrow, I'll call Los Angeles and see what we can line up. There are people there who might know a spot. I know they'll be glad to help you all they can."

So I'm back in moleskins, for another year, at least. I have a job in Los Angeles that promises to develop into something of interest and reward. Perhaps I'll be fooled and this new league, once the knife of competition starts cutting corners, will turn sour on me. In any event, I'm interested enough to stick around through 1946 to find out.

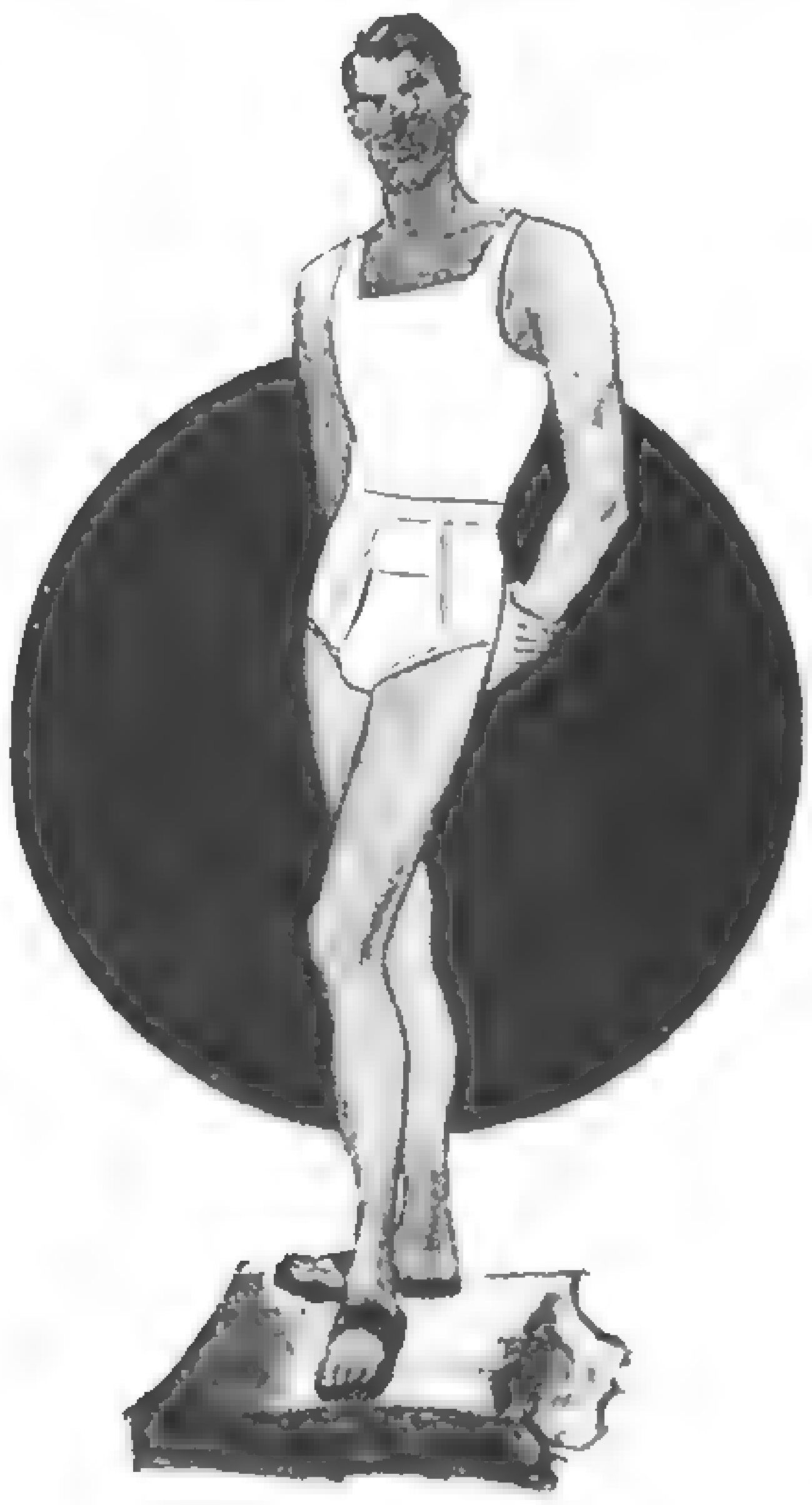
Then, at twenty-eight, I've promised myself that I'm going to learn to navigate in the sea of commerce and business, a skill I should have started mastering at twenty-one. Maybe by the time I reach thirty-five or forty, I can answer the grimacing employer who asks, "What experience have you had?" by telling him, "Plenty!"

Continued from page 69

What do you know about-

A Venus de M...?

Milo. Classic example of what happens when you keep biting your nails. Not that she wanted this overdone manicure. She was *driven* to it watching her men friends squirm in their uncomfortable underwear. A pity.



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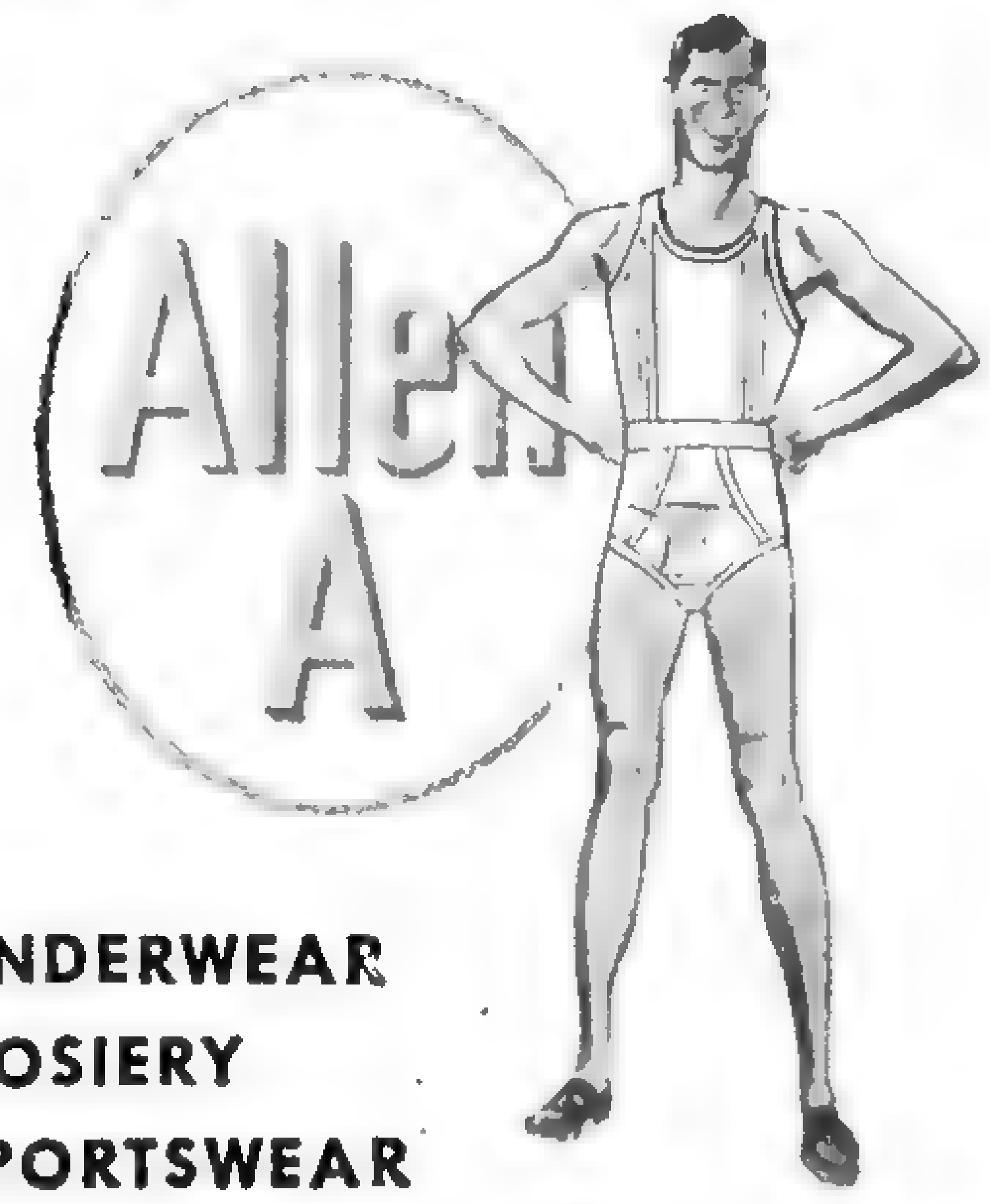

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TIME FOR A LIFETIME

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 204

chemist's meat is proofreader's poison

I hesitate to be overly critical but as a Penn State graduate and an organic chemist I cannot hold my peace. In your September issue under correspondence I noted with great interest the astronomical figures contributed by Reader Sack of Poughkeepsie, New York concerning fishing. There was included the following: ". . . the number of electrons in a coulomb, given as 6,280,000,000,000,000,000 or 6.28 x $10.^{18}$." According to my slide rule (checked by logarithmic tables) $10.^{18}$ is equal to 1.514. Consequently 6.28 x $10.^{18}$ would also equal 6.28 x 1.514 or approximately 9.5. As the engineer said when the bridge collapsed, "That d . . . d decimal point."

GEORGE T. KERR, II
State College, Pa.

poet and pedant

When I read the September issue of Esquire I noticed your pictorial feature called *The Highwayman.* In the poem written by Alfred Noyes and illustrated by J. Frederick Smith I read the line, "the tip of one finger touched it," and the line "then her finger moved in the moonlight, the musket shattered the moonlight" and then looked at the picture. Maybe Mr. Smith thought that no one would read the poem after looking at his interpretation of Bess, the landlord's daughter. But as it is drawn the girl could not have fired the gun and killed herself. The trigger of the gun is not in the picture and so she could not have pulled the trigger. Mr. Smith probably thought that gremlins pulled the trigger and then disappeared.

Sincerely,
MARK SANDGROUND
Indianapolis, Ind.

Post Scribo. I still like the drawings of Mr. Smith and I would like to see a lot more.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Esquire's illustrations do not aim at a mirror-like reflection of its textual details. They are, rather, an interpretation, in pictorial terms, of its general mood or spirit. But it is pleasant to learn from letters like this one how vigilant our readers are and how attentively they peruse the magazine's contents.*

elegy to Gertrude Stein

My soul rebels at the reading of such silly drivel as the recent letter of brother Diffenbaugh from Lancaster. Why is it that those who know the least bend their every effort to advertise their ignorance?

Gertrude Stein was a great literary figure. History will prove this to those who are blind to the fact at present. I have known her—sat with her in her Paris apartment—talked and argued with her and her companion Alice Toklas—I have read much of her works. I know a bit more of her literary power than those sad souls who limit themselves to "A rose is a rose" or "a Pigeon—alas"—I have admired the personality and intellect of one who at 72 could have made our friend from Lancaster blush over his ignorance—he who evidently wishes to be known as a "clever" lad!

Gertrude Stein is now dead. She lived a life such as most of us desire but lack the courage to tackle. She lived intimately with the great and the talented. She joins many of them now in the Hall of Immortality.

How unfair of any of us little narrow people to stoop to blasphemy.

If we can utter no words of praise or *intelligent* criticism, let us be silent.

Sincerely,
NEWTON RICHARDS
Kingston, Pa.

Continued from page 6

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The Sad Room

Continued from page 81

terial riches; notice the rococo goblets of beaten gold.

"Here's one that has a president in it. We get a good lot of these from the United States. You'd be surprised at the interpretations we get of your White House.

"Here's one that has a dream girl in it. There are millions—and dream men for the women of course. They're shaped by years of dreaming; they effervesce; you can study them for hours and still they feed the eye. They are very beautiful, the best of all.

"Here's one that has an actor in it, and here's one with a writer, and here's one with a rich man and here's one with a great deal of sex—we get these by the hundreds.

"This one doesn't look like much; it just shows a man in shorts, well-formed. It's the dream of a man who lost his leg.

"Here's one with a utopia. They're fun—some of them are complete down to the last doorknob. We have a lot of these.

"This one is deformed—a madman's or a dope fiend's. He's doing a very nasty thing in a cathedral. We have to take them all, because they have no other place to go.

"This one belonged to Hitler.

"But most of them are constructive, joyous, belonging to the best of men. That's why we keep them here on permanent record."

At that moment Mort's voice was stilled. There was a blinding flash, so bright that it seared Peternell's eyes. A blue light of dazzling proportions filled the room so that the vast kaleidoscope dimmed, and he heard a chorus of incredible music.

The music was like a Bach fugue, a plural melody that surged and swept in infinite counterpoint. It carried Peternell up with it in spirit so that he suddenly came alive.

The music and the lights faded.

"That was a Return," said Mort. "Somebody's dead dream went back to be fulfilled. We like to give them a good send-off over the loud-speaker system and with the lights. There aren't very many.

"And now yours," he continued, "because I've got things to do." He reached out and clipped off Peternell's dead dream.

"It's a very good dream," remarked Mort.

It was dead, then. Peternell looked around the room at the shimmering vault and realized for the first time since he'd been there that *his* dream belonged here too. *His.* Then, released from the dream he felt himself pulled back to earth. Mort walked to the door with him, held it open politely.

"I wish you could persuade people not to let so many dreams die," he said. "Some of them are very good."

Peternell had a sense of loss as he floated away. He had to get the dream back; he had to . . .

"I won't file this yet," said Mort, his voice fading.

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Previews and Reviews

Continued from page 78

he has on paper and leave it there—regardless of the trends of later history. Like a Babbitt at a class reunion, he roams the corridors of literature, tossing gaudy paradoxes in the air to attract the attention of the Philistines (without whose disregard he cannot be happy) and leaving an intellectual litter in his wake which he never troubles to tidy.

Thus in 1898, when he was a delightfully shocking intellectual of forty-two years, it was dashing and provocative for him to suggest that in *Caesar and Cleopatra*, dictatorship was the ideal form of government. After a youthful examination of the two-party system in the British Parliament (and in the American Congress) young Mr. Shaw made the observation that both sides contained knaves and fools. This was a fairly obvious fact, and time has proved it to be a public safeguard. Hitler showed most of us that two fools acting as checkmates on each other are a lot safer than one fool armed with absolute power.

Yet, after the shambles the dictators have made of the world, Shaw is right back where he was in 1898. In *Caesar and Cleopatra* he is still arguing for Caesarism and dictatorial power. Unless he has spent the last forty-eight years looking out the window, he must have observed that dictatorships don't turn out very well. He does argue that the dictator should be—not a fool—but a hero, of reason. However, after ransacking history, he found no such reasonable dictator. He solved the dilemma by creating a ficticiously virtuous Julius Caesar that Suetonius would have laughed at and that Mark Antony never would have recognized.

His idealized conqueror entered Shaw's play (and the Egyptian scene) at a time when Cleopatra "the Serpent of the Nile," was fourteen years old, and—as a freebooting bobby-soxer—was engaged in a life and death struggle with her ten-year-old brother, Ptolemy, for the Egyptian throne. Theirs was an essentially childish conflict, though they used assassins as most kids would use spitballs, and armies instead of slingshots.

With juvenile delinquency thus in charge of Egyptian politics, the time was ripe for the application of adult discipline. Unfortunately, the adults were acting worse than the kids. As a nation, Egypt was the adopted child of Republican Rome. Rome also was having a civil war. And this, too, was a family affair. Julius Caesar, the conqueror of Gaul and Britain, was fighting with his son-in-law, Pompey, for mastery of the Roman world. The struggle was watched by the youthful antagonists in Egypt with great interest. Both cuddly Cleo and small-

Continued on page 264

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Previews and Reviews

Continued from page 263

fry Ptolemy were anxious to pick the winner.

Caesar, being a truly remarkable man, defeated his son-in-law and set out to pursue him to Egypt. But young Ptolemy, with a sort of Roddy McDowell eagerness, settled matters by permitting Pompey's head to be cut off as soon as he stepped on the Egyptian shore. The little eager beaver felt sure this would please Caesar and so cook Cleopatra's goose. He decapitated Pompey as a favor for Julius, as a boy today might shovel the snow off the front walk when a rich uncle is expected for Sunday dinner. In the age of Horace, Ptolemy was a Horatio Alger hero. He was a bright, energetic lad who never watched the sundial, and his courtiers had picked him as the boy most likely to succeed.

But he got fouled up. Cleopatra met Caesar first. There are things about a young girl that interest a fifty-one-year-old man, despite all that a ten-year-old can do to distract his interest. Ptolemy was in the position of an office boy who has run all the boss' errands, and then sees a pert secretary get a mink coat for Christmas.

According to that old gossip Plutarch, teen-ager Cleo first got into Caesar's office by having herself rolled up in a bed covering and placed on his couch. This has a spicier tone than the later versions of the legend, which say she got in rolled up in a rug. It seems somewhat odd that rug peddlers should have had access to Roman G.H.Q. when the Queen of Egypt could not. But conquerors frequently have shopping lists in their pockets. Jeb Stuart used to try to match a scrap of his wife's dress goods in the midst of Confederate cavalry raids. And even in our time there are reports of a set of crown jewels being picked up for virtually nothing in a Bavarian bargain basement. So perhaps this tale is true.

Shaw converts the rug tradition into a slapstick sequence in the middle of his play. But unlike Cecil B. DeMille and other maulers of the Cleopatra legend, he did not consider himself bound by it. He had the courage and artistic ingenuity to contrive a much more poetic and charming first meeting of his own.

Few scenes in modern drama are as lovely and provocative as the one in which Caesar wanders out of his camp at night to address an introspective soliloquy to a Sphinx, whose inscrutably secretive face rises above him, serene and self-contained, in the Sahara moonlight. He speaks the brooding, self-hypnotic words of a man who thinks that he is not only better, but wiser and infinitely above all other men. He is answered with delicious irony by the silly chatter of a young girl who has curled up between the great

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statue's paws. This is Cleopatra.

It is a scene in which the organ tones of a mighty egotism are orchestrated to the flutelike inanities of girlish chitchat. Caesar has the voice of a dreamer who would re-make the world, and Cleopatra, with her superstitious notions of slaying her enemies by means of a sacred cat and her charming panic for the safety of her own pretty neck, is the voice of the world that never gets changed. Caesars come and go. But the world—selfish, vicious and pathetic—remains as imperishable as the Sphinx.

In the film version of *Caesar and Cleopatra* this scene has a mystic beauty which makes one hope that it will survive as visual literature. Set in silvery stretches of desert, and against the brazen glory of the African night, it makes the sensitive beholder realize that the repetitious power-hunger of men and the dainty vanity of girls is as immortal and enduring as the constellations—and much older than any of Egypt's wind-polished, granite gods.

The acting, too, is cosmic. Claude Rains in the role of Caesar, and Vivien Leigh, as Cleopatra, manage to present themselves at the same time as the embodiment of age-old intellectual forces and as fascinating individuals. Shaw makes this almost superhuman demand on his actors. That's why the thespian who clears his throat to read Shaw's dialogue is undertaking the toughest stunt in the whole theatrical gymnasium. He's taking up the burden of making an essay sound like the conversation of a man. It takes more than a mastery of the Boston "A" and the ability to keep your toupé from sliding off to accomplish it.

The cast which Mr. Pascal assembled for his movie is more than equal to the job. Those critics who expressed misgivings over Vivien Leigh's ability to portray a fourteen-year-old girl can get the furrows out of their brows and turn their anxious musing back to the problem of whether Linda Darnell possesses the spiritual resources to act in the starring role of *Forever Amber.*

It's hard to see how Miss Leigh's Cleopatra could have been better. She's as slim as a papyrus reed and bubbling with childhood's hairbrained villainies. Her most vicious lines are delivered in a voice of tinkling girlishness. All the obvious subleties of youth are summed up in the kittenlike coquetries, the predatory pouts and the purring pleasures with which she portrays Egypt's young queen. Her hypocrisy is wide-eyed and filled with a tantalizing affection. The advertising says this is Miss Leigh's best performance since *Gone With the Wind.* But don't be deceived. It's her best performance—period.

Although Claude Rains lacks the stringy figure and hawk-like features that ancient statuary ascribe to the mighty Julius, he,

Continued on page 266

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Previews and Reviews

Continued from page 265

nevertheless, *is* Caesar. His is one of the finest performances in the history of the talkies. To those men and women who have labored during the past twenty years to perfect loquacious celluloid, Rains' portrayal will seem much more rewarding than Cary Grant's embodiment of Cole Porter.

There is power and authority in almost every Rains inflection and movement. His Caesar is a man who is worldly-wise in the true sense. He has grown so cynical that he is benevolent. He expects men and women to be mean-spirited and crafty because he's never seen them be anything else. While the rival Egyptian factions are beating their breasts with patriotic frenzy and beating their gums with mouth-filling oratory, he listens with an indulgent, half daydreaming attention. He makes you feel that Caesar has been through all this before—in Gaul, in Britain and in Rome—and that he knows the motives of the contending parties before they have given voice to them.

His attitude toward Cleopatra is one of indulgent amusement. He sees that she is a lovely, wicked child and it pleases him to look at her. Because she is young and he feels an affection for her, he makes some efforts to transform her into a queen—a queen who will be above the bickerings of her people—and who, because she is fearless, will be able to impose on them a rule of justice and wisdom.

But the noble courage which he seeks to instill turns out to be mere arrogant tyranny in the shallow-brained Cleopatra. It doesn't take Caesar long to realize the youngster's limitations. Though he is captivated, she never enslaves him. And because he is not infatuated, she is unable to deceive him—because he is too wise to trust her. In fact, when Caesar departs for Rome, he forgets to tell his little "dream witch" goodbye—until she makes a melodramatic entrance, clad in black, to reproach him for the assassination of her favorite murderess.

From a standpoint of strict historical accuracy, the relationship between Julius and Cleo was neither so platonic nor so objective as G. B. S. would have us believe. Actually, he took her back to Rome with him, and there is considerable reason to believe the historical gossipmongers who say that he fathered her son, Caesarian, who was the sequel to their nine months period of friendship.

She fled from Rome after Caesar's assassination, and it was after his death was avenged by Mark Antony at Philippi that she met the new conqueror and they got "that way" over each other. It is this romance that was the most famous. Julius Caesar was just a dried apple in the salad years of Cleopatra.

In my opinion, Shaw does well

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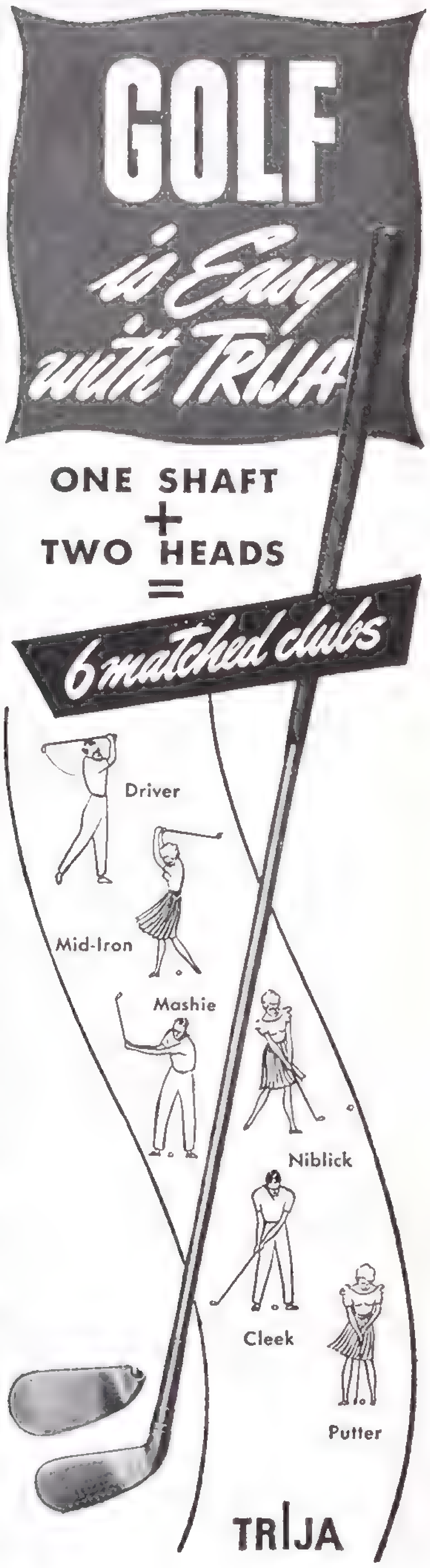
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not to drag in the sexual aspects of this May and December romance. He gets around it by having Cleopatra drool over the "strong, marble-like arms" of Mark Antony, whom she saw as a child. As an aging Lothario, Caesar can only smile ruefully as the tactless girl babbles of his own balding head and advancing years. Thus, the playwright's sharp contrast, between a tyranny that dreams of being benevolent and tyranny as it really is, remains uncluttered by a love story whose embraces would arouse a sense of squeamishness in most of us.

Shaw is too much of a showman to leave the women with nothing more palate-provoking than a middle-aged hero. In the printed version of the play, the Sicilian dilettante, Apollodorus, seems more than slightly swish. He is impersonated on the screen by Stewart Granger, a long-legged, dashing fellow whose acting is in the best eye-rolling bravura tradition. The events which Apollodorus gets mixed up in seem a little silly and irrelevant, but he is a pretty man to look at; and his colorful and aimless swashbuckling serves a useful purpose. It supplies romantic contrast to Caesar's down-to-earth common sense.

Many of Shaw's admirers have wished that he had paid a bit more attention to the tightening of the ordinary suspense lines of his play. In some ways, his dramatic structure is inferior to that of the average Hollywood freshman scenarist. A good fourth of the picture concerns a military stratagem that seems pointless to an audience.

Caesar, beseiged in Alexandria, decides to seize the Pharos (a sky-scraping lighthouse which was one of the seven wonders of the ancient world). We are told that he does this in order to secure the harbor and keep open his line of communications with Rome. But when he fails, the loss seems to have faint bearing on his fate or that of any other principal character. The lighthouse incident throws no light on the picture's theme, and the plot would be more understandable if it were completely eliminated. The whole incident shows that Shaw's craftsmanship at times can be as slipshod as it is at other times inspired.

But the final climax of the film, set in the strangely amber afterglow of an Egyptian sunset, allows Shaw to relapse once more into magnificence. Here, shut up in Alexandria, Caesar maintains an uneasy security by preventing his forces from committing any overt act against the besiegers. This sanctuary is threatened when Cleopatra, in a burst of adolescent energy, causes an Egyptian hostage to be murdered. In giving vent to Caesar's scorn, Mr. Rains shuns all hamminess. Both he and Miss Leigh let Shaw's great lines speak for themselves:

Cleopatra (vehemently):

Listen to me, Caesar. If one man in all Alexandria can be found to say that I did wrong, I swear to have myself crucified on the door

Continued on page 268

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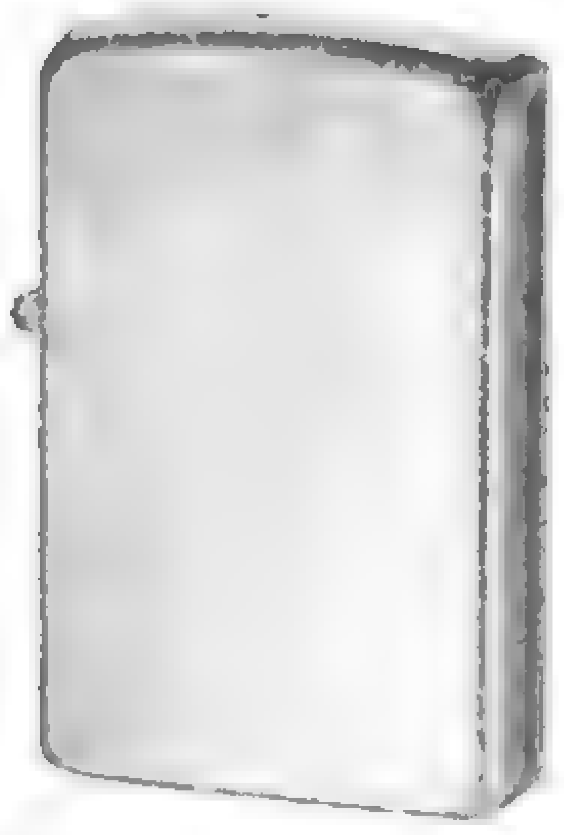

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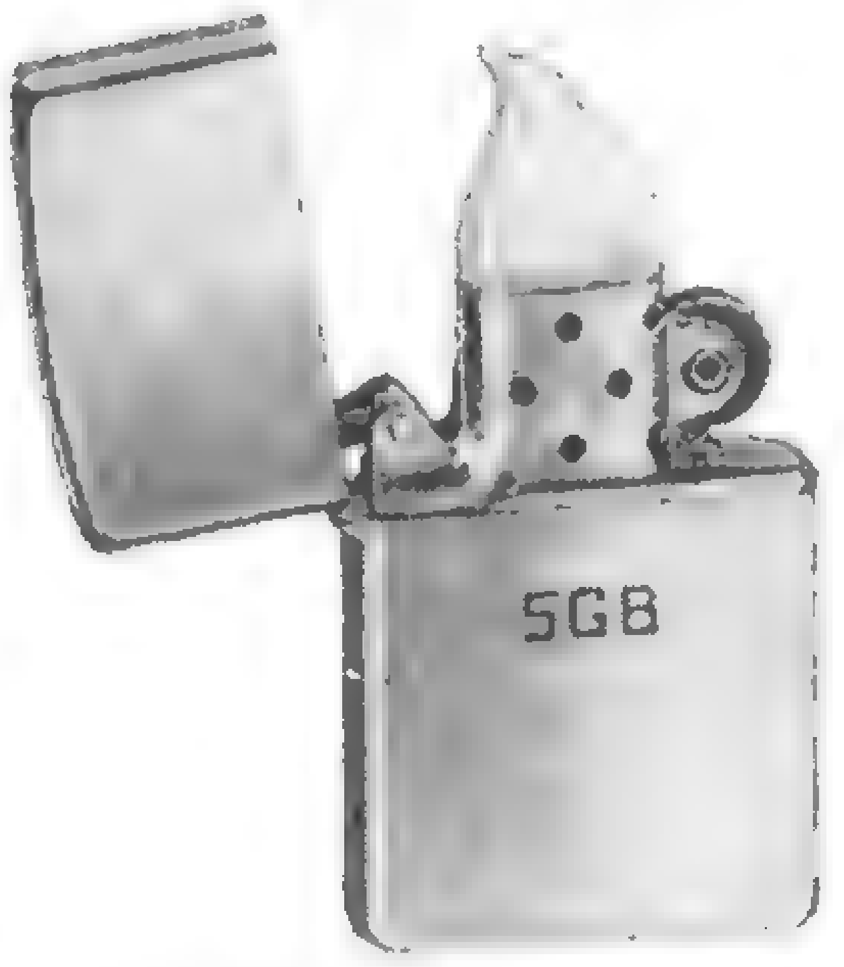

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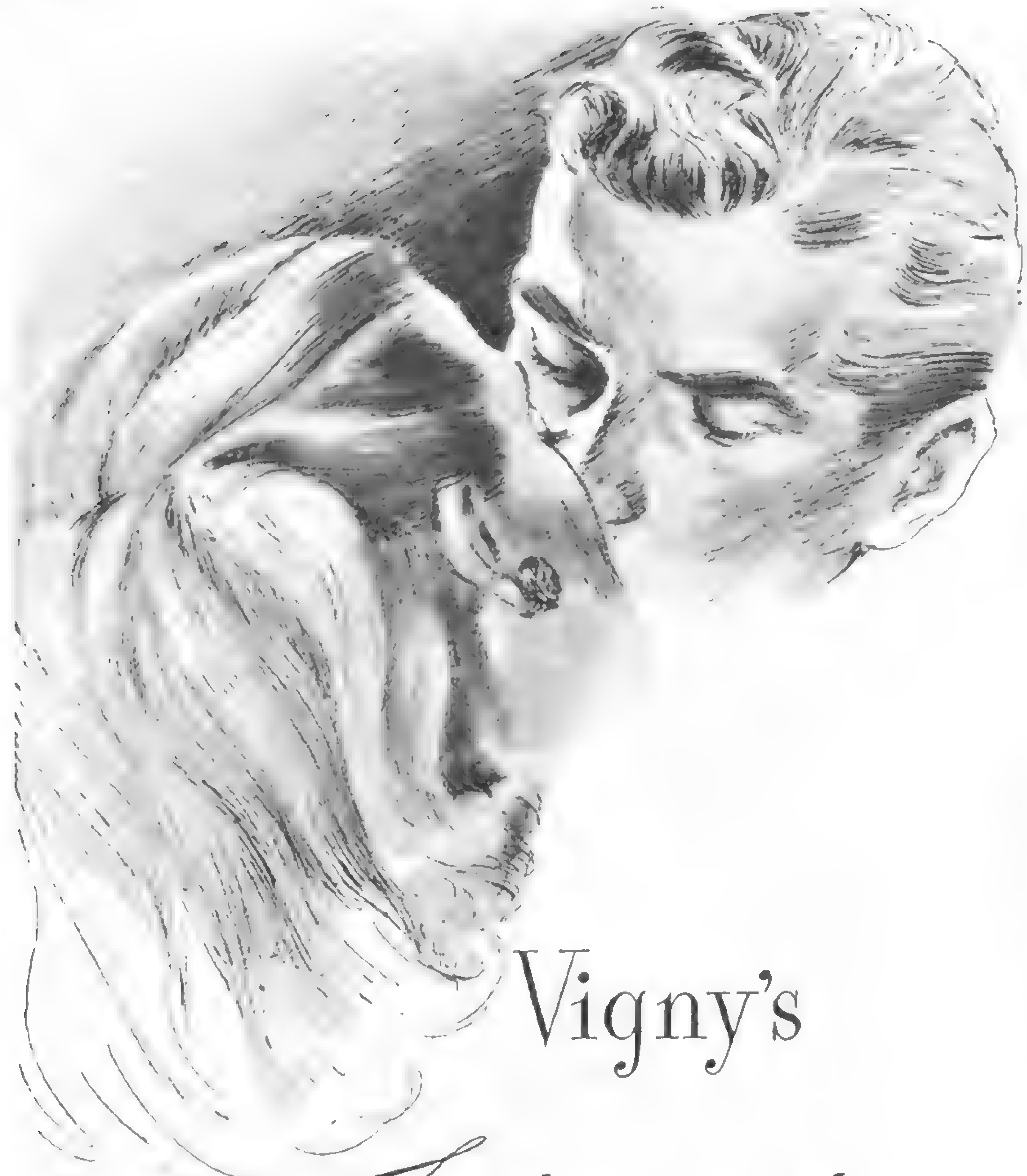

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VIGNY

Previews and Reviews

Continued from page 267

> of the palace by my own slaves!
>
> Caesar:
>
> If one man in all the world can be found, now or forever, to know that you did wrong, that man will have either to conquer the world as I have, or be crucified by it.
>
> (the uproar in the streets again reaches them.)
>
> Do you hear? These knockers at your gate are also believers in vengeance and in stabbing. You have slain their leader: it is right that they shall slay you . . . And then in the name of that right shall I not slay them for murdering their Queen and be slain in my turn by their countrymen as the invader of their fatherland? Can Rome do less than slay these slayers too, to show the world how Rome avenges her sons and her honor. And, so, to the end of history, murder shall breed murder, always in the name of right and honor and peace, until the gods are tired of blood and create a race that can understand.

These are noble words; no less noble than when Shaw first wrote them in 1898. Shaw hates war as he hates all of mankind's barbarities and stupidities. He is an honorable veteran in the only really glorious war—the war of ideas for the securement of an expanding social and economic justice. Undoubtedly the victory and the reforms of the present labor government in Britian owe much to Shaw's brilliant crusading.

But for all his idealism, the old gentleman has entertained some very dangerous notions in his time. To every sincere man of good will, I suppose there comes a moment when he wishes that he could force the world to behave itself—without further quibblings and arguments. But when a man decides that *he* alone is capable of forcing the world to behave reasonably—at that moment he becomes a tyrant.

While *Caesar and Cleopatra* was being filmed, the buzz bombs launched by a dictator were falling on the people of London. A girl working on one of Miss Leigh's costumes was burned to a cinder when the block of houses in which she lived was demolished. One of the "juicers" on the set went home to find the roof blown off his house and his "missus" absent. Later he found her in a hospital, "considerably shaken up," and with her "nerves *that* bad, what with the shock of it all." When she was partially recovered he took her home to the house whose roof he had replaced with a tarpaulin.

Shaw was not unaware of the nobility of the muddling-through quality of the British people. The picture reflects it. Caesar's English-born secretary, Brittanus, was originally conceived as a merciless lampoon of the English character. As Cecil Parker plays him, Brittanus is an almost loving enumeration of British foibles. But *Caesar and Cleopatra* still ends with Brittanus saying he has found more freedom as Caesar's slave than he ever knew as a free man.

This is an alarming conclusion

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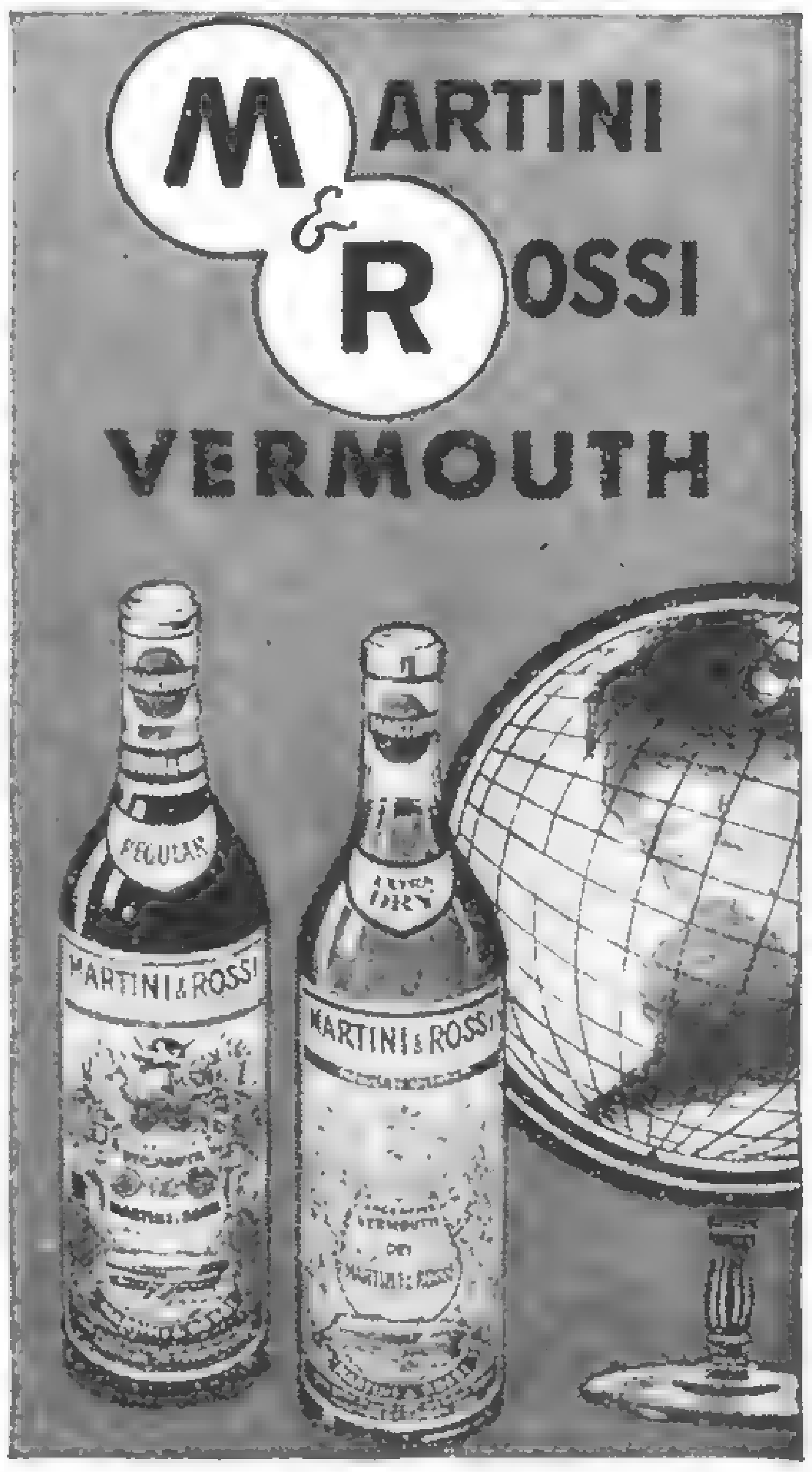

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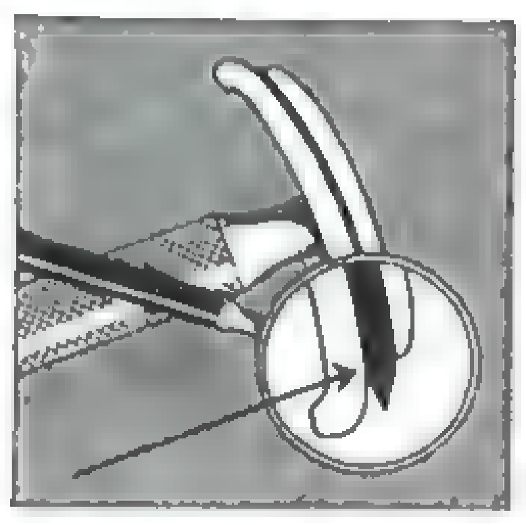

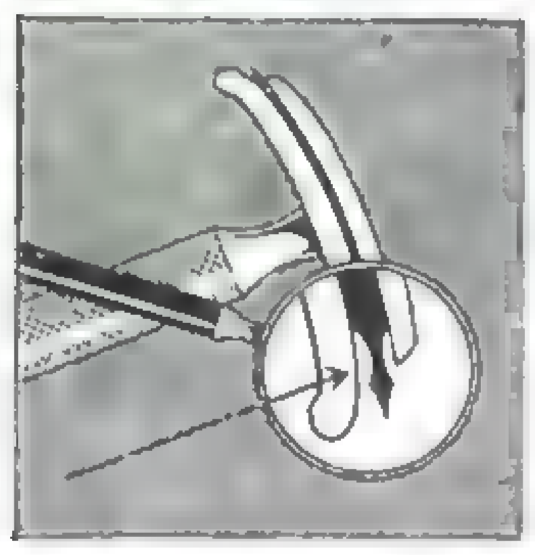

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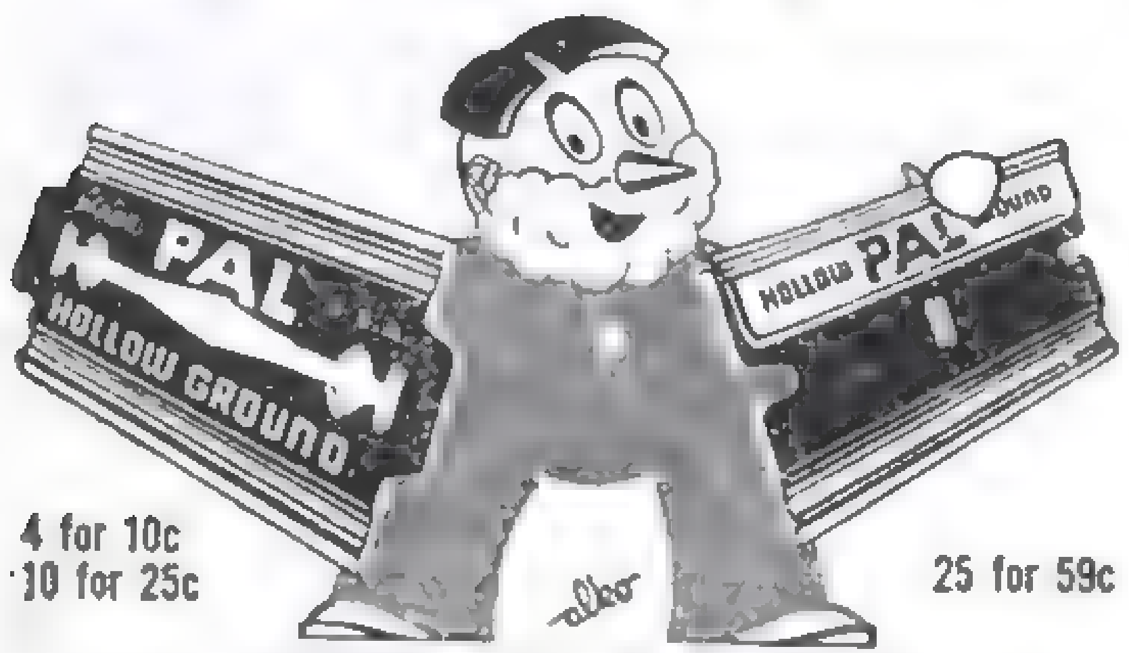

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for any social parable. History has shown that until "the gods create a race that understands" it will be unsafe to hand over the powers of life and death to one man—regardless of his promises. And if the gods ever do create so perfect a race, it will not need a Caesar to govern it.

Caesar's justice was based on force. When one of his Egyptian antagonists asks where he gets the right to do things, he points to the captain of his guard and replies that his right is "in Rufio's scabbard." Roman right stayed there for the next five hundred years. The emperors (who wore the heirs to Julius Caesar's totalitarian system) depended for their personal security and power upon the Praetorian Guard (an organization similar to Hitler's S. S. Corps). This guard soon realized its power and became so depraved that it made palace revolution and assassination an incident of its daily graft. It once auctioned off the government of the Roman people to the highest bidder.

Caesar ended the Roman Republic forever. He hesitated to call himself emperor, but the men who succeeded him during the next five hundred and seven years shunned neither the title nor the privileges. There were sixty-six of these dictators (who called themselves emperors) and of them, only about twenty-three were anything better than perverts and criminal incompetents.

That's the record of the authoritarian system which Mr. Shaw, after forty-seven years of deliberation, still asks us to put our trust in. It is a frightening precept advanced by one of the most intellectually brilliant pictures ever placed before the camera.

The Perfect Marriage

HAL WALLIS, one of Hollywood's ablest illusion manufacturers, celebrates Thanksgiving this year by taking an old Broadway turkey (Samson Raphaelson's *The Perfect Marriage*) and so stuffing it with a dressing composed of homey old chestnuts, wise sage, and the milk of human kindness, that it emerges as one of the hit movies of the fall season.

This is nothing new for Wallis. During his last year at Warner Brothers, pictures produced by him captured most of the Oscars that the Academy had ordered from the foundry. Since establishing his beachhead at Paramount, he's turned out a succession of successes. *The Perfect Marriage* is the latest and funniest.

When this play appeared on Broadway during the season of 1944, it was as drearily brilliant and as sharply bad-tempered as a game of truth-or-consequences between Alexander Woollcott and Noel Coward. According to Mr. Wallis, Mr. Raphaelson wrote his play in a mood of scientific theatrical experimentation. He was trying, like many a disappointed dramatic alchemist before him, to produce success without schmaltz. But in spite of a vast amount of

Continued on page 270

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Previews and Reviews

Continued from page 269

analytical dialogue, the experiment didn't work. There is a difference between splitting the atom and splitting hairs—as the producers soon found out. It told the story of a swanky Sutton Place couple, who, for no reason apparent to a normal bystander, were intent on ripping their marriage asunder. The characters were all unpleasant and appeared to be irritated upon finding themselves trapped in a play with each other. They spent most of the evening combining wit with ill nature—snarling and clawing like cats sewn up in a sack.

Most of the play's biting little jokes were made at the expense of marriage and childhood. Since the audience contained a great many people who once had been children, and many more who were the descendants of married parents, it seemed to entertain a certain partisan prejudice toward gags leveled at two of the human race's most venerable conditions.

In converting this waspish play into an hilarious movie, it is enlightening to see how amusing Raphaelson's gags become—after Wallis and his scenarist, Leonard Spigelgass, have made you like the characters. David Niven, as the husband, is one of those sprightly rude fellows who speaks his mind to everyone. In family arguments, his determination to have the last word (which isn't a traditional male prerogative) makes any veteran of domestic squabbles yearn to cry out to him to shut up.

However, his character is saved from making like a maddened chimpanzee by a couple of added scenes. One shows his glibness silenced as, worried and miserable, he waits for his child to be born. You learn then that he loves his wife even more than he loves the last word. The second added scene shows the sharp-tongued young man risking his neck in a test flight for the government. You can take a lot of nonsense from a man who has guts. Maybe that's why the public took *The Outlaw* from Howard Hughes.

As the wife, Loretta Young is a real glamour girl. Her wardrobe is amply stocked with luscious negligees (some more exciting than the crepe-de-Chine job which she donned on a cold winter night in order to hang from a church steeple with Orson Welles in *The Stranger*). Complications start when Miss Young, on her tenth wedding anniversary, starts worrying because she no longer feels an attack of high blood pressure when she hears her husband's key turning in the front door lock. She broods so over this that presently it seems to her that her whole marriage is going to hell. As Mr. Niven remarks later in the screenplay, she is a woman of the type who tenderly gives birth to a misgiving, then takes it around the block and

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buys it a chocolate ice-cream soda.

Of course, this is silly. Only a banana-head could expect blood pressure to last ten years. If the honeymoon lasted forever, the average husband wouldn't last three months. Imagine having your pipe (and probably your front teeth) knocked out of your mouth by a catapulting bride who flung herself at you each time you stepped across the door mat every day, for ten years.

Since marriage is man's natural state; it should be comfortable. Romance isn't. Any man can count himself blessed when he is safely past the point where he is expected to hold a full-grown woman (weighing about as much as a Hereford calf) in his lap, while telling her how happy he is at the same time. He's really happy and he really loves her when he's willing to make the down payment on a chair of her own.

And the wife turns to her husband, not because he accelerates her corpuscles, but because he has learned how to relieve a crick in her aching back. When her boy friend (played with an attractive cockiness by Eddie Albert) lets her know that he intends to dominate her future completely, she flees back to her husband, who—for all his defects—is no domestic tyrant.

The Wallis production, despite its amusing wisecracks at the expense of the wedded state, recognizes marriage as a partnership. And it turns out that the perfect marriage can be the union of two highly imperfect partners—if they love each other with an affection tempered by consideration and respect.

Virginia Field, a handsome woman with her stocking seams forever straight, turns what could have been a routine characterization of a smart-cracking Manhattan divorcée into a full-length portrait. She appears as the well-groomed, plucked-eyebrow-city-gal, who longs for a guy who will fight a mortgage for her and be content to sit home nights smoking a pipe. But her glittering exterior scares such homey gents off. For regretful compensation, she's forever taking up with the kind of men willing to give her—not security—but fur coats.

Miss Field manages to remain sympathetic while reading sophisticated dialogue—without sounding like Ilka Chase issuing a challenge to a duel, or Eve Arden insulting the garbage man. She has made the interesting discovery that witty women sometimes can be nice women. It is a gospel that deserves to be preached.

Lewis Allen's direction deserves a cheer. He keeps the child (Nona Griffith) from becoming the monstrous moppet she was in Mr. Raphaelson's play—and also from being the usual nauseous brat who crawls downstairs in her nightie to re-unite mama and papa in most divorce dramas.

You'd better see *The Perfect Marriage*. It comes pretty close to being the perfect comedy. ⌘

Continued from page 78

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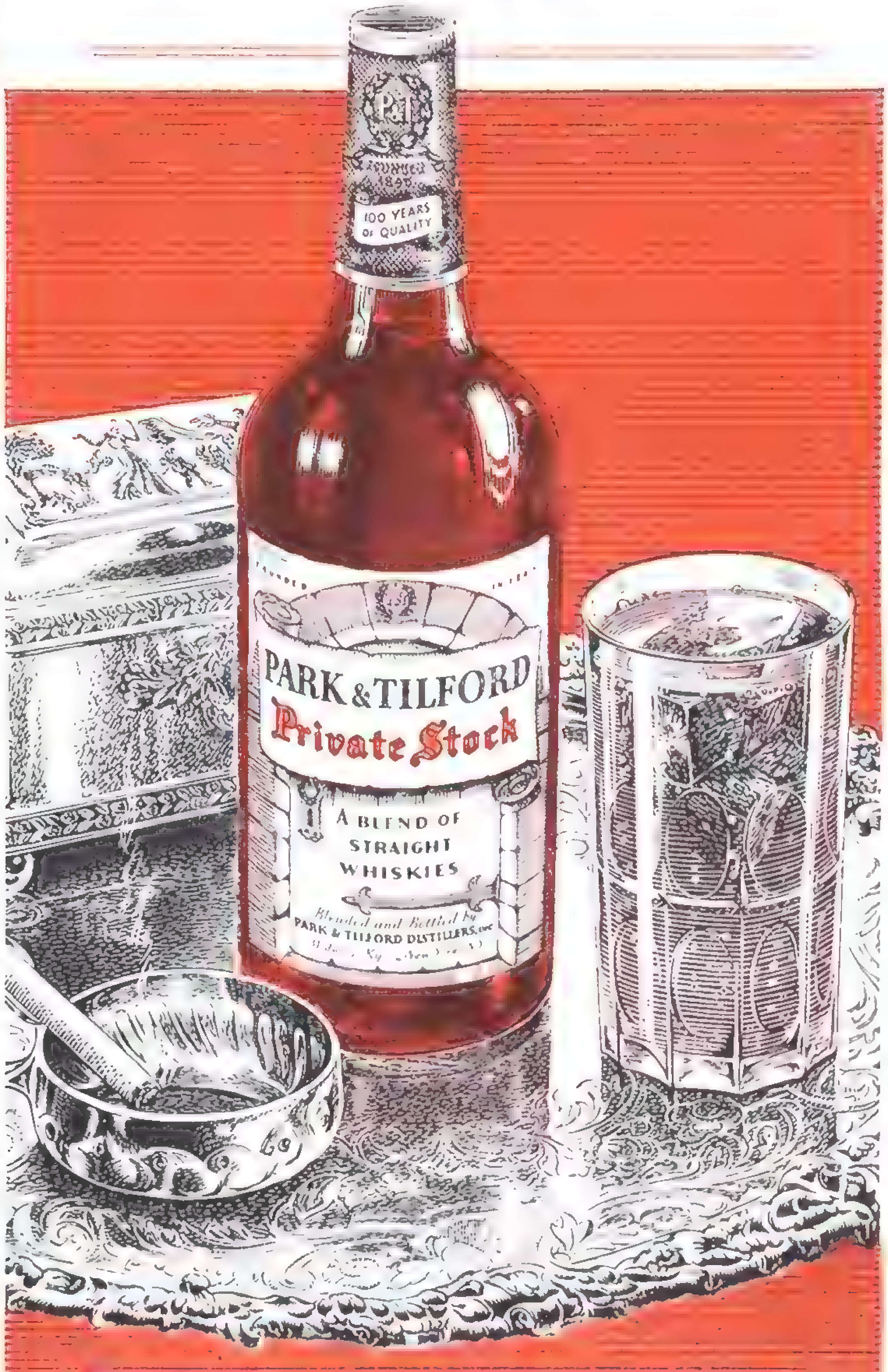
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A Tale of Hoffman

Continued from page 96

conscientiously tried to absorb some sunshine and fresh air at the Beverly-Wilshire swimming pool. It was a futile gesture. The switchboard operator at the hotel started counting, and clocked seventy-three calls for Hoffman in the space of an hour.

The studios of Hollywood are packed with people whom Hoffman, in ways often wondrous to behold, has placed in their positions. Some Hoffmaniacs claim that the number goes into the hundreds. That, according to the studious-looking man who always seems to be in too much of a hurry to play Samaritan, is "a ridiculous exaggeration!—the figure is maybe thirty—or thirty-five."

The column called *Tales of Hoffman* in the *Reporter* is Hoffman's daily stint. He also has regular stints in *Coronet*, and several other magazines. Every Saturday he edits a page of anecdote and bright sayings for a Saturday-section page syndicated by King Features. This one is called *Celebriteehees*. There has been much speculation as to where Irving gets all the information for his literary labors, and the most avid of the Hoffmaniacs would have you believe that the master employs people who poke through other people's wastebaskets, read mail over people's shoulders, and hide in bedrooms for the sheer joy of garnering some grist for Irving's mill. That betrays a gross ignorance of the fine art of column writing. The precious ore that fills a column comes to a columnist in ways far more normal and far less expensive—and sometimes it is 24-carat stuff, for free. A friend came to Hoffman just before the College of Cardinals met to name a new Pope. He told Hoffman that Cardinal Pacelli was sure to be elected. When Pacelli was actually named, Hoffman took his glasses off, located his brow, and smote it. He had not printed the extraordinary scoop. "And do you know why I never printed it?" he asks. "Because the guy who gave it to me was named Warshawsky. My God—does that sound like a pipeline to the Pope?"

A columnist gets his information from his morning mail (the mails of Hoffman always contain fodder for *Tales of Hoffman*)—from friends, relatives, publicity hounds—and from press agents. As a columnist, of course, Hoffman is constantly besieged by press agents. It is a well-known fact by now that press agents and columnists are in the same line of work, and that a beautiful interdependence has sprung up between them. The good press agent plants the seed, the obliging columnist reproduces it. Irving Hoffman is a biological freak in the field—he is that rare sport who is capable of planting the seed in the body of the host, for Hoffman is a press agent as well as a

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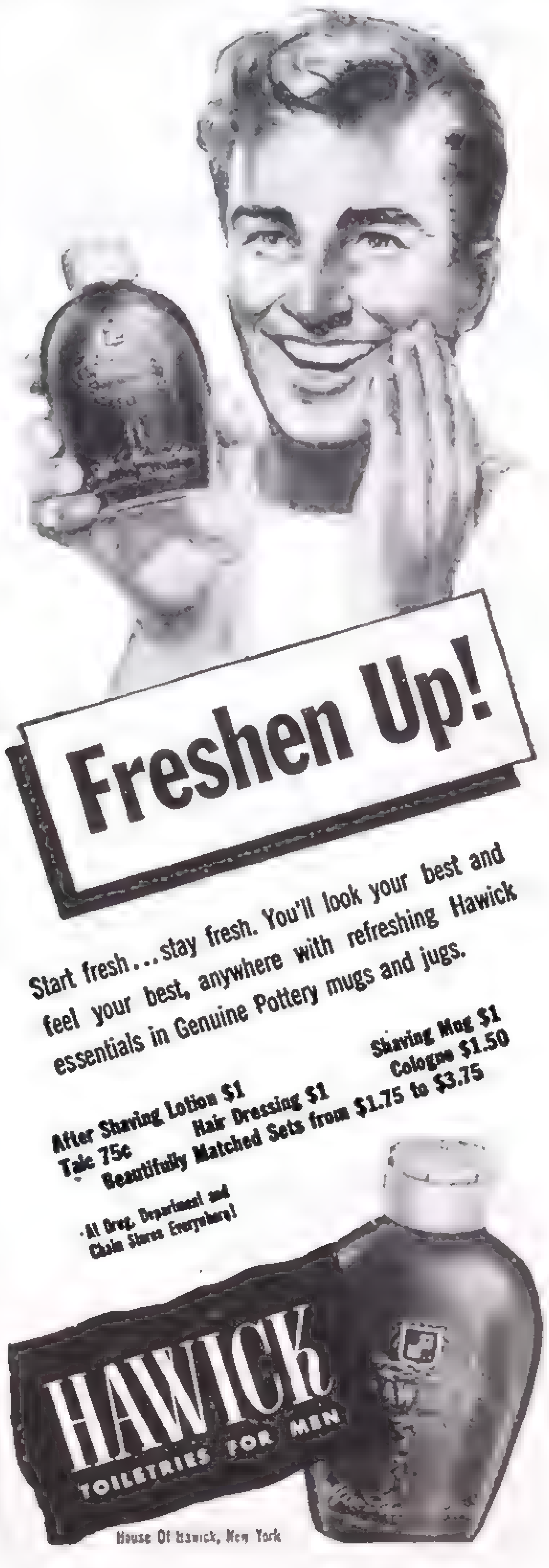

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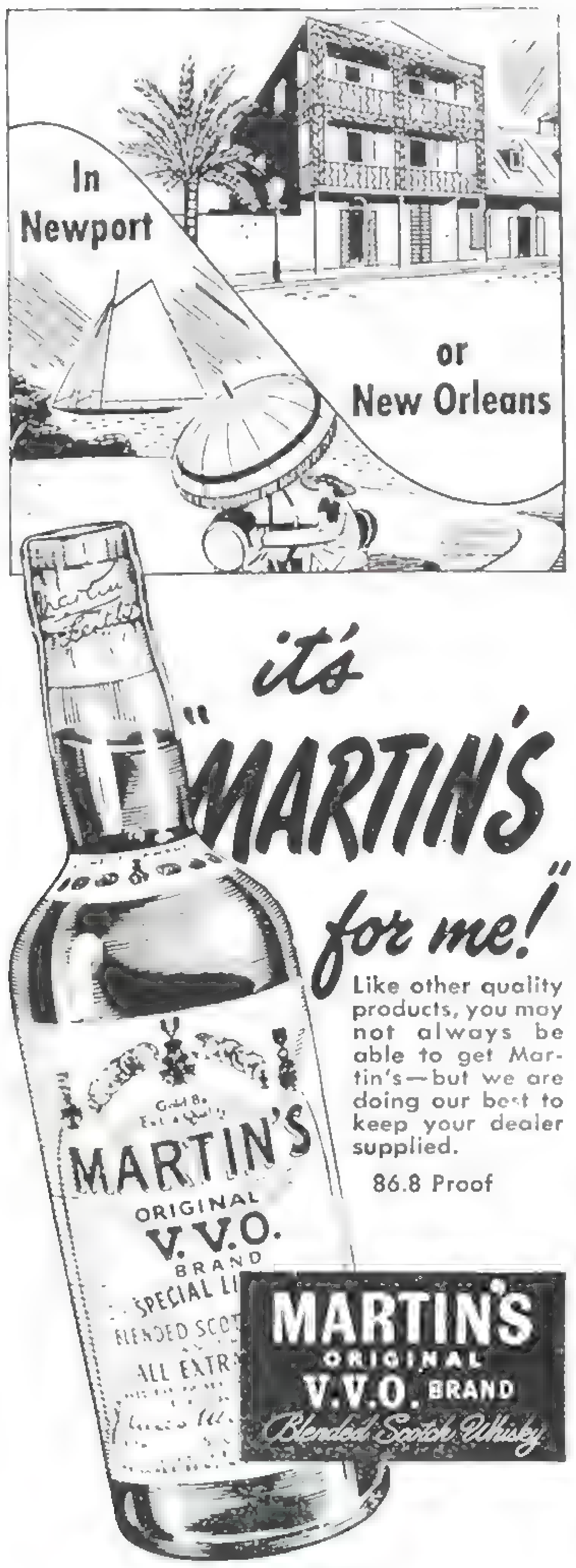

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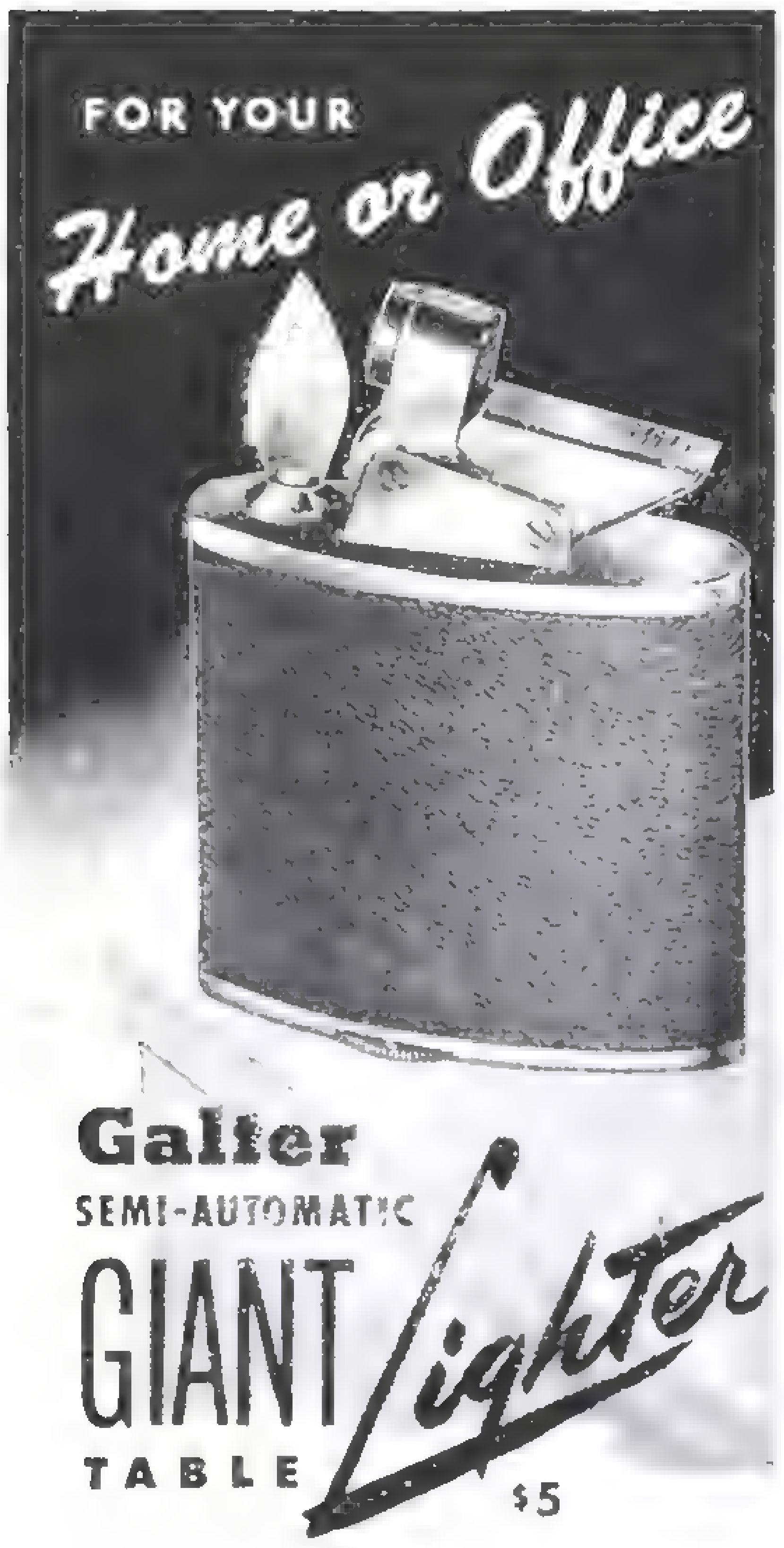

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columnist. It is a unique combination in the present-day annals of big-shot columnists, and it has given rise to some speculation among his competitors on the question of just how far you can stretch an ethic. As both columnist and press agent, Hoffman is sometimes accused of indulging in that process of Siamese-twinkling which is not altogether unique in the newspaper business. It occurs in another guise when a publisher becomes so chummy with his advertisers that it becomes hard to tell the editorializing from the advertising. Hoffman's answer to this accusation as it pertains to him is loud, vehement, and categorical. He stated it once and for all in a letter he wrote to his friend Bennett Cerf. Said Hoffman, "I have been doing the Hollywood *Reporter* column for ten years. It is true that I have been paid to influence public and press opinion on publicity projects, but no amount of money could persuade me to influence my own opinion, and consequently none of my publicity activities find their way into the Hollywood *Reporter*."

Hoffman is not—strictly speaking—a press agent. He is a Public Relations Counsel. The difference between a Public Relations Counsel and a press agent is the difference between Tweedledum in a high hat and Tweedledee in a derby. Other press agents who attain the status of Public Relations Counselors have large offices, tremendous staffs, and elegant receptionists. Hoffman has two secretaries, a small office—and himself. It is one way in which he differs from his confreres—and puzzles them. Another way he does it is by steadfastly refusing to divulge the names of his clients. The tight-lip technique has turned out very well for Hoffman. His income from Public Relations work has been estimated by interested amateurs (only Hoffman is a professional when it comes to analyzing Hoffman's affairs) in various combinations of six figures. But there are a lot of combinations in six figures and the estimation of Hoffman's true income continues to be a popular Hollywood guessing game. There was a time when Hoffman handled a great many accounts. These days he handles only industrial accounts, and only a limited number of them. He will not take on any excess amount of work. An account must pay him well; it must also provoke his interest. Several years ago when the New York World's Fair figured to put a crimp in the business at Coney Island, the Coney Island Chamber of Commerce hired Hoffman to do a publicity job for it. He did so good a job that the World's Fair people wanted to hire him away. He would not accept the World's Fair job because he was having too good a time with the Coney Island one.

In those leisure moments which come less frequently to him as time goes by, Irving always has

Continued on page 274

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A Tale of Hoffman

Continued from page 273

his nose in a book. He has to keep it precisely there because of his peculiar kind of nearsightedness. Irving wears glasses approximately one-quarter of an inch thick. He has what is known technically as a "conical cornea." The cornea of the eye, instead of being round, is cone-shaped, and the result is an extremely temperamental type of near-sightedness. On days when Irving lives right and sticks to the right diet, he can recognize familiar faces from a distance of a quarter of a city block away. But he is allergic to sea food, milk, eggs, potatoes, strawberries, sugar, candy, ice cream, pastry, French dressing, mayonnaise, rice, barley, noodles, cheese, bread, and butter. If he touches any of these he cannot recognize a friend at six paces, or read a paper unless it is six inches from his nose and he squints as though in paroxysms of pain. Collectors of Hoffman lore who know no distinction between the Testamental truth and the Hoffman Apocrypha, like to tell the story about the time their hero took a girl to a night club. In the foyer he bumped into an old friend. He drew the friend to one side. "Tell me," he whispered, "is she pretty?" His friends point out Hoffman had probably eaten an ice-cream cone earlier in the day.

Some of the stories about Irving's eyesight are true, and some come from Hollywood. Irving once heard a story of the late Mrs. Albert Einstein at a dinner party when she first came to this country. There was an orchid placed at each guest's plate. Mrs. Einstein had never seen an orchid before. She put pepper and salt on hers and proceeded to eat it. Irving told the story to friends. In a little while the friends were telling it, but this time about Hoffman himself. They claimed it was Irving who ate the orchid. They didn't blame it on his ignorance of orchids, they blamed it on his eyesight.

In a letter to his friend, the poet Walter Benton, Hoffman recently unveiled part of his creed. "I am not," he wrote, "a guy who can cheer for a Babe Ruth, Red Grange, or any other character made of muscles, wind, and arches that have not fallen, but I can cheer—and can write words of cheer—for a good writing man. Any guy—and I mean *any* guy—or any girl—and I mean *any* girl—who makes with the words and writes well, draws words of praise from me.

"Oh yes—I write dramatic criticism too," he wrote Benton. "I do that best, I believe, because I do it with integrity and imagination. In the theatre on a bright night I can see past the four walls and view the horizon of a better theatre—and a better world."

Irving is very much obsessed by these visions of a better world. The Hollywood *Reporter* is a trade magazine, designed for the mak-

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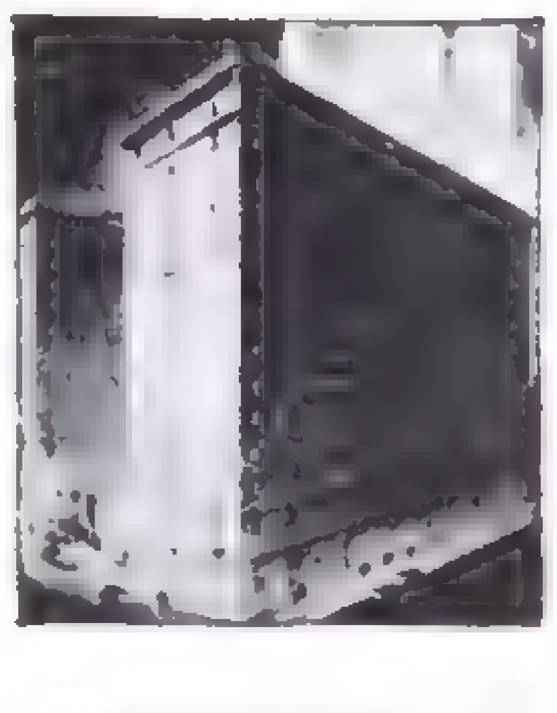

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ers and the exhibitors of moving pictures. Its contents therefore are meant to be informative to the trade, or just amusing. Irving is often amusing, often informative—but there are times when he is neither. These are times when he jumps up and down in print. Sometimes that extra zeal of his avails him naught. The *Reporter* cuts a lot of his social-conscious stuff. This is the natural tendency of any sheet which has limited space, which works on a daily deadline, and which doesn't give a damn about man's inhumanity to man except if it has an effect on the box office. But a cut in his copy causes Irving to roar like a lion. Solemn promises are made to Hoffman twice a week by the *Reporter* staff to keep his prose intact because the *Reporter* can sometimes make a socially-conscious contributor very mad, and nobody around the *Reporter* likes to read the sort of note Irving writes when he is mad.

Truly voluminous letter writers are almost as rare as truly great letter writers. Hoffman is one of the most tireless users of stationery in the history of the written word. He writes letters to dozens of people every day. Many of his epistles are short and sweet. On the other hand, he often goes into pages and pages of exposition, explanation, plain autobiography, or fancy soul-searching—and his correspondents do the same for him. Irving likes poetry, anecdote, and intellectual argument in his letters. On his list of steady correspondents are chorus girl friends, movie mogul friends, movie extra friends, writer friends, ex-madam friends, politician friends, his friend J. Edgar Hoover, and his friend Herbert Bayard Swope. If you write to Irving you may get one of his quick replies, or you may get a five-page document in the roaring style of the late Robert Ingersoll. Or you may get no words at all—only pictures. When his friend Damon Runyon was hospitalized for six weeks he received an envelope a day from Irving. It contained, every day, a different drawing from Irving's hand, urging the patient to get well quickly because his friends loved him and needed him.

Irving is an annotater, a margin writer, and a commenter. When he finds a piece of printed matter that suits his fancy, or irritates it, he dictates a comment to one of his secretaries. This comment is typed out on a small piece of paper surmounted by a small caricature of Irving holding up a placard which contains the one word "Memo" on it, somewhat in the manner of radio announcers who hold up signs reading "Applause." The clipping and the attached memo are then sent out to a selected list of Hoffmaniacs who might be interested. "I often clip things and send them to friends who might overlook them," says Irving. He can easily do this because he reads constantly, and nine-tenths of what

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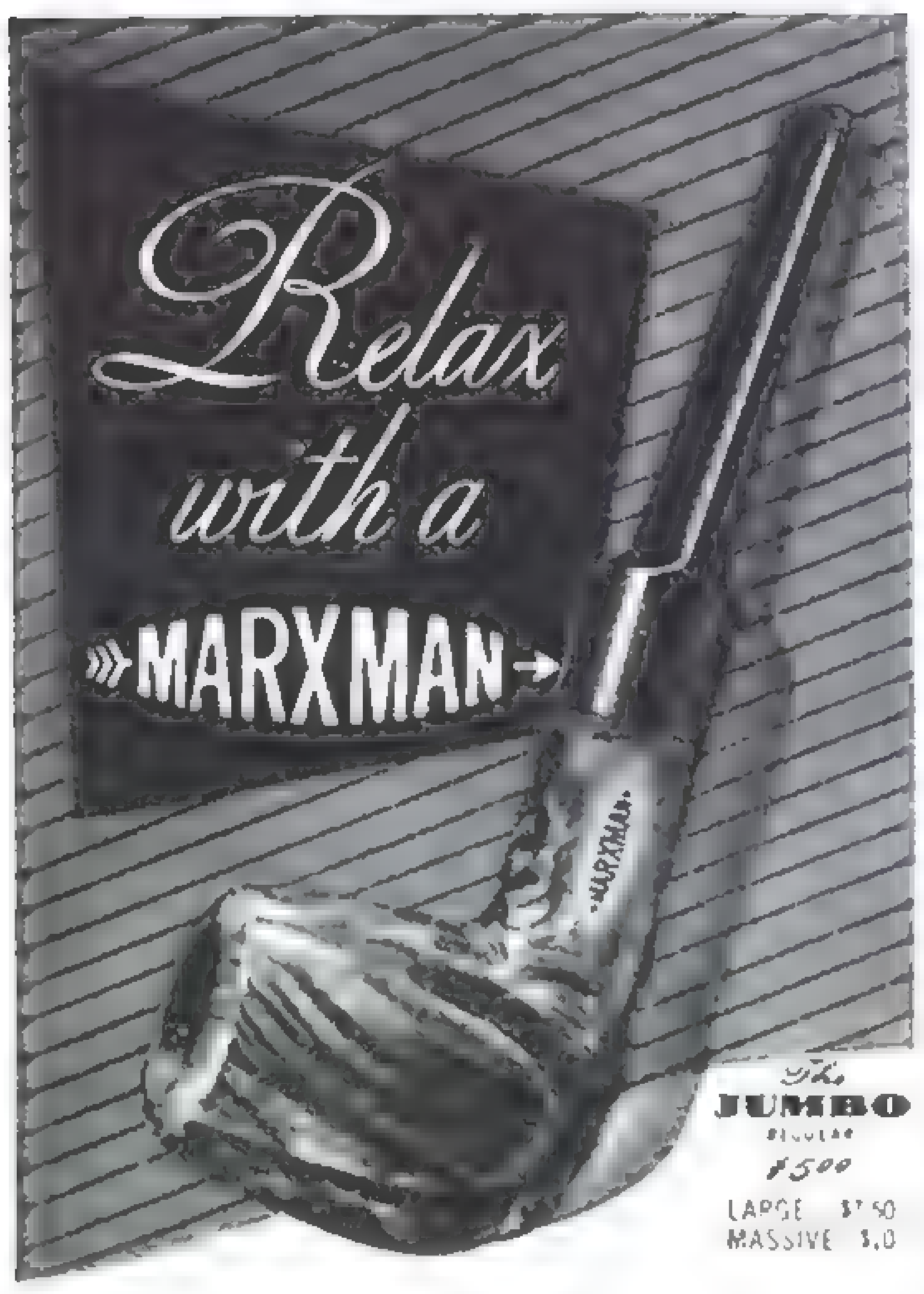

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A Tale of Hoffman

Continued from page 275

he reads is likely to be overlooked by the rest of mankind.

There is sometimes a peculiar urge on the part of men who start out in life by dealing in facts or figures to turn, in their later years, to the more abstract medium of words. The same impulse that causes a mathematician to turn philosopher turns a caricaturist into a critic. This metamorphosis may occur on the day when the mathematician discovers that arithmetic does not contain an adequate answer to the riddle of the universe, or the caricaturist decides that the drawing pen is not always the best instrument with which to make a point. But with words, perhaps, a mathematician can figure a larger equation, an artist can draw a bigger conclusion.

Irving started reviewing plays for the Hollywood *Reporter* in 1931. That was a long time after he had made a reputation for himself as a caricaturist. Irving switched from drawing to writing for two reasons. In the first place, while he was still in his teens his eyes got too weak for any sustained work at the drawing board. The second reason is, perhaps, the more psychological one. Much of what he wanted to say had to be said in words.

Hoffman was born in the Bronx, in 1909. He was born on the anniversary of the invention of the steamboat, so that his parents gave him the middle name of "Fulton." Irving Fulton Hoffman was something of a prodigy. His father was a schoolteacher, and in those kindergarten years when children are considered clever if they put the right block on top of the right block, Irving could converse intelligently, read and write, and do long division. He was also a nature lover, the kind of child who keeps a microscope in his bedroom and collects cocoons. He could also draw. In other words, Irving was one of those prodigies whose talents predestine him for the world of lights, music, laughter, and biology—the world of Broadway. Irving was fluent in Broadwayese at an age when most children are still struggling with Latin.

He became a free-lance caricaturist in his teens. Soon his stuff was appearing in just about every newspaper in New York. He met Winchell, and started to contribute quips to Winchell's column. These quips began to appear with such regularity that the *Morning Telegraph* asked Irving to come over and write and illustrate a column called *Beau Broadway.* He held that job for several years, contributing all the time to other papers and to other columns, and as time went on he did more writing than drawing. Then he began to do his columns for the Hollywood *Reporter.*

The mood of *Tales of Hoffman* changes from day to day, even as the range of Irving's eyesight

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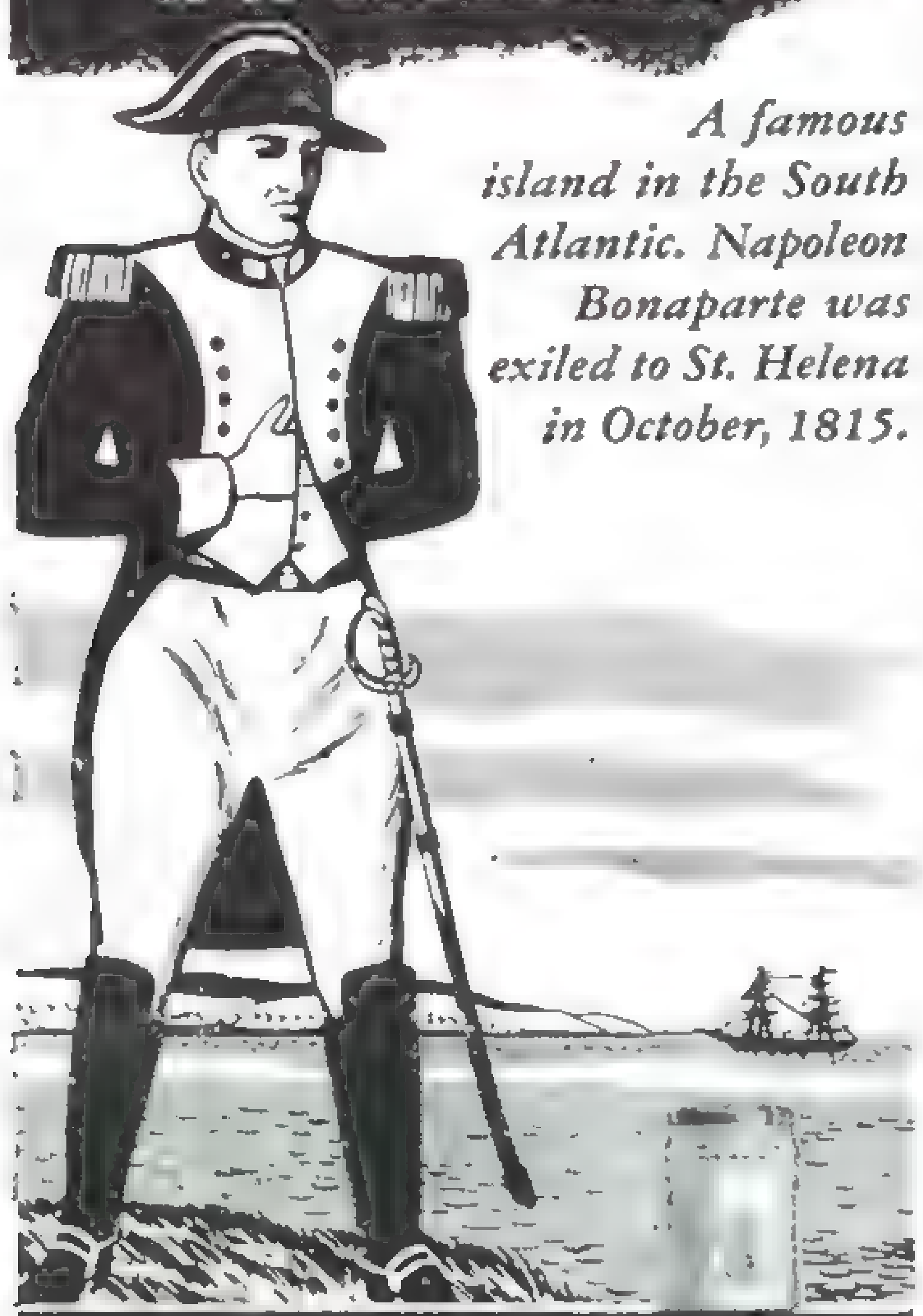

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changes. Today it may be a collection of jokes, or bright sayings, or quips, or cracks. Tomorrow it may be a bulletin board for Irving's views on economics, social doctrines he snips from his voracious readings or cuff notes he makes after conversations with friends. It is a widely quoted column. It is also a column that does a lot of quoting, and any steady reader of it is likely to be enlightened from day to day with quotations from the classics, the semi-classics, the Bible, the Kama-Sutra, and the Joe Miller Omnibus. It is an encyclopedia and a rag bag of a column, and it has an ardent readership, for Hoffman's mind is omniverous, intelligent, tensely emotional, and passionately fair.

Tales of Hoffman is Irving's own baby. He uses it just as Winchell uses his column—to pan his pet political peeves, toast his friends, titillate his readers with goodies from the gay mad world of stage, screen, and radio. Occasionally the column contains a genuine journalistic scoop, as it did the time Hoffman managed to get all of Hitler's personal comments on various American movies. He scooped the entire American press on that one. Newspaper publishers have time and time again tried to snag *Tales of Hoffman* for syndication, but to all of them Irving has a stock reply: "I am not interested in syndication." He is not interested in syndication for several reasons. One of them is that he is a friend of all the biggest and best columnists. As long as he writes for the *Reporter*, whose circulation is small and practically provincial, he remains their friend. If he gets himself syndicated he becomes their competitor. Irving, as both columnist and press agent, cherishes his friends.

Tales of Hoffman is a daily feature in the *Reporter*, but it is by no means the end of Irving's endeavors for that sheet. Irving regularly takes over the best part of a full page in the *Reporter*. He condenses the opinions of the New York movie critics on the new pictures, arranges them neatly, and the *Reporter* reprints these capsule criticisms so that the isolated manufacturers in Hollywood may know what the New York critics think of their product.

Then, occasionally, Irving is called upon to do a special chore for the *Reporter*. On the day after Franklin D. Roosevelt died, the *Reporter* devoted half of its front page and half of its third page to an obituary of the departed President. Irving wrote the obituary. He penned for it a headline that has since been widely used—and widely pirated: "Franklin D. Roosevelt—May he rest in peace . . . He fought and died for it!" That issue of the *Reporter* contained five pages of editorial matter. Hoffman had written twenty per cent of the entire issue.

He is also the *Reporter's* critic of the drama.

The *Reporter* has a small cir-

Continued on page 278

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A Tale of Hoffman

Continued from page 277

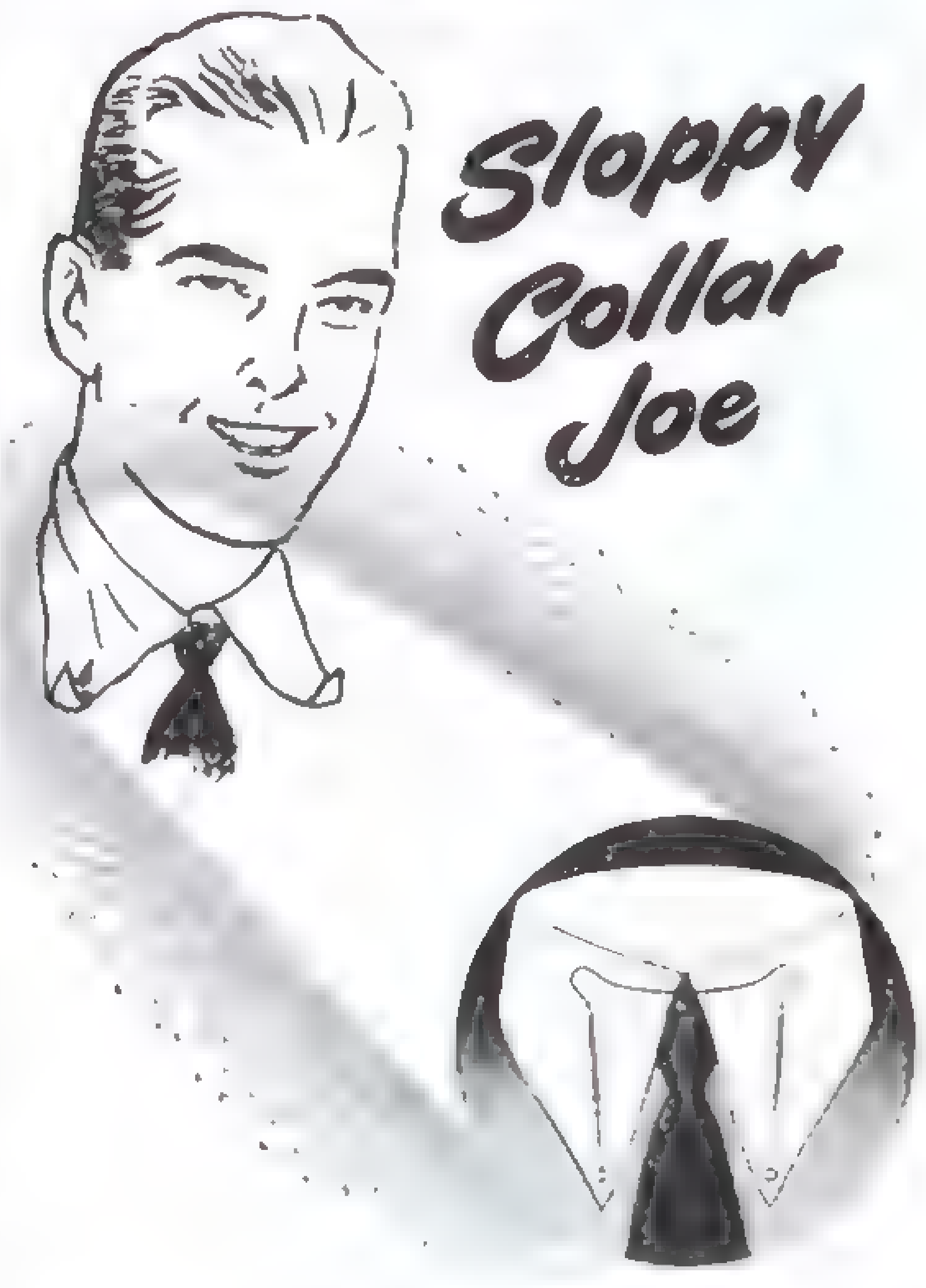
culation—approximately 6,500—but it is read by everybody in the business. Hollywood's top executives have this in common with the smallest exhibitor in the most desolate hinterland: To both of them the *Reporter*, whatever its faults of both omission and commission, is the Bible of the business, and to both of them Hoffman bears gifts. His *Tales of Hoffman* is read by high and low alike. His condensation of the New York reviews is a great help to the exhibitor; and his review of a New York play is practically required reading to the producer.

Hoffman's criticism of a Broadway show appears in Hollywood the morning after a show opens in New York. Daily *Variety*, which is the *Reporter's* only true competitive headache, does not give much space to New York openings. The *Reporter* does. The importance of Hoffman's opinions on that basis alone can hardly be overemphasized. Since Hoffman's is the first opinion the Hollywood producer gets, the bidding is likely to start right after the producer has gulped his morning coffee and digested Hoffman's review. Producers in both Hollywood and New York tend to divide critical opinion up into two lump sums: The New York reviews—and Hoffman's.

Hoffman's drawing technique is an extremely glib one—a felicitous stroke, applied with impertinence and impatience, like swift Chinese calligraphy. He calls his shots: he is not an unkind caricaturist, but he has the talent for distortion. His conical cornea may have something to do with that. When Irving started to devote most of his time to writing, he brought these tricks of the caricaturist with him. The closest thing in words to a caricature is a pun, and Hoffman is a confirmed punster. He writes that a play is "loaded with pity patter." An opus called *A Lady Says Yes* seemed to Hoffman to be "mad doggerel where the humor is bedpan and the music is tin pan," and a lady named "Christine Ayers, the pip who used to zip and strip, just stands around and twiddles her tum." Writers who use puns belong to the gashouse gang of the literary world. It is impossible to find a column of Hoffman's words on plays which does not contain a gaudy display of plays on words.

Since a sentence, like a brush line, can be distorted into peculiar shapes, Hoffman has developed a highly personalized rhetoric that is almost a caricature of the alphabet. Irving likes to twist phrases, tickle them, and sometimes wring their necks. Thus, a certain play is "loaded with more sugar than spice, becomes farce-fetched, brings to mind a polished apple with a wormy core, looks like a flip-flop, suggests one of those well-played but badly written hunkajunks that make millions

don't be a . . .



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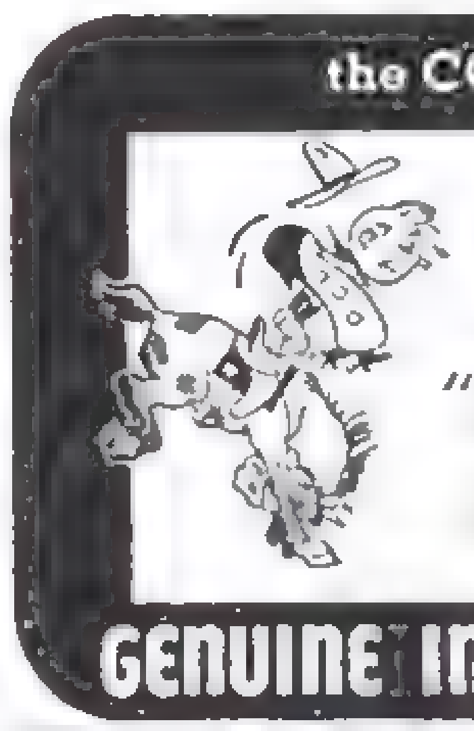

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when properly packaged in cinema cans." Irving is a teetotaler at table, but he can acquire a jag in front of a typewriter and then, in turn, slip the language such a Mickey that it staggers from the blow. When he gets intoxicated on the possibilities of juxtaposition, pun, and verbal sleight-of-hand, he writes in Technicolor. In a review of Ralph Richardson's performance in *Henry IV* one of Hoffman's sentences went like this: "His blood, sweat and tears are the antithesis of what Shakespeare called for, but still they flow, as English as the Thames, representing, as do Shakespeare's versions of contemporary England—a seemingly endless pageant of kings and brothers under the skin, spilling blood, sweat, and tears for naught."

The principle of strict critical impartiality is sometimes a heavy cross for a gregarious man, a columnist and Public Relations man, to bear. Come what may, Irving bears it. He has alienated some of his good friends by his outspoken reviews. Fredric March seceded from the Hoffman coterie after he read the review on *A Bell for Adano.* (Irving insisted that March acted more like Thomas E. Dewey than Major Joppolo.) And Rouben Mamoulian sent in his resignation after Irving lambasted *Sadie Thompson.* This ever imminent possibility of losing friends disturbs Irving, and occasionally if it requires no compromise with his creed he will try hard to circumvent it. When he came to the disagreeable chore of writing a review of a play called *The Ryan Girl,* he devoted the opening paragraphs to a sentimental description of the close friendship he had enjoyed over the years with Edmund Goulding, author and producer of *The Ryan Girl.* The gist of Irving's *apologia* was to the effect that friendship is a wonderful thing. But so is good honest reporting, opined Irving, and he then proceeded to kick the teeth out of *The Ryan Girl.*

Irving knows what every critic knows—that he is most readable when he is most vituperative. Some of his friends keep advising him that he is too vituperative. Irving's answer is that "Dramatic critics who write pleasant obituaries are in a class with sanctimonious preachers." Irving glad has all the tub-thumping enthusiasm of a come-to-glory revivalist, but Irving mad screams for hell-fire and damnation. Nothing that offends him is sacred. If he likes something his praise is extravagant, but if he dislikes something he moves in on it with a pickaxe. Other critics may feel inclined to tread lightly on the feelings of those responsible for a bad show. Irving says if it smells it's a herring—and to hell with it. Katherine Cornell's production of *Antigone* was "a kaffeeklatch and a filibuster" to him. For *The Searching Wind* by Lillian Hellman, Irving decided that Miss Hellman's "search was all wind." In another play, "all the dialogue sounds like

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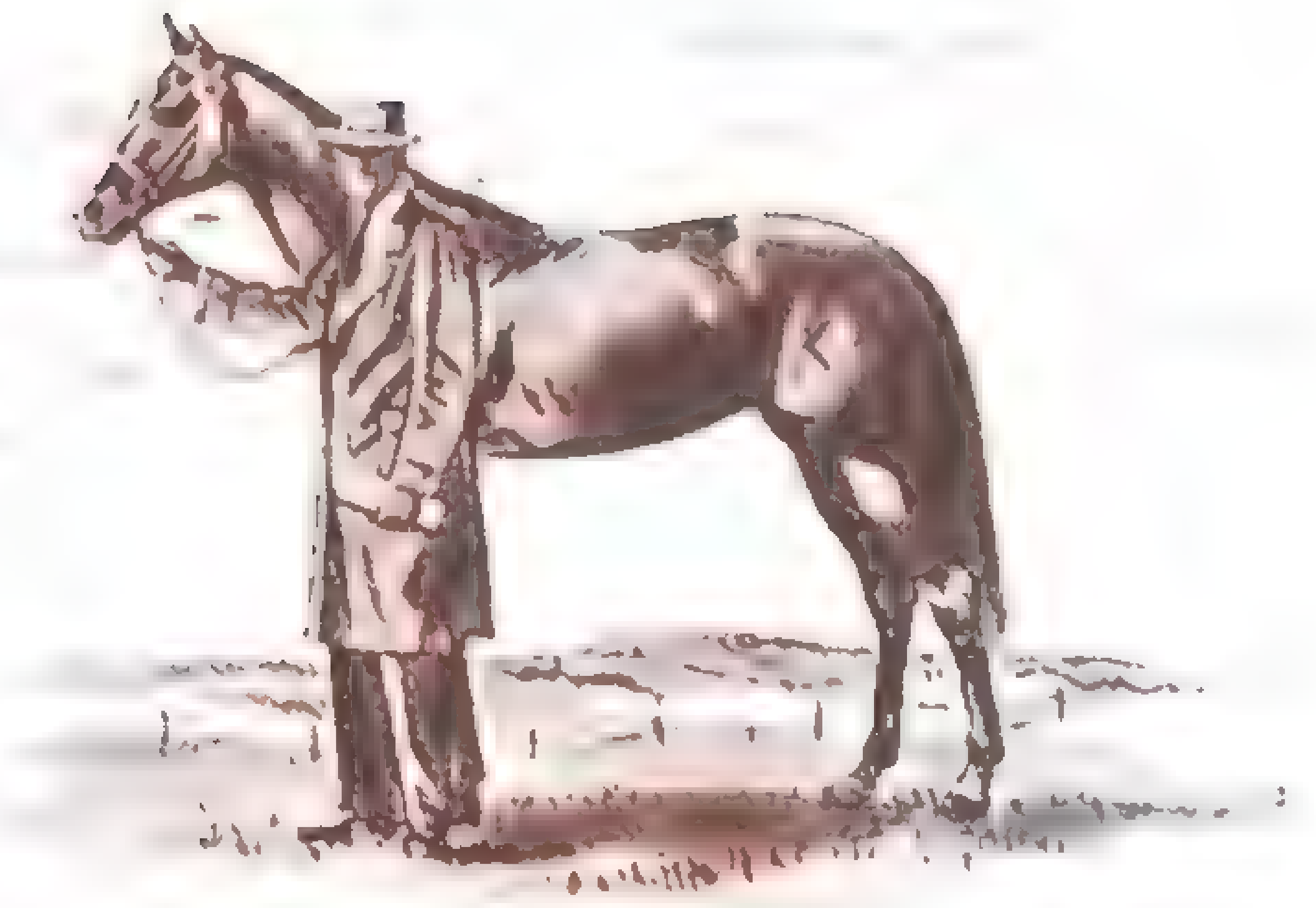

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A Tale of Hoffman

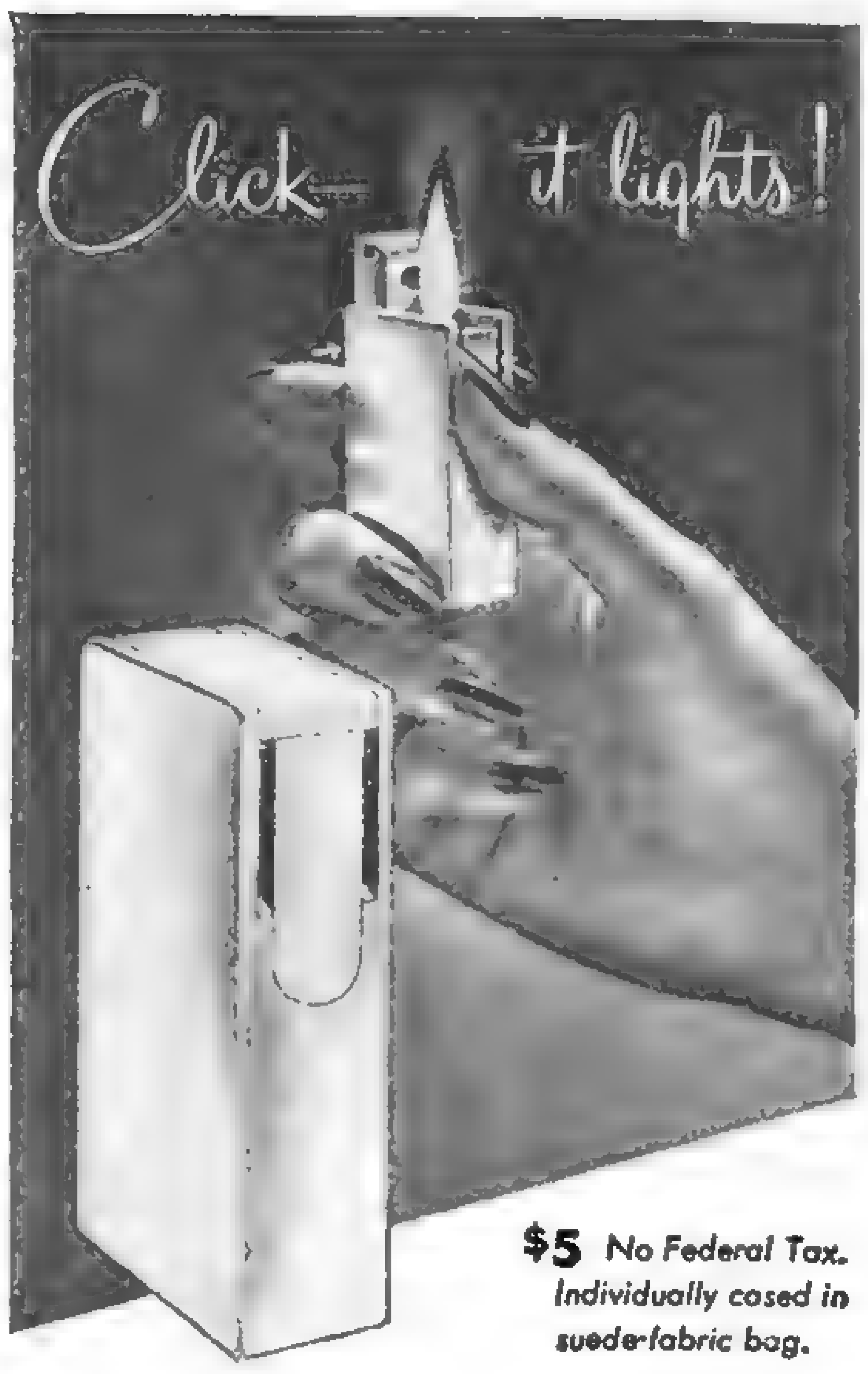
Continued from page 279

a montage of Maria Montez' mouthings in all those putrid Persian princess pictures." Hecht and MacArthur's *Swan Song* was a "smelody in 'B' Minor."

But there is more than mere pun and poison to Hoffman's reviews. There is occasionally a nice hint of erudition. Irving, when he is pressed into a discussion on cultural topics, will wrinkle his brow, push his glasses a little higher up on his nose, and make serious pronouncements on the craft of dramatic criticism. It is to him one of the major pursuits of man. He abhors the "I-don't-know-much-about-this-sort-of-thing-*but*—" type of critic. Himself, he sometimes astonishes his colleagues and his public by the bookishness of his barbs. Irving didn't like Katherine Cornell's *Antigone* and he hurled insults at it the way a short-order cook throws pots and pans . . . but he didn't stop at the pot-shotting and the panning. He informed his readers that in her version of the work by Sophocles, Miss Cornell had chosen to leave out the part of Tiresias, the blind prophet. Before he saw *Lute Song* he buried himself in tomes pertaining to ancient Chinese drama. And before he reviewed *The Would-Be Gentleman* he boned up on all the works of Molière and summed up his attitude to the whole production by saying, "Il pondit un œuf!" The balance he maintains between the scholar and the scold has impressed more people than his professional public. Both *The New Yorker* and *The Saturday Review of Literature* have made passes at Irving, asking him to come on over and do movie criticism for them. He refused both offers. In the first place, he doesn't like movies well enough to review them, and secondly he doesn't feel himself ready yet to spread his stuff beyond that professional world touched by the *Reporter*. "As a critic," he says, "I'm still rehearsing."

While he is rehearsing he continues to write the column, do the Public Relations job, draw pictures, play host to his Hollywood friends in New York, and hostage to them when he is in Hollywood. He also continues to make the rounds: in spite of his allergies he likes to play the gourmet and to take his friends to little places where pancakes are smothered in pot cheese or duck is cooked in the Czechoslovakian manner — and to watch his friends eat.

He also keeps in constant touch with his army of correspondents. Among the most celebrated samples of this latter talent of his is the case of a show girl named Mary Dowell, a tall, elegantly endowed young lady who graced the floors of Billy Rose's night clubs for several seasons. Miss Dowell came from Texas, and she stuttered. The columnists call her "Stuttering Sam." But Miss Dowell has found the typewriter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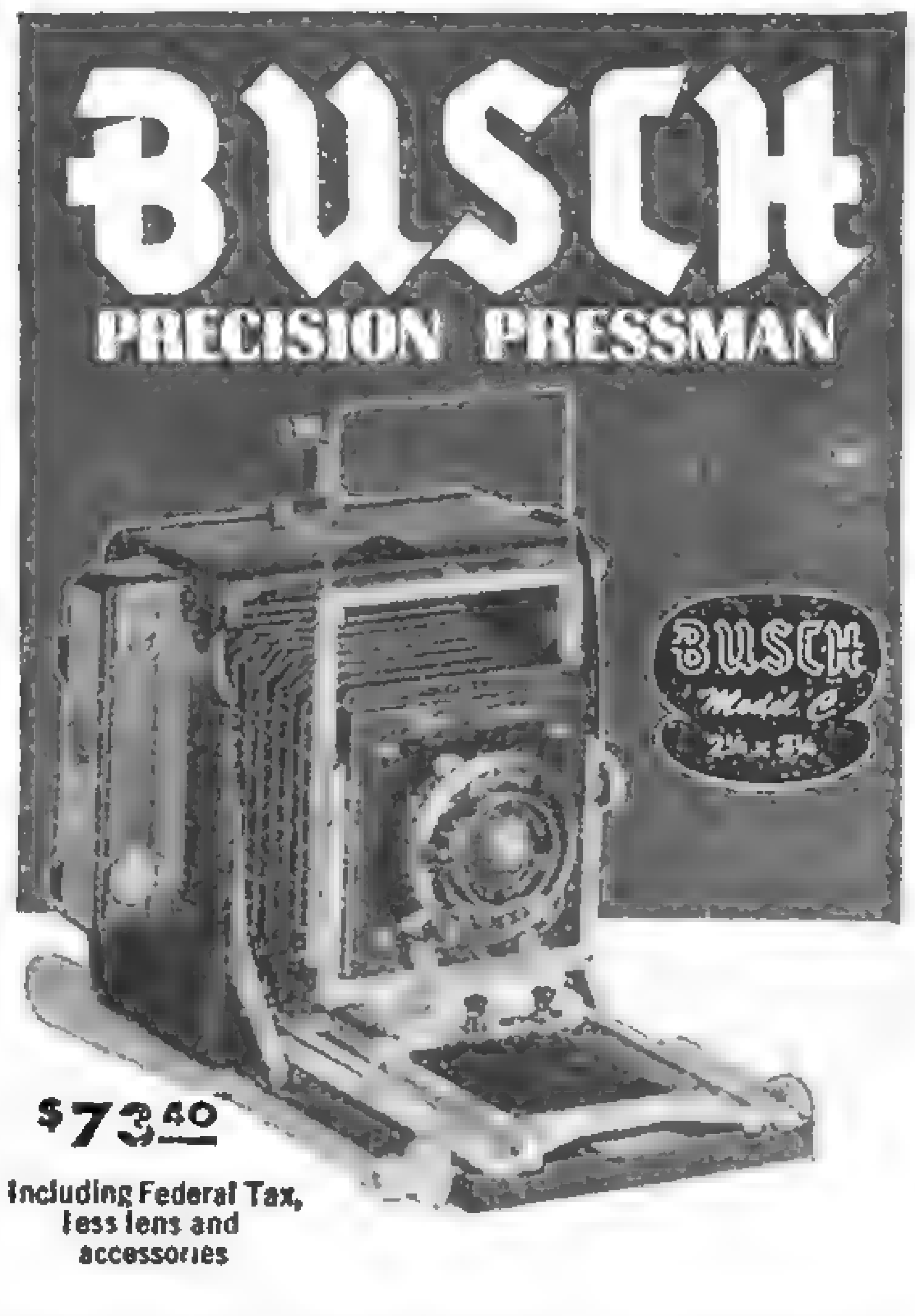

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to be an ideal release for her crowded thoughts on life and love, and she is a prolific letter writer. It was inevitable, therefore, that she should start a correspondence with Irving Hoffman and that it should eventually reach tremendous proportions. Irving began printing excerpts from her letters in *Tales of Hoffman*, and he kept touting her as a woman of infinite sense and sensibility, a perfect refutation of all the legends about dumb chorus girls. The matter reached its climax when Charles Einfeld, another close friend and correspondent of Irving's, recommended Miss Dowell to Warner Brothers, who gave her a job as a writer.

People who have felt the effects of Irving's beneficence, who owe their jobs to him, or their last meal, are apt to get dreamy-eyed when they talk about him. Stuttering Sam is one of the most rhapsodic of these. The general tone of her remarks is the sort of thing you are likely to hear when you mention Hoffman's name to any of his beneficiaries. "People love to exist for Irving," says Mary Dowell, as she glows. Miss Dowell is six feet, one inch tall, with a figure which Billy Rose still considers one of the classics of his career. On her, a glow looks good. "When you're in Irving's circle," she says, "your soul is no longer your own! It belongs to him! But you give it voluntarily, gladly—and that's the way you want it to be!"

It is always difficult for a columnist to differentiate between those who love him for his column and those who love him for his own true self. Hollywood is filled with people who beat their breasts and say "Hoffman? The salt of the earth!" There is a difference, however, in the sound of these testimonials and the usual mouthings of the Hollywood yes-men, for Hoffman seems to have gathered unto himself a group of *aficionados* to whom Hoffman's approval means everything—and it doesn't have to be in print. They in turn delight in heaping praises upon him as if they meant it, not as if they were reading from the script. Hoffman continues to be the most pursued of men.

Some time ago he came across a magazine interview with Samuel Seabury, the lawyer who cleaned up New York City. In keeping with the long established practice of his, Hoffman clipped the interview, underlined certain portions of it and sent it out to his friends.

"I just work along from day to day, trying to be obscurely good," said Seabury. Hoffman underlined that sentence and in the margin wrote, "My creed!"

Seabury said, "I take only cases in which I have a genuine interest. I pick and choose." Hoffman underlined that one and wrote, "My practice!"

And finally Seabury said, "Everybody knows where I am." And Hoffman underscored that one and wrote next to it, "My trouble!" ###

Continued from page 96

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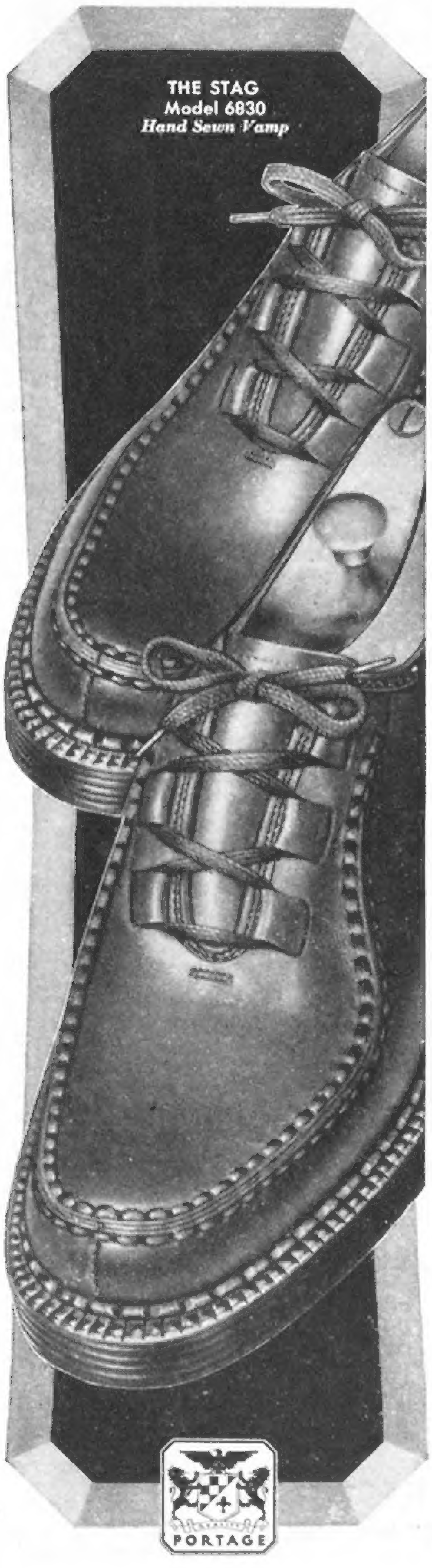

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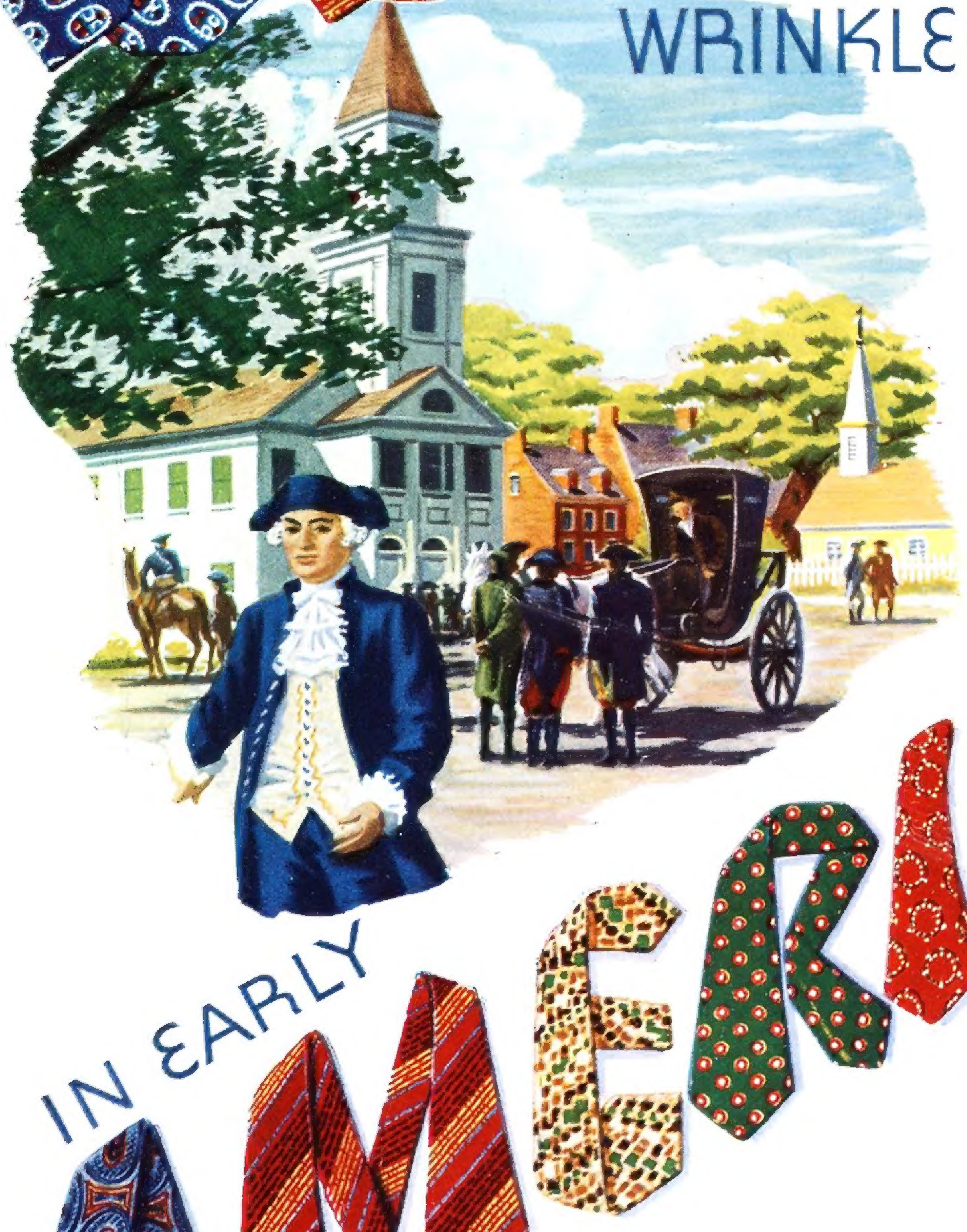

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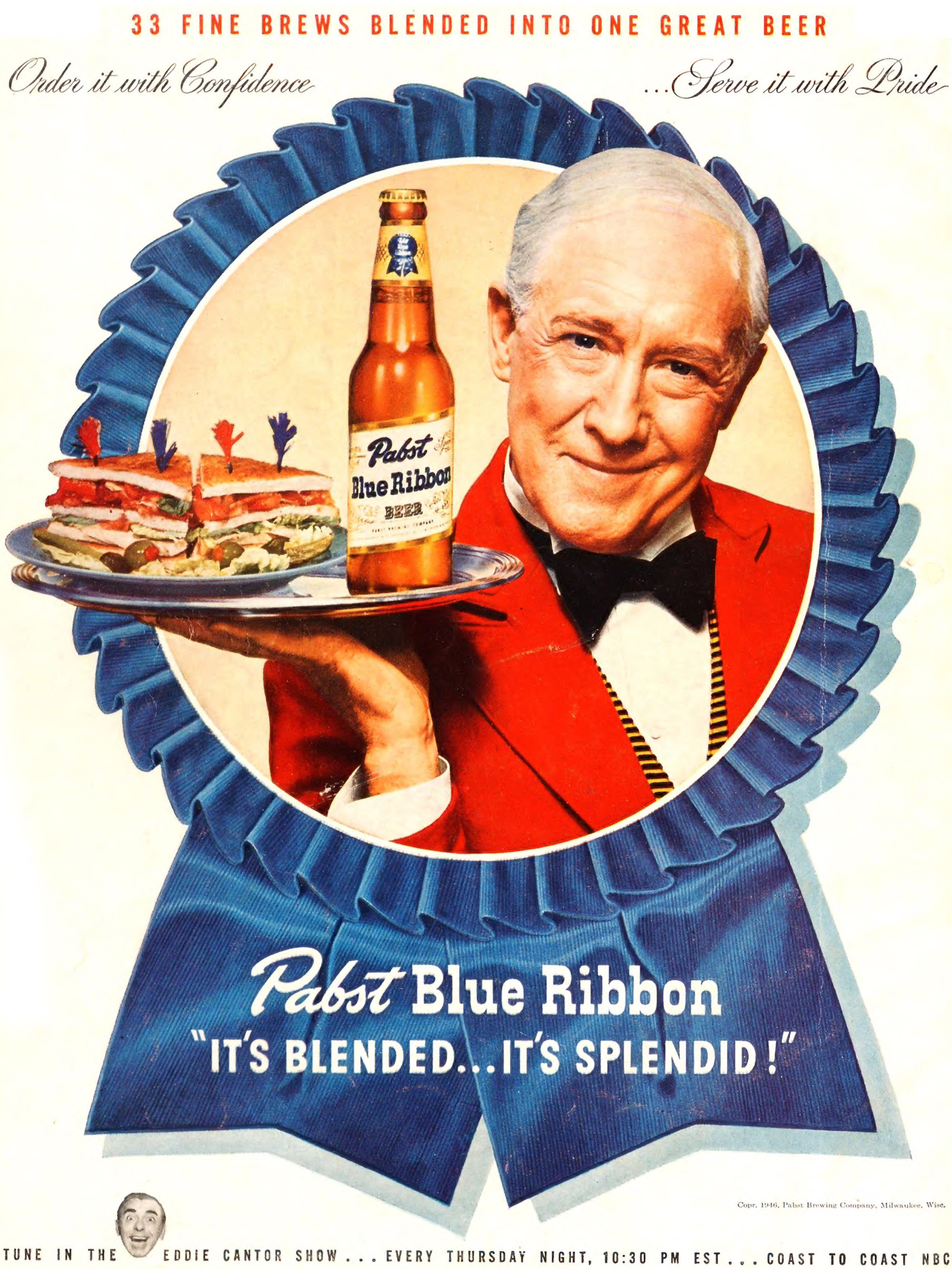

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